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- ART. I.—1. *An Analytical Catalogue of Mr. Chapman's Publications.* Chapman. 1852.
2. *The Soul: its Sorrows and Aspirations. An Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul as the True Basis of Theology.* By F. W. NEWMAN. Third Edition. Chapman. 1852.
3. *Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology.* Sermons by THEODORE PARKER. Chapman. 1853.
4. *The Religion of the Heart: a Manual of Faith and Duty.* By LEIGH HUNT. Chapman. 1853.
5. *Christian Theism.* By CHARLES C. HENNEL. Second Edition. Chapman. 1852.
6. *A Defence of Religion.* By HENRY W. CROSKY. Chapman. 1854.
7. *Catholic Union: Essays towards a Church of the Future, as the Organization of Philanthropy.* By F. W. NEWMAN. Chapman. 1854.
8. *The Eclipse of Faith: or, A Visit to a Religious Sceptic.* Fourth Edition. Longman and Co. 1853.

IF Christianity were not indeed divine, its votaries and professors would long since have learned to dread the pertinacity and power of scepticism. Opposing itself to the natural pride and corrupt affections of the human heart, the religion of the Cross has encountered the bitterest hostility of man in every age. For eighteen hundred years it has sternly rebuked the boasted morality of the highest, and condemned the indulgence of propensities common to all. Thus charged with matter of universal offence, it has ever found arrayed against its progress

the utmost material and intellectual resources of mankind. This resistance to the claims of the new religion was, in the first instance, naturally twofold, and showed itself both in hostility to the messenger and contemptuous rejection of the message; but as success, achieved in their despite, gave to it some consideration, and the spirit of inquiry could no longer be repressed, the controversy gradually changed from a material to a moral arena: the habit of scepticism was assiduously encouraged, and long survived the attitude of persecution. On this field the resistance to divine truth has been obstinately maintained. All the reasons that pride could dictate, or sophistry invent; whatever individual interest prompted, or powerful genius could command; were summoned to discourage belief in a religion at once so humbling and exacting. Under these circumstances, the very existence of Christianity in the present day might be accepted as *prima facie* evidence of its divine authority. In spite of all opposition, whether from worldly elements or carnal disposition, it has prevailed with the energy of truth, and promises to subjugate and save a race that has disputed its progress step by step. That it has found votaries in this or any age, is matter of wonder, in view of the simplicity of its means, and the strictness of its spiritual requirements: that it has passed, unweakened and unchanged, through so many revolutions of history, and, though arising in an age of comparative ignorance and bigotry, is now the religion of the most enlightened and generous nations under heaven, is a striking confirmation of its claim to a divine original.

There is no parallel to this success, either for character or extent, in any other of the religions of the world. That Mahomet should gain ascendancy, and maintain it, over his own countrymen, and over Eastern tribes of similar manners, is not wonderful,—is in accordance with known intellectual and social laws. That Aristotle, by the pure force of intellect, should establish an empire in the minds of every cultivated people, is easily explained by a kindred principle. But what have the Northmen, descendants of piratical hordes, and tribes of Druidical Britons, to do with Jesus of Galilee, certainly an obscure and humble Jew, and, according to some modern teachers, only to be rated amongst the numerous fanatics who arose in the last days of Judaism, and suffered death for disturbing the public peace? Compare modern England with Judea in the time of Christ, and then say if any thing be more surprising than this,—that the Anglo-Saxons of the present day should consent to receive the traditions of the Hebrew race, so different in almost every particular in which one race of men can differ from another?

But the extraordinary nature of this success is not more remarkable than its extent and magnitude. That Christianity



has profoundly influenced the civilization of modern times,—stamped its peculiar character, and carried it to its unprecedented height,—is not the less palpable every where because it has been occasionally denied by a few determined sceptics. One fact, at least, is beyond dispute,—that Christendom stands greatly in advance of all the Heathen world, and that the most truly Christian nations are those which are also most prosperous and happy. Thus it is both necessary and desirable, and no less just, to distinguish between genuine or scriptural Christianity, and the degraded forms which it has assumed, of a really Pagan character, in the Greek and Latin Churches. The divisions and corruptions of historical Christianity constitute no part of the “difficulties” of our religion, but only serve to show the mighty pre-eminence of its pure essential truths. It is in remembering this distinction that we acquire a proper estimate of the public value of Christianity. Take, for example, the history of the Reformation, which communicated such an extraordinary impulse to the modern world. There are those who are still disposed to think that the chief element of the remarkable and progressive civilization which distinguishes the last three hundred years from every other period of human history, was mainly independent of religion in its origin, and has been but faintly modified and impressed by an earnest Protestant Christianity, even down to the present time. Yet the contrary assertion admits of very easy proof. The characteristic feature of modern civilization may be found in the general amelioration of the condition of the masses of society, in connexion with a growing enlightenment of the public mind, and a steady improvement in public morals; and its most notable phenomenon is equally apparent in its active and progressive tendencies. Neither Paganism, on the one hand, nor a corrupted form of Christianity, on the other, has ever been contemporaneous with this state of things; and many parts of the world, even at present, testify to their mutual hostility. The brightest civilization of the Pagan world—that of ancient Greece—was liminary and aristocratic. It gilded the top places of society, but had no power to suck the pestilential vapours out of the sodden valley, where brutalized humanity perished day by day, amid the loathsome accumulation of all sorts of vices. But the religion of Christ, re-appearing in Protestant energy and purity, was a twofold source of blessing to mankind: to the individual believer it supplied a renovated nature and a new career, and to society at large it showed how far men had hitherto lived beneath the true dignity of man. Its beams, reflected for the first time from a thousand common objects, gave new light to the general mind, as, in their more direct application, they kindled a transforming fire in the individual heart. And thus it happens that all those benefits, of a temporary but important kind, which society has derived from the

moral revolution of the sixteenth century,—even those now shared alike by the scornful infidel and the humblest orthodox believer,—are indirectly due to the promulgation of Scripture principles, such as the obligation and freedom of religious inquiry, the right of private judgment, the equality of all men before God, the sacred duty of justice, and the divine authority of mercy.

Whatever brightness distinguishes the aspect of society at the present day is almost wholly due to this reflex image of Christianity. Heathen virtue received its broadest expansion in the exercise of patriotism, not always free from personal bigotry and pride; but philanthropy is the nobler product of a more catholic and holy faith,—the public expression of a sentiment which has its purest type in the heart of the Christian believer. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;" but the light of the merciful Gospel of Jesus, while it humanized and expanded the affections, revealed more clearly the mutual brotherhood of mankind. Hence the asylums, hospitals, and poor-houses, which thickly dot the map of Christendom, and testify to a deeply-rooted feeling of benevolence existing in the public heart.

But, for those who challenge the asserted influence of Christianity, and plainly intimate that it is losing its ancient authority over the mind of Europe, we have further proof to the contrary, of a very remarkable kind. Not only are its individual witnesses as well assured and far more numerous than ever; not only have its secondary effects produced, and widened, and confirmed the character and bounds of modern civilization; but, stranger than all, it has begun to transform the figure, and subdue the tone, and modify the plans, of infidelity itself. Confronting the accumulated body of evidence, historical and moral, by which our religion is surrounded, the sceptic is half-ashamed of his doubts, and "*almost persuaded to be a Christian*." Standing up yet in hostile attitude, he is seized with an admiration which seems to paralyse his enmity; and when he finds courage to strike, it is only with a feeble and ineffectual arm. Even if this admiration be in part affected, it is nevertheless in greater part sincere; but, whether his proffered compromise be due to policy or to genuine mistrust, the modern sceptic pays an unusual tribute to the Christian faith. He yields, sometimes to his own profound misgivings, but at any rate to the general homage with which, as with one consent, society regards the name and faith of Christ. He is eager to insure an acknowledged interest—however undeserved—in the name and Gospel of Him who is the Lord of Christendom, and "the Desire of all nations." He cannot bear to be considered an outcast from those infinite and fatherly regards which are the consolation and resource of so many millions, including the highest with the humblest; and, though his heart of unbelief is unchanged, and his hatred of the divine method of

salvation unsubdued, yet the mere traditions of this religion are so sublime, its effects so marvellous, its Scriptures so profound and beautiful, its sanctions so impressive, its promises so attractive, and its heaven so glorious, that he cannot relinquish his share in those, and his prospect of these, without an effort or a sigh. The result of this strange conflict of feelings is something very startling. The infidel, still hugging his unhallowed blasphemies, brings them to be baptized into the name of Christ; and, instead of the avowed and simple Deism of the eighteenth century, we are now treated to the gross anomalies and startling protestations of *Christian Theism*.

The body of sceptical literature which is now before us, and which—chiefly by the activity of one enterprising publisher—is most industriously obtruded on the attention of the public, has no doubt derived some little *prestige* and importance from its presumed original. It is (so nearly as can be ascertained) an illegitimate product of the school of German Rationalism, which arose in the first quarter of the present century. But from that already antiquated school it is prominently distinguished by an audacity and absurdity peculiarly its own.

The transcendental critics of Germany, using a subtle agent to disintegrate the most complicated, but consistent, scheme of religious truth, devoted all their learning to the task of discrediting the facts and weakening the authority of Scripture. It must be admitted that considerable science was brought to bear upon this purpose. Literary works of the class referred to were not characterized—like those we shall presently have occasion to examine—by idle declamation and brilliant conceits. Much learning, patience, and ingenuity, were evinced by these writers; and, if they were the slaves of their own over-wrought devices and refinements, and were carried at length wholly away from that happy balance of the judgment which depends upon moral as well as intellectual cultivation, they are yet entitled to be considered as men who seriously and laboriously, if not successfully, wrought towards the conclusion they professed to gain. The air of learned authority pertaining to these men, in connexion with the startling results of their labours, was not a little threatening to the public honour of Christianity, and to its advancing influence in the world. It may be said that, practically, the danger arising from this form of scepticism was not great, but likely to affect—at least in the first instance—a limited class only. Men of sober judgment among the learned, and the right-feeling in all classes, might be trusted to reject so attenuated a scheme for the subversion of Christianity, rooted as that religion is in the historical and traditional creed of Europe, and corroborated by the order of nature and the responsive heart of man. Instinctively, it would be decided that only

some scholastic sophistry could make plausible so astounding a conclusion; and the attempt would be justly placed by the side of that dexterous feat of logic,—testifying at once to the extent and limit of its power,—by which an accomplished author of our day has thrown, not moral doubt, but difficulties of the reason, even upon the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte. In this school of error, we say, there was not much danger of a wide-spread heresy, extending beyond the learned class; and yet it was not unlikely that the grave pretensions of these earnest men, who had made the evidences of Christianity their peculiar study, and then pronounced its documents spurious and invalid, and its histories one mass of tangled fable and tradition, would come with staggering force to the thoughtful minds of many thousands who had no opportunity of judging in this matter for themselves, and on whom the moral evidences had not been allowed to work an irresistible conviction of the inspired truth of Scripture. The authority of science would have domineered over the feeble, shut the mouths of unlettered Christians, and sheltered the presumption of ignorant and wilful unbelief. It is therefore a matter of thankfulness that this particular form of infidelity has not been left without its appropriate answer and confutation. Besides the exposure it has met with on its own peculiar field of operations, and by the hands of its own too skillful cultivators,—who could not disprove enough for their purpose without disproving so much more than served it, that they voluntarily and gratuitously admitted facts which they were bound to throw into the common *limbo*,—the providence of God has well timed the discoveries of true science to the pretensions of “science falsely so called.” While the scholars of Germany were building, in the dimness of their closets, a theory to persuade both themselves and others of the fictitious character of the Old-Testament history, the well-applied zeal and industry of two or three British travellers had opened up the chambers of Nineveh, and uncovered the rocks of Sinai, and extorted, by patience of research and marvellous inductive skill, a thousand corroborations of Hebrew history and prophecy.\*

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\* A weekly contemporary, in noticing an Article in a former Number of this journal, in which these corroborations were adduced in support of the authority of Scripture, asks impatiently, “Corroborations of what? not, surely, of the divine inspiration of Scripture?” Now, to the last interrogatory, the ready answer is, Certainly not: the doctrine of inspiration is attested by moral evidences of an irresistible kind. The question remaining is, “Corroborations of what?” We reply, Of the literal truth of Old-Testament history. The argument is simply a defensive one, not intended to establish either the divine authority or the infallibility of the Bible, but to defend a certain portion which some have hastily presumed to be peculiarly open to assault; and this it effectually does. And surely it is no small addition to the corroborative proofs of our religion, that the veracity of Scripture history is confirmed by every additional discovery of modern science and research, and that records of the past are almost daily exhumed that attest the *historical* character of events and personages which transcendental criticism had boldly impugned as simply *mythical*.

The writers whose productions are more immediately before us, have probably derived their first confidence from the labours of these German *savans*; but they form at present a widely different and independent school. By what name they would choose to be distinguished, we cannot tell. No one would stigmatize them as "Rationalists," unless themselves should loudly insist upon the name. They cannot be called "catholic;" for that term is not due to the professors of a heterogeneous jumble of all possible and impossible mythologies, but is justly restricted to those who profess that Christian faith which is in itself definite and consistent, but, in its adaptation to the nature and necessities of all men, equal and universal. Nor are they strictly to be called "eclectic;" for, though their "creed" is a singular compound of all religions, philosophies, and infidelities, it is certainly not put together on any known principle of reason or taste. Their profession of faith is a perfect drag-net, cast indiscriminately, and drawn by sheer strength: all is good fish that comes within its meshes, and mud and weeds are welcome among the rest.

The most prominent feature of this new form of infidelity is its assumption of a religious attitude, and even a profession of Christianity itself. It is something startling to find indications of the bitterest hostility to our faith, in a sect of men who constantly assert their admiration of its doctrines, and their belief in the dignity and purity of its great Founder. Hitherto, it has been customary with Freethinkers of almost every school, to avoid at least the additional charge of profanity; and this both by the studious sobriety of their manner, and the general consistency of their scepticism. What they did not profess to receive as in any wise genuine, they could not be said to treat without due reverence. It was reserved for the votaries of this new philosophy, to shock the world by a public embrace of God and Belial, as divinities of equal authority and power; to laud in general terms the name and character of Christ, and to ridicule in detail each one of his pretensions; and so to denounce and praise, alternately, the doctrines of the Bible and the attributes of the Godhead, as with dreadful ingenuity to combine the means of blasphemy and unbelief.

So much for the "substance" of this new philosophy: the "basis" of it is equally worthy of the name. The members of this sect make their appeals, alternately, to reason and to intuition, by which means they ingeniously provide for every emergency that may beset them. In the twofold character of sceptics and religionists, they naturally seek a double refuge; that, when put to rout by atheist or Christian, they may find appropriate shelter and defence. If the materialist charges, on the one hand, with his secular philosophy, and challenges them to surrender the notion of a God and a future world, as figments of supersti-

tion, these gentlemen put their hands upon their hearts, and whine endlessly about the beautiful intuitions of the religious sentiment. If the Christian, hearing these admissions of a spiritual world and moral sense, claims a hearing for the doctrines, miracles, and divinity of Christ, they throw back their heads with a slight action of scorn, and beg to be considered as men of "rational" ideas and common sense. It is of no use to remonstrate against such flagrant inconsistency. They continue to abuse Christianity for its assertion of truths which reason alone was never able to demonstrate, and to assume, *in spite of reason and without pretence to revelation*, the existence of virtues and divinities of every kind, which the materialist naturally holds up to laughter and derision.

Here, then, we have a Christian infidelity based upon a sentimental rationalism,—a scheme of teaching that might have been purposely devised to retain all the difficulties, and reject all the advantages, of revelation. This new votaress calls loudly on the names of Religion and Philosophy, and, throwing up both her arms in affected admiration, strikes wide with either hand, and most effectually flouts at both.

The literature of this school is not a little curious and revolting. To those who are not in the habit of indulging vague and morbid feelings of the mind, or such as have no origin or warrant in our actual human or divine relations, the frothy sentiment of these writers brings absolute disgust, as it is the embodiment of all that is really implied in the word "*cant*." Superstition is a term too feeble to express the credulity of these unbelievers; for a man may be superstitious in a sincere but erroneous conception of some great truth; may exaggerate its accidents, and even mistake its elements. But to rave about holiness, and faith, and charity, and heaven, and God, when the ranter believes in none of them as real, and tells us with a sneer that vice is quite as natural, and, therefore, quite as good, as virtue,—that there is no God higher than the highest man, and that a new Christ may be made every day,—this is to offend alike both reason and the moral sense, and to blow out the torch of religion for the pleasure of lecturing in the dark on the fragrance of its smoke.

We have intimated that the popularity of these spiritual philosophers is mainly due to the activity of one enterprising publisher. This we believe to be the fact; and, as we are to be indebted to the publications of this gentleman for almost all the references and quotations of this article, it is only fit that he should be honoured with our first and best attention. He is, perhaps, the only possible representative of a class of men whose fundamental tenet allows a most cheerful latitude of differences and disagreements. He is the *vinculum* that binds together the *fascies* destined to rule the moral world; and without him they fall into a shapeless heap of sticks.



Mr. Parker tells us that he could hardly find a publisher in New England, who was willing to incur the odium of ushering his blasphemous discourses to the world. This was, no doubt, looked upon by our author as very illiberal and absurd, both on the part of the bookseller who drew back, and of the public whose opinion overawed him. But he has better success in this country: Mr. Chapman has no such scruples. He is open to receive any work—however crude or insolent—which shall have for its real object the disparagement of Christianity and the confusion of all religion. He seems to take it for a maxim, that there is nothing settled in matters of theology, and that nothing will, can, or ought to be definitely known thereupon. We gather this, of course, from the character of his publications, taken as a whole. If a publisher in the "Row" were notorious for issuing certain works on Astronomy, all of them devoted to prove that the Ptolemaic system, and even that of the Hindoos, had equal claims to our confidence with that of Copernicus; if the aforesaid publisher put Paul Cullen in the place of Isaac Newton, and allowed no one to stand behind his counter who was not ready to swear that the earth is as flat as a billiard-table; we should surely be justified in inferring that he rejected the current doctrines of Astronomy, and believed that nothing had been established in that science. Upon similar grounds we venture to think of Mr. Chapman as more or less identified with those writers whose views he promulgates. It must be sympathy which has attracted so many authors of one class to his bureau; it cannot be due to merely accidental coincidence. It is in this light that Mr. Chapman has been esteemed worthy of being first presented to our readers. He is in some sort the leader and patron of the modern Deists. As Mr. Dawson presides over a "Church for the doubters," so Mr. Chapman furnishes paper and print to every infidel who may be religiously disposed. The conditions of his favour are exceedingly liberal. He will tie you to no creed, earthly or unearthly; nor even to any single form of unbelief. You may repose in Emanuel Swedenborg, or the Poughkeepsie Seer. You may see with the *clairvoyant*, or walk with the somnambulist, or circumambulate with the table-turner. You may even—if you choose to go back so far as eighteen hundred years—believe in Christianity itself; but then you must understand it better than its simple Founder and Apostles. You may call yourself a Christian, in deference to vulgar prejudice; but it is expected that you will be satisfied with this piece of old-fashioned decorum; and, for the rest, profess yourself assured that Christ was a poor fanatic, whose pretensions were too ridiculous to be blasphemous, who imposed upon himself first and the mob afterwards, who no more wrought miracles than Thom of Canterbury, and who kept the grave as long and quietly as the impenitent thief who suffered with him.

Of the first book on our list Mr. Chapman is probably himself the author, as it consists of a *Catalogue Raisonné* of his own publications,—among which, we may add, there is so great a similarity in subject, tone, and tendency, that this annotated list supplies a useful exposition of the doctrines of a choice fraternity. Perhaps no other form of exposition was possible in the case of a school which scornfully rejects, and consistently defies, every attempt at system, order, or coherency. We must, of necessity, follow this artless lack of method in the present paper, and give the reader a brief, but faithful, account of the several works before us,—not doubting that what amount of system they may possibly represent will be included in the self-exposure, and be confuted by the mutual contradictions.

We have looked carefully over Mr. Chapman's *Analytical Catalogue*, for the purpose of gathering, in the fairest possible way, the characteristic marks of the religious philosophy rejoicing in his patronage. These marks are more or less to be discerned throughout the whole series, the most remarkable being a constant depreciation of the historical and dogmatic elements of Scripture, in connexion with a constrained reverence for what is deemed the large amount of its spiritual truth and insight; and the most *puzzling*, the manner in which the authors run from reason to intuition, denouncing the rationalistic spirit, yet grounding all their objections to orthodox Christianity on its imperative demands. Mr. Hennell pursues his inquiry into the origin of Christianity "with the utmost freedom of investigation;" while Mr. Thom, in giving to the world his "Exposition of St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians," thinks proper, in the outset, to "warn off scholars and deep students of the Scriptures" from his pages. The Bible, it would therefore seem, is to be submitted to our critical scrutiny, and Mr. Thom's prelections to our implicit confidence and spontaneous admiration. Mr. Martineau writes a work, expressly "to vindicate the supremacy of reason in matters of religion;" while Mr. Greg, at the end of a laborious inquiry, "concludes that reason is inadequate to meet the difficulties which surround the belief in a future life, but that this belief is an instinct of the same order as our belief in the reality of the external world: we doubt a future life only when we begin to reason on it!" This last is very *naïve* and charming in a critical philosopher. Suppose, dear reader, that you, or we, were to defend *our* faith, as this gentleman condescends to defend *his*; suppose we were to say that men "doubt the authority of Scripture the moment they begin to reason on it;" with how ineffable a sneer would this same gentleman reply, "The sooner, then, you begin to reason on it, the better!" Fortunately for us, the more we examine the Scriptures, the more do they approve themselves to be in harmony with the dictates of our highest reason, and the more strongly

are we confirmed in the belief of doctrines of which unassisted reason could never have assured us.

Another opinion of Mr. Greg is worth remarking on. He tells us, that "though Jesus was the most exalted religious genius God ever sent upon earth, the perfection of the spiritual character, surpassing all men of all times in closeness and depth of communion with his Father, yet his teaching contains nothing which a genius like that of Christ, *brought up and nourished as he had been*, might not have disentangled for itself." Perhaps nothing is more remarkable in these authors, than the amount of absurdity which they manage to compress into a single sentence, and the astounding demand upon our credulity which they contrive to make in a single breath. The above is a pretty instance in point. But there is generally a climax in the briefest and most concentrated effort; and in this brief sentence, the clause marked in *italics* is pre-eminent in folly. What was there in the training and nourishing of Christ that could naturally educate him for his extraordinary mission, or inspire him with the unrivalled morality of the Sermon on the Mount? Did the Jewish Doctors—the most sectarian and bigoted of men—teach him that catholic and sublime religion of love to God and man, which the modern Deists do themselves so much admire and covet, that they are fain to adopt it from the lips of a deluded enthusiast, in whom they are doubtful whether the saint or the impostor most predominated? If Mr. Greg contends that the character of Jesus was the natural development of the traditions of his country, we should like to know why he did not realize the popular *idéal* of the great Messiah; find welcome and honour, instead of persecution and death, at the hands of those who waited for his coming; and, instead of establishing Christianity, carry Judaism to perfection, and make Jerusalem the praise of the whole earth? We cannot now pursue the whole of the absurdities involved in this brief summary; but if Mr. Greg will turn to the "Eclipse of Faith," and read especially the section entitled, "The Dilemmas of an Infidel Neophyte," he will find how many impossibilities are involved in his complacent theory.

These are a few of the sentiments of the "natural-religious" school, as abbreviated in Mr. Chapman's *Catalogue Raisonné*. There is plenty more of the same sort. Foxton and Taylor and Maccall and Ierson speak all to similar purpose, with the decided advantage, in this epitome, over their own productions, of increased plainness and diminished length. Here, too, is a brief summary of Strauss's "Life of Jesus," on which ingenious work the modern Spiritualists prefer to build, as far more perfect and reliable than the foundation of the Prophets and Apostles. Mr. Atkinson and Miss Martineau are also included in this precious Catalogue; but as we believe that pair of worthies are not acknow-

ledged by the pious sceptics, being apt to speak with some contempt of the spiritual element, we do not insist upon their being of the party. It is a pretty company as it is.

The stated organs of Spiritualism are the "Prospective Review," "devoted to a free theology," and the "Westminster Review," conducted with equal "freedom," but more conspicuous energy. On neither of these contemporaries shall we at present dwell, but turn our attention to some of the best-reputed monographs of modern Deism. Foremost among these are the productions of Theodore Parker and Francis William Newman.

These authors differ widely by natural gifts and outward circumstances; but unbelief, like misery, "makes strange bed-fellows;" and though the contrast is striking at the first view, the points of mutual interest which led to the association are soon perceived, and the fruits of fellowship appear in marked abundance, till there is little to prefer in either worthy. After considerable study of the works of Messrs. Parker and Newman, we see no reason to divorce their kindred reputations, which the Atlantic Ocean could not keep distinct, and which have found a common patronage and an identic body of promoters in this country.

To the writings of Mr. Newman our references must be necessarily brief, as we propose to devote a considerable space to a consideration of those of Mr. Parker, which have received far less attention from our contemporaries; and, from one of them at least, so faint a censure as to indicate, we fear, a dangerous amount of approbation and assent. It will then still remain for us to glance at one or two more ordinary specimens of this body of sceptical literature, and to remark, in conclusion, upon some of the vaunted principles and ridiculous pretensions of this strange heresy.

Mr. Newman is by far the most able of the modern Spiritualists; and at the same time the most evidently earnest and sincere. His power of reasoning is very considerable, though chiefly manifested in maintaining some palpable and isolated sophism, which even the unlearned reader will refuse to accept for actual truth. But more remarkable by far than his skill in dialectics, is the evident depth of those Christian impressions, from which he is most of all desirous to deliver both himself and his reader. His painful anxiety to remove the foundations of our religion, contrasts strangely with his tenacious clinging to its highest as well as its humblest associations, with his strong, but inconsistent, love for the very letter of Scripture, and his profound conviction of the essential truth of Christianity. His moral sympathies—unlike those of Mr. Parker—are evidently far from being wholly warped and corrupted; and having, in an hour of intellectual pride and moral weakness, accepted the pre-

tentious dogma of the supremacy of reason in matters of religion, his better nature and earlier convictions wrestle hard, before they can consent to subordinate things spiritual to a gross material logic; and the struggle ends—if, indeed, it may be said to have ended yet—in an attitude of constrained repose, but real antagonism; in a compromise intended for a treaty, but which is likely to prove only an ineffectual truce. The strife will probably be renewed, either openly or otherwise; and Christian faith, or "rational infidelity," maintain thereafter a more complete ascendancy. Both the manifest earnestness and acknowledged ability of Mr. Newman constrain us to believe, that he will not long rest in opinions and convictions that war so constantly against each other.

We may point to the utter failure and folly of Mr. Newman's book on "The Soul," as an example of the unintentional homage which modern infidelity has rendered to the religion of Jesus Christ. That one so professedly fortified in rational principles should be led to write such a tissue of mystic and incoherent trash, in the endeavour to retain many of the hallowed principles and sentiments of Christianity apart from its historic basis and actual divine relations, is a warning that will not be wholly lost upon the sceptics of the present age. The book is a perfect quagmire of *bathos* and cant. The language of spiritual things is used without fixed or determinate meaning, and therefore without enlightenment or edification of any sort to the reader. The "sense of sin" is spoken of by one who denies the existence and obligation of a definite moral law, from the transgression of which only can sin result. But, if the reader would see a Rationalist pant and flounder in the region of spiritual life, we would refer him to the chapter on "The Sense of Personal Relation to God." It is the *felicitas incuriosa* of Deism. Considered as the production of one who rejects the authority of the Bible, and professes to know nothing of divine or human things but from the book of nature and the oracle of his own heart, it is singularly tinctured with the phraseology of Christian experience; but, compared with the language of a devout believer, as recorded, for example, in any of the religious biographies which, *in mutual and almost entire consistency, adorn the literature of this and every former age*, it is vague and bewildering in the last degree. It neither enlightens the understanding nor warms the soul. It is dreary and disheartening throughout, and suggests the hopeless imbecility which creeps over the stoutest mind, when the soul is possessed by a religiousness so fanatical and lawless.

So devotional does Mr. Newman frequently become, that it is quite edifying to hear him. We are sure that he will not only pardon but thank us for saying, that the following passage is quite Christian in its tone:—

"Religion can never resume its pristine vigour until she becomes purely spiritual, and, as in apostolic days, appeals only to the soul; and the real problem for all who wish to save Europe from Pantheism, selfishness, and sensuality, (such as flooded and ruined ancient Greece.) is to extract and preserve the heavenly spirit of Christianity, while neglecting its earthly husk.....Now-a-days, men are generally thought fanatical whose souls are in sympathy with Paul's; and I feel certain that this book will meet with at least as much dislike, (not to use a harsher word,) because it lays down certain Christian experiences as matters of fact, as because it treats as unimportant those things which are indifferent to the life of the soul. Answer to God, ye who think yourselves on the side of Paul and John; who say of yourselves, 'The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are we,'—Do you believe in sanctification of the spirit by peace and communion with God? in the new birth of the soul, by believing in God? in the free grace of Him who loved us before we loved Him? in justification of the sinner, in the midst of his sins, by simple faith in God? in the permanent union of the believing soul with God? What know you of the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Spirit, and of the hope thence arising? or of man's insight into the heart of God, when he has received somewhat of that Spirit which searcheth even the deep things of God? of a faith that overcomes the world? of a Spirit that guides by a higher rule than law? Such sentiments and experiences (not propositions) are the true heart of Christianity; and, if the reader hold them not, he may haply have the shell of Christian truth, but he has not the kernel."—*The Soul*, &c., pp. 158, 159.

There is some novelty, at least, in this, considered as the language of a Deist; and the author must pardon us if our admiration is mingled with surprise and qualified with mistrust. To Mr. George Combe and Mr. Robert Owen it must be especially curious: if it rather elevates our eyebrows, it must literally lift their hair with astonishment. What *would* Mr. Newman have done to obtain a religious phraseology, if Paul and John—mere men of genius, like Homer and the rest—had been condemned to a "mute inglorious" career, or had not aspired to authorship?

A simple-minded man would be apt to suppose, from the above quotation, that, whatever doubts Mr. Newman may entertain of the strictly historical character of the Bible, its didactic element, at least, commands his utmost confidence. But this does not seem to be the case. The ethics of Christianity are both defective and immoral; its dogmatic teaching, simply and gratuitously false. Mr. Newman has advanced beyond them with considerable ease, only we do not know exactly whither. That he has left these beggarly elements, however, he himself assures us. "I now see the doctrine of the Atonement, especially as expounded in the Epistle to the Hebrews, to deserve no honour. I see false interpretations of the Old Testament to be dogmatically proposed in the New. I see the moral teaching concerning patriotism, property, slavery, marriage, science, and,



indirectly, fine art, to be essentially defective, and the threats against unbelief to be a pernicious immorality." The entire consistency and high character of Scripture teaching on these points had, indeed, been separately shown over and over again; but now Mr. Newman "sees" that they are all unsound, and distinctly says so.

But perhaps it is the purely religious element of Scripture which retains its hold on Mr. Newman, and may be thought to excuse, if not to justify, his frequent use of its peculiar terminology? It must surely be so, since Mr. Newman himself looks to be denounced, because, "now-a-days, men are generally thought fanatical whose souls are in sympathy with Paul's." On further reference, however, to the volume on "The Soul," we think the author exaggerates his danger on that score. Not many will be likely to confound his faith with that of the Apostle, who "knew in whom he had believed," and had no fanaticism to share with any body. But Mr. Newman has put the matter beyond doubt by a sentence, in which contempt for New-Testament morality is pleasantly combined with matchless self-assurance.

"Bibliolatry," says Mr. Newman, "does not consist in reverence to the Bible, however great, *as long as conscience is too dull to rise above the Bible*; but it consists in *depressing* conscience to the biblical standard." One would have thought that, at least, Mr. Newman was prepared, when he wrote these astounding words, to propound a rival theory of ethics, compared with which, that of Jesus and the Apostles, however respectable for the time they lived in, would prove sadly erroneous and defective. Is it his modesty only that has kept him from the attempt? We fear that it is any thing but that; for modesty, if it interfered at all, would do so, to suppress the boast of superior spirituality, until some evidence might be given to go along with it. Among Churches, and professors of Christianity, we do not doubt that Mr. Newman could find many inconsistencies and blemishes, and some perhaps that worldly men would have a right to censure; but we should like to see how Mr. Newman would improve upon the teaching of Christ and his Apostles. With all his advanced ideas of moral and spiritual truth, we find nothing in Mr. Newman's writings, of a positive kind, which is not an unblushing plagiarism from this poor despised Christianity itself. He takes the very heart out of its system, and would persuade you that it beats far more truly in his sacrilegious hands, than in the centre of that great dispensation of mercy, where the God of nature and of grace has placed it. He tries to solve the problem, How far can I be almost, without becoming altogether, a Christian? He aspires to the character of a saint, but will owe none of his sanctity to the grace of God; he claims all the virtues and blessings, but will hear nothing of the obligations, of religion.

In his eagerness to make good his "spiritual" pretensions, Mr. Newman is in constant danger of forgetting his part as a "rational" religious reformer. We had been led to conclude, from the personal narrative he has given us, entitled, "Phases of Faith, or the History of my Creed," that the author was gradually induced to abandon his belief in Christianity, because its narratives would not bear critical investigation. But in his work on "The Soul," he professes to throw scorn on all such investigations, whether friendly or otherwise, into things so "unimportant and indifferent." He is impatient that men should "load themselves with the unendurable burden called 'Christian evidences.'" With charming inconsistency he seems to think it strange that the Christian, who holds the facts and doctrines of his religion to be essential, should think them worth defending; while he, who treats them as supremely "indifferent," bends all his powers to an elaborate scheme of confutation.

If Christianity were *minus* this great body of evidences, historical and moral, does Mr. Newman seriously think that its position would be improved? For our own part, we confess that the weapon of "rational criticism" would in such case have had for us a menacing and formidable aspect. To the Christian, the historical basis of his religion is all-important. He has not a single hope that is independent of the life and death and resurrection of his Lord. So little are his ideas of religious truth "advanced," that he is compelled to rest all his confidence where Paul so implicitly rested *his*: "If Christ be not risen, then is our faith vain."

Mr. Newman and his co-Spiritualists are shocked at this reliance on any thing so gross as facts, in respect to the interests of the soul. With them, religion is wholly subjective and innate, and, so, incapable of deriving its ideas of divine truth from any revelation or external source whatever. Of this plausible notion of innate religious ideas we shall find occasion to speak at a later period; but there is one form of the subjective theory which may be at once disposed of.

It is the constant practice of these writers, not merely to distinguish between Theology and Religion, which it is proper and necessary to do, but wholly to separate the one from the other, and fling the former with contempt away. Mr. Parker expresses a confident hope that "religion will survive theology." This is about as rational as to say, that philosophy will one day scorn all connexion with science, and the social affections become entirely independent of the social relations; for these are corollaries of that precious maxim. Mr. Newman says that historical Astronomy is not the science of Astronomy, and therefore historical Christianity is not Christianity itself. For our part, we never heard any man assert that it was, or say that the history of his religion was identical with his religious faith or duty. But,

surely, the science of Astronomy—to accept Mr. Newman's very inaccurate illustration—is not independent of its facts. Even gravitation itself is not a purely abstract principle, nor can it be supposed to operate or exist apart from the medium of material bodies. In like manner, Christianity is not made up of abstract laws only; but these are embodied in certain facts, and manifest themselves through certain positive relations. This seems to be the mode of God's universal administration, whether natural or spiritual; and one would have thought that a sect of religionists who profess so firm a belief in the necessity of law and order, and in the infallible connexion of cause and effect, would have recognised this great pervading principle, and hesitated to pronounce the impossible divorce of theology and religion, or to separate between the knowledge and the love of God. The Christian, who makes no such pretensions to a full comprehension of the philosophy of religion, does not venture to defy it thus. He holds with the Apostle: "He that cometh unto God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Apart from the authority of Paul, is there nothing reasonable in this maxim? We venture to think it is rational in the strictest sense. The prayer of the religious sceptic,—“O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul,”—does not commend itself to us, though it may seem the perfection of prayer to Messrs. Newman and Parker. These gentlemen are fond of attributing to God the character of Father. Without inquiring how far the religion of nature, considered by itself, assures us of the reality of this relationship, we may ask, Is it nothing to man, that he should know whether his Father be evil or good? and whether we be dwelling in his favour, or have incurred his just displeasure? Does it not concern us to know if he has made any rules for our guidance? or granted any terms upon which our disobedience may be forgiven, and his favour restored to us?

But the practical test of this æsthetical religion is the most satisfactory of all. Do we find the saintliness which Mr. Newman so especially admires, and which Mr. Parker deems characteristic of the “absolute religion” into which he would resolve all forms of worship, to be really and essentially independent of the objects of faith? Mr. Newman is pleased to admire the saintly character of Fletcher of Madeley. He will surely concede, that the personal holiness of that good man—his purity of life, elevation of sentiment, and yearning pity for the souls of his fellow-men—were coloured and informed by the great articles of his belief, by his conviction of the depravity of man through sin, and his confidence in the mercy of God through Christ. Saints of this order, at least, are not found in the ranks of philosophical Deism. Neither in life do they exemplify those graces of the Spirit which are the subject of Mr. Newman's special admiration,

nor in death evince that divine assurance and peace, which he must regard as the most enviable and perfect attainment of the religious life. It would appear, from the most unvarying testimony of history and biography, that the theology of the Christian is not only unhurtful to his religion, but essential to its very life and growth; and that it is just in proportion as he has unwavering faith in the divine merit and actual death of his Redeemer, and realizes the promises of pardon and of restoration to the image of God, through the operation of his Spirit, that practical godliness obtains possession of his heart and life, and reigns in every part of his renewed and happy nature. It is not competent, therefore, to Mr. Newman, to accept the religious character of the Christian, while scornfully rejecting its theological basis; for the one is in intimate relation with the other. The very demand, as it seems to us, betrays no small ignorance of the religious life, and is in flagrant contempt both of its *rationale* and its admitted facts.

If Mr. Newman is the most subtle member of this school, Mr. Theodore Parker is the most plain and unmistakable. The symptoms of deep-seated scepticism are, indeed, neither few nor faint in the former gentleman; but, in the latter, to use a technical phrase, they are more *pronounced*. It is the peculiar merit of Mr. Parker, that he speaks right out; with far less pretension to logic than Mr. Newman, he boldly pushes the principles common to both to their legitimate results, and now stands up, in the volume where he makes his last appearance, an outright, downright, and full-grown infidel. But do we mean to say, that Mr. Parker has renounced the name, and character, and privileges of a Christian? Very far from it. He still retains the office of a Minister of the Gospel. He still occupies a pulpit in Puritan New-England, and addresses every Sabbath-day the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston. This Society lately built their Pastor a new church, and, "on leaving the old place of worship," he delivered a Sermon, in which he voluntarily rendered "some account of his ministry." From this precious "Sermon" we propose to give the reader a hasty, but sufficient, glimpse into the character of the ministry aforesaid. The following passage is selected as a sort of *multum in parvo*, significant as it is brief; and, though a plain and comprehensive summary, yet suggestive in its nature, as well as simple and direct in its expression. We only premise this one remark,—it is by an avowed enemy of all "dogmatic" religion; which may or may not account for its delightful promptitude and lack of hesitancy.

"Of course, I do not believe in a devil, eternal torment, nor in a particle of absolute evil in God's world, or in God. I do not believe there ever was a miracle, or ever will be; every where I find law,—the

constant mode of operation of the infinite God. I do not believe in the miraculous inspiration of the Old Testament, or the New Testament. I do not believe that the Old Testament was God's first word, nor the New Testament his last. The Scriptures are no finality to me. Inspiration is a perpetual fact. Prophets and Apostles did not monopolize the Father: He inspires men to-day as much as heretofore. In nature, also, God speaks for ever. Are not these flowers new words of God's? Are not these fossils underneath our feet, hundreds of miles thick, old words of God, spoken millions of millions of years before Moses began to be?

"I do not believe the miraculous origin of the Hebrew Church, or the Buddhist Church, or the Christian Church; nor the miraculous character of Christ. I take not the Bible for my master, nor yet the Church; nor even Jesus of Nazareth for my master. I feel not at all bound to believe what the Church says is true, nor what any writer in the Old or New Testament declares true: and I am ready to believe that Jesus taught, as I think, eternal torment, the existence of a devil, and that he himself should, ere long, come back in the clouds of heaven. I do not accept these things on his authority. I try all things by the human faculties,—intellectual things by the intellect, moral things by the conscience, affectional things by the affections, and religious things by the soul. Has God given us any thing better than our nature? How can we serve him and his purposes, but by its normal use?"—*Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology*. Appendix, pp. 263, 264.

Now, what does the reader think is the text affixed to the "sermon" in which this passage occurs? It runs simply thus, "I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God." This is surely a novel method of changing the truth of God into a lie. Even the audacious mockery of our author could hardly go beyond this; but, to complete his defiance of truth and decency, he should have chosen as motto to his volume the scriptural injunction, "Prove all things." His philosophy is about as answerable to the one text, as his ministry is faithful to the other.

In his new work, occupying the bulk of the volume just quoted, Mr. Parker commences with "Atheism, Speculative and Practical." We are not going to dispute what the Preacher so eloquently says about the folly of atheism. Neither will we disturb him, by asking to what class of writers he is indebted for arguments which transcend, by almost infinite degrees, the vague and imperfect speculations of Socrates and Plato. He has proved to us, no matter by what assistance, that atheism is a boast which the most determined hater of God must ever fail to justify, either in theory or practice; and that the Creator of all things is constantly asserting his authority and power over all that he has made. So far it is well; our author writes with a most religious fervour; he seems to scowl, over a great gulf, at the infidel whom he has put on the other side. But the professed atheist

soon finds abundant matter in this volume for retort and ridicule. He finds that Mr. Parker's God is only a sham being, after all,—a sort of figure of speech, to heighten and adorn the author's rhetoric, and by means of which he may carry to his own side the advantage of any religious sentiment that may be lingering in the reader's mind. That Mr. Parker is not so superstitious as to need a God for himself, nor so blind as not to see the absurdity implied, on his part, in such belief, abundantly appears. It is the most natural inference from one of his most strongly asserted principles. No amount of testimony can convince him of the reality of the miracles and resurrection of Christ; simply because he has made up his mind that the order of nature neither does nor can deviate, its Author's power and greatness notwithstanding; and yet he presumes to sneer at the Christian's God as finite! Pray, what is the value of *his* God, who cannot interfere with the world which he is said to govern, nor suspend, nor over-rule, its ordinary laws, nor do any regal or effectual thing in all the universe? If the operations of nature are so uniform, and material laws so paramount and unopposable, their necessity and constancy must also follow; and that God should make something out of nothing, will seem the height of absurdity to Mr. Parker, as it is palpably counter to his own experience and that of all his friends. Thus his favourite maxim concerning the supremacy of material laws must guarantee to him the eternity of matter; and so it appears that the Deity whom Mr. Parker raves about, as "the father and mother of all things," who takes every creature to the parental bosom, and loves all that he has made, has, in truth, made nothing of all that he is said to love! but is himself the *eidolon* of human reverence and imagination,—a vast shadow that, seeming to brood over the prolific world, is only the upcast image of its greatness, having the semblance of a guardian Deity, but the nature only of a shifting cloud. Great reason, truly, has Mr. Parker for scowling at the unhappy atheist!

Before his abuse of the popular theology sets fairly in, Mr. Parker makes some admissions in its favour. As these are rather important and comprehensive, it may be proper to transcribe them:—

"In the popular theology there are comprised some of the greatest truths of religion which man has attained thus far.

"There is, for example, the doctrine of the existence of God as Creator and Governor of the World, a Being different in kind from matter and from man.

"Next, there is the great doctrine of the immortality of every man, and the certainty of retribution.

"As a third thing, there is the doctrine of the moral obligation of every man to obey the law of God.

"As a fourth thing, there is the doctrine concerning the connexion



between man and God, whereby man receives from God inspiration, guidance, and blessing.

"And, as a fifth thing, it is affirmed that there is this connexion between man and man,—a duty on the part of one to love another, of all to love each, and of each to love all.

"These are great doctrines, of immense value to mankind."—*Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology*, p. 58.

Mr. Parker runs no risk of contradiction,—excepting from himself,—in asserting these to be "some of the greatest truths of religion which man has attained *thus far*;" and, as to the future, it will occur to most readers that there is hardly room for the introduction of moral truths of equal necessity and value. At any rate, they are neither superseded nor supplemented by any thing which Mr. Parker, or his brethren, have offered to the world, even in this advanced period of its religious history. But Mr. Parker is not willing that he should be thought to have derived these great truths—such as the knowledge of a pure and only God, and the immortality of the human soul—from the teaching of Scripture. In a subsequent section of his work, he places the latter doctrine among the intuitive ideas of mankind. It is no more doubtful to him than his own existence. "It seems to me," says he, "that we may for a certainty know this,—that man is immortal: that I consider as fixed as the proposition that one and one make two." This is very summary, at least, if not very satisfactory. In the case of any but Mr. Parker, or one of his privileged sect, we should venture to deem this language a trifle too dogmatic in a Deist. To dispense with reason as well as revelation, and to make assertion take the place of both, might naturally seem too bad; but we have read too much of this "philosophy" to be easily surprised at any thing of the sort. It is useless, we suppose, to protest against this abuse of the gift of free and rapid utterance. It only remains, to congratulate our author on his attaining to certainty in the matter of a future life, without the vulgar assistance of the Christian Scriptures; while the sages of antiquity groped in thick darkness, and set with trembling one foot before another, and from the inmost oracle of nature extorted only an equivocal response,—a feeble hope and very fervent wish,—a faint assurance, that presently resolved itself into a mere "longing after immortality." Happy New-Englander! so much more blessed than Plato or the son of Sophroniscus! to whom the future life, which is any thing but clear to the dim consciousness of many of thy fellow-sceptics, is only as an infant's *a, b, c*, or, in thine own language, as certain as "that one and one make two!"—unfortunate only in this, that the modern Sadducee will hardly take thy word for it, and the Christian believer has evidence and assurance of his own which make even thy respectable guarantee most useless.

Passing from his denunciation of atheism, Mr. Parker falls very foul of the popular theology; and here his vituperative rhetoric is something wonderful. If we were disposed to soil our pages with the bitter blasphemies of this part of his book, we yet could not give the reader an adequate summary of his views, without transcribing the whole; for it is a series of hurried and condensed assertions, breathless with scorn and hatred. The author has well succeeded in his rejection of the theological style. His object is to vilify, and not confute. Flat contradiction is his favourite and very handy weapon. His sentences go off like crackers, making some noise, and leaving so much paper.\* Dealing with topics of the greatest moment, his flippancy has the desired effect of startling contrast; and as his confidence is in exact proportion to his ignorance, his tread is naturally most prompt and loud over the hollowest ground. A nice example we have already had of this, in his treatment of a future life,—an example, moreover, of the manner in which the Christian and the Rationalist not unfrequently change places. The latter does not adduce a single argument in support of his solitary *dixit*; while Butler, in the position of a Christian advocate, does not shrink from an appeal to the boasted oracles of nature and of reason,—not, indeed, as such, but as feeble and inarticulate co-witnesses, striving to give utterance to truths which the Gospel only was competent to open fully up.

Take a brief specimen of Mr. Parker's tirade against the popular or evangelical theology:—

"Let this theology pass. Science hates it. Every Cyrena from the London clay—a leaf gathered from the book of God, now newly unfolded from the flinty keeping of a pebble, on a subterranean beach

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\* The new style of religious writing which Mr. Parker has brought to perfection, is now exceedingly common in many popular and admired works, and is more or less to be remarked in authors who do not professedly treat of sacred matters, but settle them, as it were, by the way, in the excess of their genius and religiousness. Mr. Emerson is an eminent type of this class. With him "religion is a mountain air," and *miracle* another word for *monster*, because "it is not one with the blowing clover and the falling rain;" while no two things are more perfect equivalents than "Lord Christ's heart and Plato's brain." We have met with a description of Mr. Emerson's style, by one of his own countrymen, which is equally characteristic of the one and the other; and we are tempted to transcribe it for the benefit of those who are content to derive their highest views of religion and philosophy from the writings of this popular favourite. "He doesn't lecture; it's quite out of character to say that Mr. Emerson lectures; he does no such thing: he drops nectar, he chips out sparks, he exhales odours, he lets off mental sky-rockets and fireworks, he spouts fire, and, conjuror-like, draws ribands out of his mouth. He smokes, he sparkles, he improvises, he shouts, he sings, he explodes like a bundle of crackers; he goes off in fiery eruptions like a volcano, but he does not lecture. Like a child, he shakes his rattle over the edge of chaos, and swings on the gates of the past, and sits like a night-ingle in a golden ring suspended by a silver cord from a nail driven into the zenith!" The reader may agree with us, that an author who *could* be so described by his admiring countryman, is hardly the man to put religion on a more rational and scientific basis. That such a lecturer is likely to affect usefully the practical religion of his hearers, may admit at least of equal doubt.

myriads of years older than Moses—confutes Moses, and turns the popular theology upside down. Philanthropy hates it; hates its jealous God, its narrow love, its pitiless torment, and its bottomless and hopeless hell. Let it pass. It can do little for us now; little for the mind and conscience of the world; nothing for the affections, nothing for the soul. It can only drive men by fear, not charm men by love. Let it pass!"—*Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology*, p. 146.

"Science hates it!" Yet it is possible that men like Dr. Buckland and Mr. Hugh Miller are as competent to interpret the lessons of Geology as Mr. Parker himself; and they find no absolute discrepancies betwixt the acknowledged works and the asserted word of God. Mr. Miller, indeed, discovers an increasing harmony with every fresh perusal of the records, Mosaic and geological.\* Yet Mr. Parker takes the opposition of science and revelation as a thing of course. To hear him talk, one would think that the "Bridgewater Treatises" were written by a parcel of ignorant fanatics, whose blundering zeal was enough to make a New-England sage utter unseemly oaths. He will have it that philosophy is turning its back upon religion, and leaving Christianity a world behind. Men of genius and learning are disgusted with the popular theology: they are not "technical Christians." "All the greatest minds of the Germanic race" have ceased to be "technical Christians."—"The leaders of the new French literature" have abandoned the Christian Church to its own devices: even M. Comte and Madame George Sand (!) have shaken off the dust of their feet against its threshold, and left it for the purer walks of atheism. To this we have little to reply. The Church that could not retain such ornaments as these must certainly have been wanting in due "comprehensiveness," and so deserved to lose them. It has, in consequence, no claim upon our pity; and we have none to offer.

"Philanthropy hates it!" This is a still harder saying. History, however, will have something to say about that. As the very shadow of the Apostle cured diseases, so, into whatever land Christianity has passed, society has flourished under its wing with unwonted healthfulness and vigour; and material success has grown up all around it. The poor have been cared for, the sick and the prisoner visited, and the sharp edge of social distinctions smoothed away. Its influence on the individual has been something far more noble and profound. To say that it can "do little for the mind and conscience of the world, nothing for the affections, and nothing for the soul," is to affront the reader's understanding. Why did not the author go on to assert the converse evidently implied, and say that the "affections" were more truly cultivated by the obscene and

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\* See "The Two Records, Mosaic and Geological: a Lecture. By Hugh Miller."

bloody rites of Heathendom, and the "conscience" only thoroughly developed by the Deism of Shaftesbury or Voltaire?

It is not material to inquire upon what grounds Mr. Parker has found the God of the Bible to be "a finite and malignant fiend." The principal reason, no doubt, is because He has threatened to punish sin with torment; and Mr. Parker has made up his mind to have a religion which does not deal in any such disagreeable element. He much prefers to live under a moral government, (for this he does not, like the Secularist, disown,) that deals only with rewards; that has no more to do with penalties than with obligations, and is in this, at least, consistent.

But the Divinity of Mr. Parker's choice is professedly identical with the God of Nature. Does this awful Being answer, then, to the favourite ideal? Is He the type of infinite and imperturbable good-nature? From this part of his work one would conclude that Mr. Parker thought so. Looking into the Sermons before us, we find that the preacher keeps a flower—no doubt, in its height of bloom—upon his pulpit side; and, when he would vividly contrast the stern judgments of the Almighty, as depicted both in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, with the *beau idéal* which his fancy worships, he turns suddenly to the aforesaid flower, and intimates that *that* is the sort of work which the God of Nature delights in, and a fair and average product of the goodly universe. It never occurs to him, however forcibly it may to his hearers, to ask, Is nature at large, and especially, is human life, all of a piece with this? Fond as he is of quoting Scripture, he makes no allusion now to the "arrow that flieth by day;" nor to "the pestilence that walketh in darkness;" nor to "the destruction that wasteth at noonday." Much as he shrinks back from the bare idea of pain, or any thing more noxious than a bed of roses, he has now no terms of reproach, no word of regret, for human miseries; not even an intimation that he is aware of their existence: of disease and accidents in their most horrid forms; of yellow fever and cholera; of shipwreck, and earthquake, and murder, and battle; of poverty, and vice, and crime, huddling together in our crowded cities, and lying in wait for infancy and childhood; of injustice and cruelty, in their thousand forms, assailing the peace and happiness of their innumerable victims. Not he! He wisely, but dishonestly, ignores them all. Rejecting the doctrine of the Fall, how should he be able to account for the errors and aspirations, the actual depravity and lingering beauty, of the human soul? Denying the efficacy of the Saviour's death, and the very fact of his resurrection, how should he be able to point out a spiritual future, or a sufficient remedy for the evils and inequalities of the present state?

To the same enlightened purpose Mr. Parker delivers himself

in the following passage, intended as a summary of the character and course of human nature, according to the teaching of the Bible:—

“All things which God made work well, except human nature; and that worked so badly, that it fell as soon as it was put together. God must start anew, and so he destroys all except eight persons. But—so bad is human nature—the new family behave no better; they must be cast aside; and God discards all, excepting the posterity of a single man. But they turn out as bad as the rest, and must be thrown over. No good comes of human reason and human nature; so, at length, a new dispensation is established. But the new dispensation has worked scarcely better than the others. The human race does not turn out as God designed or expected. It is a failure.”—P. 65.

We wonder if human nature “works” quite well, according to Mr. Parker’s Bible of history and experience. It will occur to most readers, that the Christian Scriptures are distinguished, not by bare assertions of the wickedness of our race, which, as a *fact*, is frequently admitted by Mr. Parker himself, though he curiously talks of “doing depraved things without any depravity in the heart,” but by their representation of it as the result of man’s misuse of moral freedom, as well as by their discovering to him the divine provision for his renewal in the image and favour of God. The degradation of man, which is great in proportion to his former altitude, is also in a manner due to the very dignity of his position, as it was possible in no other; for it was only as the deed of a free agent to whom God had imparted a measure of his own moral power and goodness, that sin and confusion found their way into the world. Thus the scriptural theory of evil, if not wholly explicable, is at least intelligible and conceivable: we have a notion of the great principle involved, though we cannot estimate the value of incidental and apparently determining causes.

Mr. Parker himself argues, that the distinguished organization of man in the scale of beings carries with it a number of attached responsibilities and penalties; and we think he should understand, how the peculiar privilege of Adam made him liable to corresponding suffering and disaster. When speaking of the economy of pain in the physical world, and pronouncing it to be chiefly warning and corrective, and therefore beneficent, our author seems to have an inkling of the idea which we think far more appropriate to the subject of moral evil; and we would say,—if you cannot have the high and complex advantages of human nature in union with the sky-lark’s unalloyed delight, and freedom from all anxious care; so neither can you dissociate the responsibility from the dignity of a moral being, or make him infallible in the hour of his express probation.

What Mr. Parker further says, in his second discourse on

"The Economy of Pain," we are at a loss to understand. We were very curious to see how one who professes a belief in the inviolable order and perfection of laws, both physical and moral, would treat that prominent article of the popular theology,—the existence of actual sin. It appeared to us that his only course was to *deny* such existence, and resolve all the phenomena of moral evil (so-called) into so many shades and varieties of error, due to the imperfections of a limited intellect. Mr. Parker, however, is a bold man, and, instead of facing merely the contradiction of self-evident facts, prefers, in this instance, to stultify himself. This he does by acknowledging a distinction which confounds his theory of the innate and absolute religiousness of man. His definition is unexceptionable: "Sin is a conscious and voluntary or wilful violation of a known law of God. To do wickedly is a sin. *This does not come from lack of intellectual perception, nor from lack of moral perception*, but from an unwillingness to do the known right, and a willingness to do the known wrong." One would suppose from this, that to follow the suggestions of our nature is, often, to contravene the eternal law of right; and, if Mr. Parker should repeat his favourite and triumphant question, "Has God given us any thing better than our nature?" we should really be tempted to reply, "The revelation which should promise us something better, is precisely that which would rivet our attention, and command our highest confidence."

Our patience is pretty well exhausted. We have no heart to lead the reader through Mr. Parker's Theistic universe, a very neat and dapper one although it be. Our author creates a world as easily as a child builds a house of cards; and the structure is so far original, that it seldom reminds us of the vulgar world around us. It is all *couleur de rose*, a pleasing counterpart to Mr. Emerson's religion of frankincense and myrrh. There is no yawning *hiatus*, no awkward discrepancy, no unseemly confusion, either in its moral or material system: genius has anticipated science, and left nothing for the most acute philosophy to supply. The whole is ordered and controlled with the most enviable ease. Sometimes a species of poetical pantheism is the pervading spirit of the system; and sometimes, by way of change, the scene is overlooked by a personal and benignant Deity. But perhaps we cannot do better than let the ingenious contriver describe the working of his model world, as it is to be, when in full and final operation. If the reader should be tempted to think that there is a little too much of the showman's rhetoric, let him remember what the description must have been in simple prose and honest detail:—

"Then what a force religion will be! There will be a religion for the body, to serve God with every limb thereof; a religion for the intellect, and we shall hear no more of 'atheistic science,' but Lalande



shall find God all the world through, in every scintillation of the farthest star he looks at, and Ehrenberg confront the Infinite in each animated dot or cell of life his glass brings out to light; yea, the chemist meet the Omnipresent in every atom of every gas. Then there shall be a religion for conscience, the great justice; a religion for the affections, the great love; a religion for the soul, perfect, absolute trust in God, joy in God, delight in this Father and Mother too.

"Then what men shall we have!—not dwarfed and crippled, but giant men, Christ-like as Christ. What families!—women emancipated and lifted up. What communities!—a society without a slave, without a pauper; society without ignorance, wealth without crime. What Churches! Think of the eight-and-twenty thousand Protestant Churches of America, with their eight-and-twenty thousand Protestant Ministers, with a free press, and a free pulpit; and think of their influence, if every man of them believed in the infinite God, and taught that the service of God was by natural piety within, and natural morality without; that there was no such thing as imputed righteousness, or salvation by Christ, but that real righteousness was honoured before God, and salvation by character, by effort, by prayer, and by toil, was the work. Then, what a nation should we have! ay, what a world!

"We shall have it; it is in your heart and in my heart; for God, when he put this idea into human nature, meant that it should only go before the fact,—the John the Baptist, that heralds the coming of the great Messiah."—P. 148.

With the reader's permission, we will shut the book, and throw up the window. What a reviving air!

To appreciate the fatuitous presumption of this author, it is not enough to know the intrinsic folly of his book. True, great principles are here derided first, and afterwards confounded; and all that is sacred in the hopes of man, and promised on the oath of God, all that is declared by divine authority, and attested by human consciousness, and illustrated by universal history, and corroborated by the course of nature, is suddenly obscured by the vapoury cloud that issues from an eccentric lecturer's breath. But, fully to estimate the audacity which asks us to exchange our Christian theology and moral science for this wearisome trash, we must recur in memory to the treasures of our literature. In the land of Hooker, and Barrow, and South, of Chillingworth, and Howe, and Baxter, of Butler, and Chalmers, and Watson, it is an affront, no less to our reason than to our moral sense. It is little to say that a tract of Leslie has more force of reason, and a page of Leighton a savour of more genuine devotion, than Mr. Parker and all his rational-religious brethren have hitherto produced. The works of Fletcher of Madeley, in connexion with his eminently holy life, form a two-fold testimony to the truth and power of Christianity which the literature of "Spiritualism" can neither rival nor refute. But Mr. Parker

need not go beyond his own country, to find his presumptuous shallowness rebuked. Whatever faults may belong to the theological systems of Dwight and Edwards, no one can read their works without feeling how much they have derived from a truly divine original, and how far they have been enabled to transcend the limits of a merely human philosophy; and we can hardly imagine a greater contrast, or one more favourable to the claims of orthodox religion, than that which is presented on passing from the flippant and incoherent asseverations of Mr. Parker, to the serious, lofty, and harmonious theory of God's general and mundane administration embodied in Dwight's "System of Theology." The effect is like turning from the heated hall of a Chartist lecturer, and mounting to the chamber of the man of science, when he is taking observation of the stars.

But the literature of the new religion—which has not yet found a name, and is only provisionally Christian—is still in its infancy, and so it may be thought unfair to compare it with the choice examples of that remarkable faith which has attracted and engaged the genius of eighteen hundred years. For our own part, we do not see much force in this deprecatory appeal, since the earliest Scriptures of the religion of Jesus, to which the Rationalist denies any thing more than a simply human origin, are precisely those which excite the greatest wonder, and rise above the pious emulation of all succeeding periods. The Christian religion started with the highest standards; and the followers of Christ and his Apostles were not expected, on the one hand, and certainly have not been able, on the other, to improve either upon the doctrines or precepts embodied in the New-Testament Scriptures. If Messrs. Newman and Parker hope to effect such an improvement, by eliminating the grosser particles of the primitive belief, they are, of course, at liberty to do so; and we shall be curious to see the result. But the Christian is content, that the servant be as his Lord; and we are warranted, moreover, by the history of every religion, in holding that no Church is able to rise above the models furnished in its prime examples. In this matter, deterioration would seem to be a far more powerful law than development; and any seeming improvement is due always to a return to those first principles, in which alone the life and virtue of the system reside. To advance beyond such principles is to leave them altogether.

We should feel ourselves at liberty, therefore, to compare the moral teaching of Paul the "prejudiced," with the ethical deliverances of Newman the "Catholic," and, of course, by parallel passages from their own productions. But as this course may be considered ungenerous, because the preferences of mankind surround the Apostle of the Gentiles with factitious reverence,—but *why* so, it is not for us to say,—we will take a course which is open to this objection in a far less degree. It

happens opportunely for our purpose, that, although the new Gospel has not yet published its "Belief," it has furnished the new Church with an appropriate "Liturgy." This is to be found in a "Manual of Faith and Duty," lately given to the world; and from that volume—around which the reverence of future ages may be expected to gather—we extract the two most suitable passages we can find. The reader will judge how far the glorious *Te Deum* of the Church catholic, or even the more modern, but beautiful and impressive, Liturgy of the Anglican branch, is likely to be replaced and superseded by such feeble common-places as the following, offered in due form, as part of the weekly service of the rising "Church:"—

"Here the Reader and the Congregation will proceed aloud, alternately, as follows:—

**"LITURGY.**

"READER. The heart bids us adore the great and serene Mystery of the Universe;

"CONGREGATION. The calmness and the goodness of God:

"R. Constant as the heavens above the clouds;

"C. Yet working in them and beneath them for the hopes of earth:

"R. Who, far as telescope can discern, has sown the gulfs of space with planets as with seed-pearl;

"C. And yet is not more present in the remotest of them, than he is in our own planet, which is one of his pearls also:

"R. Inciting us to advance in knowledge and goodness;

"C. Through troubles which are not all trouble:

"R. But sweetness also of joy;

"C. And power of affection:

"R. Giving also termination to trouble;

"C. But no end to the hope of joys to come:

"R. Who, being therefore good, in the evils which we understand,

"C. Is to be held equally so, in those which are obscure to us:

"R. Like the good and wise parents, whom their children sometimes misconstrue;

"C. But who are loved by them more and more, as they grow up in wisdom themselves:

"R. Encouraging us, nevertheless, for our growth in strength and worthiness, to assist in doing evils away;

"C. Especially those of the poor and misled:

"R. And of all wants whatsoever, both of body and soul;

"C. As from time to time is done, in the course of the progress which he has ordained:

"R. The human creature learning to know and to respect, more and more, the frame which his soul inhabits;

"C. And the beautiful region of the universe, in which it is sojourning:

"R. Worthy of study for its wonders;

"C. And of admiration for its beauties:

"R. And of respect for its patience and endeavours;

"C. And of love for its affections:

"R. And of its place among the stars for its hopes ;

"C. Giving us to see vast evidences of space and time, and starry habitations :

"R. With suns nobler and nobler, and like centres for other suns ;

"C. As if to encourage our hearts and our understandings, onwards, and for ever."—Pp. 14-16.

To obviate the possible charge of unfairness in selection, we present another sample of the new ritual. It is entitled :—

"ASPIRATIONS AT BED-TIME.

"BLESSED be God : blessed be his Beneficence, which neither sees wisdom in haste, nor has need of rest.

If I have done any wrong to-day, or fear so ;

Or, if I have left any duty undone, as far as I could perform it ;

Let me not fail to make amends to-morrow.

Let me not have to repeat this wish to-morrow night.

May M. have a happy sleep :

May N. :

May all whom I love :

May all who are to sleep this night.

I hope grief and pain will find respite ;

And wakefulness discover its cure.

Gentle and good is darkness :

Beautiful with stars ;

Or, working to some benefit of a different aspect, with clouds.

God's ordinance of the rolling world takes away the light at bed-time like a parent ;

Shall I not sleep calmly under its shadow ?

May I drop as calmly into the sleep of death ;

And wake to an eternal morning !"—P. 11.

There is surely no occasion to transcribe any portion of the Litany of the Church of England—so divine in its teaching and so profoundly human in its sympathies—to make the meagreness and frigidity of these pages more sensibly felt. There is food neither for the heart nor the understanding, and absolutely nothing to satisfy the spiritual longings of an immortal soul. Is it possible that any congregation should meet, week after week, to bandy such unmeaning platitudes ? If the new Church is to have a ritual at all,—we thought they had advanced beyond such things,—let them at least improve upon the ancient models, or not confine their imitation to the "M. or N." of the Baptismal service, which is a novel way of abandoning the letter, and conserving the spirit, of Christian worship !

It only remains for us to say a few words on some of the leading principles and pretensions of this sect. And first among these is the air of exclusive admiration, adopted by its members, in reference to the laws of nature and the perfect economy of the Creator's rule and government. This pedantic and ridiculous assumption occurs in every author of the tribe. To hear

them, you would suppose that every Christian renounced his ordinary reason, flatly contradicting the plainest evidence of his senses and the most established truths of science. You are not supposed to doubt, for a moment, that nature and the Bible are in mutual, constant, irreconcilable opposition; till at length you are tempted to believe that the good old Bishop who attempted to prove that the doctrines of revelation are in strict analogy with the constitution and course of nature, has been triumphantly answered over and over again. True, you do not know where to put your hand upon any such reply; but it must surely have been published, or these learned men, equally wise and modest, would never have taken for granted the antagonism of natural and revealed religion.

Ridiculous as this assumption must appear, it is repeated so often, that there is some danger it may seem to be allowed, if a counter-protest be not, at least, occasionally made. We take, therefore, an opportunity of meeting it in its most recent shape, as presented in the last issue of what Mr. Chapman ironically calls a "Library for the People."

We come, then, to Mr. Henry Croskey, who publishes a curious "Defence of Religion." (These gentlemen are *so* fond of "defending" religion from the assaults of the sceptic and the atheist!) This little work is devotional in a high degree; but as the author is a *rational* Spiritualist, he seems to think it proper to show how much, in this respect, he differs from a common Christian. He has a taste for the spiritual and sublime, but a sheer contempt for the "supernatural." Accordingly, he treats us to some edifying remarks on the absurdity of prayer, to the practice of which, by the way, the innocent reader may hitherto have thought the Spiritualist peculiarly addicted, as even his writings seem dictated from the attitude of bended knees. As Mr. Croskey's argument is intended to be highly philosophical, it is only just to give the reader an opportunity of admiring and adopting it. If he should choose to do neither, we, at least, shall have no right to blame him.

"Prayers for rain in time of drought are theological protests against divine laws. Does not God know best how to manage the world? Has he forgotten the clouds, that he requires a clergyman to inform him where they are needed? The farmer's remark, after hearing prayer against drought, was pertinent. 'There will be no rain,' said he, 'while the wind is in this quarter.' And it might be added that the wind would not be in any particular quarter, did not the wise laws regulating the universe demand it, and were it not altogether best for the family of man.....Theology has been known to grapple with the laws of navigation. Seamen of Eastern vessels sometimes, in a storm, abandon the ropes and fall upon their knees, preferring a theological field-day to calm and practical skill. Theology, however, has been worsted in the unequal strife. Dost thou doubt it, O theologian? Put thy belief to the test, take poison, and then pray!

Success would invigorate the faith of the age. Dost thou doubt it, O farmer? Kneel and pray that thy field shall not be deluged with the storm darkening the noon-day sky! Verily thy endangered harvest shall not be thereby saved. O navigator, break one law of navigation; no prayers shall preserve thy bark from its ocean grave. All the elemental powers of the universe combine to trample down theology, when, in vain conceit, it dares to rise against the law."—P. 35.

It is highly probable that Mr. Croskey penned this passage with the satisfaction of a man who is inditing something quite unanswerable. Whatever his "orthodox" opponents may reply to, this, at least, will be evaded and passed over. And, indeed, this appreciation of law is very high-sounding in the present age. Unfortunately, however, it stops short of the due estimate and value of laws confessedly divine. In the mouth of the secular materialist, whose universe includes only nature and its phenomena, the argument would be appropriate; and with him we could not dispute, till we agreed on common premises. But one would have thought that a Theist, recognising Providence, and especially a Spiritualist, professing faith in a spiritual economy, would have gone beyond mere physical laws, and found something to say respecting that higher sphere of divine administration. Did Mr. Croskey never suspect that human prayer may be as necessary a link in the government of God, as human labour itself? Mr. Croskey cannot suppose that the farmer and the navigator may safely depend upon the operation of "laws," wholly despising the assistance of the plough and the helm, as presumptuous interferences with the legislation of the Almighty. If the farmer neglect seed-time, we fear the "invariable laws" will not avail him in the time of harvest; and if the captain abandon his helm, the "invariable laws" will hardly bring him to his desired haven. But that is because he neglects the very conditions, in virtue of which the law is operative and effectual. Exactly so; and, in like manner, in the economy of grace innumerable blessings are suspended on the prayer of faith. What those blessings are,—whether temporal or spiritual,—does not affect the argument, so long as they are real, and issue in sensible results. We believe that they are both; and though, under the present dispensation of grace, we have not the same warrant to expect a purely miraculous intervention, no one who sincerely believes in the providential government of God, can doubt that blessings of a strictly temporal character are suspended upon spiritual conditions, which are entitled to be considered as absolute and infallible links in the divine administration. That these spiritual laws are known imperfectly, at best, and that they are most clearly appreciated by the most spiritually-minded of the children of God, are circumstances in strict analogy with the knowledge of material laws so vaunted by our author. The influence of the heavenly bodies on the tidal ebb



and flow is generally known to the humblest navigator, while the genius of a Daniell or a Herschel cannot explain, or even fully estimate, the law of its causation.

It may be useful to make here a general remark upon the use of the terms "supernatural" and "miraculous." We hold that a miracle, rightly so called, is the rarest of the modes by which God manifests himself to man, and has been, perhaps, almost exclusively employed to accredit his own messenger, and authenticate an immediate revelation of his will. To secure the other objects of his mundane government, is quite within the range of Divine Providence, which is special, or general, not from any essential difference, but merely as it is more or less striking in its character, or more or less limited in its manifestations. In a proper sense, then, it is true that that which is most extraordinary in the events of Providence, and even that which is commonly described as supernatural in the operations of Divine Grace, are both in exact accordance with law, and eventuate in the precise correspondence pertaining to cause and effect; and if, therefore, we still prefer to designate some of these effects *supernatural*, it is only (for convenience' sake) that we may distinguish the ordinary and material laws of nature from those of the moral world, to which the former seem to be absolutely subordinated, and by which they are sometimes, at least apparently, contravened.\*

The merits of this philosophical religion, in comparison with those of Christianity, may be estimated by reference to the fundamental principle of each. The former asserts the innate religiousness of man, and assures us that we cannot err in following each the dictates of his own nature. The latter teaches the natural depravity of our race, inherited from its first progenitor, who fell, by disobedience, from a state of dignity and purity; and affirms that, whatever attempts may be made on our part to regain the favour and fellowship of God, we cannot move towards him without the aid of his Spirit, nor stand before him without the atonement and mediation of his Son. Let us look for a moment at these two fundamental principles,—religion steadily developed from an innate religiousness, and natural depravity divinely counteracted by the gracious influence of God.

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\* It must still be borne in mind that miracles, rightly so called, have a distinctive place in the divine economy, in which, according to its widest sweep and acceptation only, they also are embraced; nor can they, by virtue of any philosophical generalization, lose either their peculiar character, or their demonstrative value. For a miracle is the operation of God's will, not by means, but in actual contravention, of the established laws of nature, and is chosen by the Divine Being for the express purpose of manifesting his direct interposition, that so the mission or message of his servant may be authenticated by himself. The distinction, therefore, is just and good between a pure miracle and the most special providence; and is not affected (as Mr. Trench would seem to think) by the fact, that both are included in the vast and complicated scheme of God's universal government.

Both are sufficiently simple, and vastly comprehensive; but they are diametrically opposed the one to the other, and the facts of human consciousness and human history will determine which is true.

*Will determine which is true!* The proposition is no sooner made than answered in every mind; and reflection establishes the proof which consciousness presented in a moment. If man be, indeed, an unfallen creature, his character and destiny are both anomalous; and the philosopher, as he passes from natural to human history, is staggered at every turn. Highest in position, power, and organization, man is found deepest in misery, and lowest in folly. All creatures beside fulfil the most obvious purpose of their being, exercise the peculiar functions of their species, and enjoy the highest pleasure of which they are susceptible; while man only has the gift of a precious nature, to be singularly thwarted and accursed! With enough of reason to confound pure unhesitating instinct, he has none that can lead him without stumbling through his daily life; with desire after some chief good, and a longing for the assurance of a future life, he is doomed to live without even the certain knowledge of his Maker, and to die the death of a dog,—a death, however, not only hopeless, but despairing, and one sharpened by the pangs of conscious degradation! Viewing humanity apart from the light cast on it by Scripture, and deducting from it the ameliorating and ennobling influence of religion, the philosopher may, indeed, construct a theory of the world, and the Deist infer the existence of some great Governor; but each of these will differ vastly from the complacent objects which Deist and philosopher delight to set before us. Up to a certain point, this will still seem “a goodly universe;” benevolence and wisdom will mainly manifest themselves throughout the beautiful creation, not, indeed, expressly, but by intimation of some crowning and harmonizing feature in reserve; and when the first glimpse of man is caught, haply in some phase of civilization, or some aspiring mood, the dim *theoria* will, for the moment, appear definitely shaped, and about to be realized. But further study will dispel the delusion. This “paragon of animals” is destined to the most imperfect lot,—followed by disease, and consumed by passion, and wasted by mutual war; the species for ever suggesting a type of excellence and beauty, from which the individuals fade far off; and the diagnostic feature of the race—its “looking before and after,” and longing for some revelations of an unseen world—doomed to perpetual disappointment, and made the fruitful source of sorrow and vexation. Building his serene and shapely Kosmos in the calm recesses of his study, what will the philosopher do when he comes to such an anti-climax as man?

But let the doctrine of the Fall meet his ear and challenge his

attention at this favourable moment, and the whole mystery is cleared up. Like the theory of gravitation dawning upon the mind of Newton, it comes to explain a thousand strange phenomena, and to receive corroborative proof from observation on every hand. The philosopher is no longer surprised to find that while the natural history of inanimate and brute creation is comparatively clear, and in a steadily progressive series, that of man is most perplexing and anomalous, carrying him to a position which he is not able to maintain, and urging him to scale heights of knowledge and of goodness towards a chief good inaccessible. It is now seen why this branch of natural history proper to mankind, and comprised under the names of "ethics" and "metaphysics," has been so long inexplicable, defeating the researches of ordinary science. The contradictions of our nature are both accounted for,—the height of our aspirations, and the futility of our aims. In the one is recognised some lingering of the majesty of man, made originally in the likeness of God himself; and in the other, the ravages of sin, the effects of a violated and inexorable law. To the one are due all traces of natural religion, all the yearning and benevolent emotions of good men, all theories of poetic justice, all the lofty creations of ideal art: to the other are immediately referred all the passions which debauch the reason and depress the conscience of mankind, all the tyrannies, idolatries, confusions, oppressions, and contradictions, which distress the student of humanity, and make life itself the problem of a silent, but constantly devouring, Sphinx.

On the contrary hypothesis, what do we find? Not only do the difficulties remain, but they are brought into more prominent relief by the very theory which was intended to remove them all. Neither the individual nor the race conforms to this pretended rule of personal and social development. In respect to the moral progress of the race, we shall probably speak of that hereafter; but the application of this plausible theory to individual character we may briefly consider now.

We shall test the soundness of this doctrine by a very simple rule. If our ideas of God, and duty, and futurity, be really innate, the result must be a substantial uniformity in religious matters, opinionative and practical. The influence of outward circumstances—such as education or custom—could not deeply affect the conclusions of a soul whose springs of spiritual intelligence and life were in itself; or if the religiousness of man be choked by worldly associations, and its development arrested by external forces,—though, how this should be in a world made up of men intrinsically good, and therefore a world that should not be distinguished from the Church of real saints, we cannot tell,—still, so far as it appears, it must have all the essential characters by which religion, even according to the authors of this theory,

is uniformly marked. Suppress it you possibly might, but deprave it you surely could not. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles;" neither from the essentially religious heart of man could proceed the fruits of infidelity, vice, or discord.

To the apostles, then, of this new religion we naturally look for that edifying uniformity of belief and practice which they so desiderate in the professing Churches of Christendom. We might, indeed, press our appeal more inconveniently still. We might ask Messrs. Newman and Parker—who ascribe to every man this infallible light of nature—to account for the very differences with which they reproach the Christian world; and if we were inclined to be hard upon these gentlemen, we might throw in an interesting reference to Suttee, Thuggee, and some other forms of "absolute religion." A few pretty varieties of this kind might be suggested to their harmonizing skill. But we are not without a foolish and good-natured inclination to relieve them, at least of the pressing number of their difficulties. We will limit our appeal, then, to a few unexceptionable points. We make no demand of uniformity on the part of the great bulk of mankind, though we might fairly claim to do so; nor of uniformity on all religious matters of universal interest, though this, too, could not justly be denied us. We come directly to the chief teachers of the absolute religion, and ask no more than an agreement among themselves upon the most important article of belief, and that upon which the infinite value of religion must depend: we mean, of course, the doctrine of a future life. If the oracle of the human heart be ever uniform and certain in its utterance, it will surely be so on this vital point. Unfortunately, however, it is nothing of the kind. Mr. Newman is without any assurance in the matter, and thinks that to endure evil in this life, by looking steadily to a future state of recompense, is "to buy patience by propagating delusion." At the same time, Mr. Greg would as soon think of doubting his present as his future existence; and to Mr. Parker the affirmative doctrine is as clear as "that one and one make two!" There is little to be added after this. If the ambiguous oracles of antiquity admitted at least a doubt of their divinity, what must we say of that which plainly contradicts itself by the mouths of its contemporary priests?

It will hardly be said that this diversity is the result of intellectual differences merely. At least, we are quite at a loss to know of what the religious consciousness *can* assure us, if, on a point of such especial moment to the soul, it is capable of varying in such degrees. If Mr. Parker's is only a sufficient confidence, is not Mr. Newman's painfully defective? And yet it is the latter gentleman who has undertaken to establish a new theology, taking as a basis "the natural history of the soul!"—a basis only

of "sorrows and aspirations." We fear the work has fallen into the wrong hands.

Our authors proceed, after the manner of those lawyers who arrange their special pleadings in the most impudent of forms; they do not hesitate to put in contradictory pleas; and, failing in both, coolly propose to abide the general issue. "Your Scriptures," say they, "are not historically true; and therefore, however admirable for their moral teaching, they have no substantial claim to our confidence and respect." This is their first plea. Well! evidence is brought into court, and the proofs of historical Christianity are marshalled in such overwhelming weight and number, that the plea is suddenly abandoned: but not so the cause. "O yes! you have said quite enough upon that head: we are sick of your interminable evidences, and so forth: we may grant you that Jesus and his disciples lived, and taught, and wrote, and died, much as they are said to have done; but history is not religion; our moral consciousness is not satisfied with the doctrines of Christ, at least as they are popularly understood; our spiritual intuitions are superior to his imperfect views, and we refuse to depress our conscience to the Bible standard." This is their second plea. Well! the advocates of Christianity, armed at all points, turn their attention to this view, and show that Christian morals are in harmony with the most perfect developments of character, individual and social, of which humanity is susceptible, and have produced both saints and nations of an order superior to those of any other religion in the world, its enemies themselves being judges. The Theist, then, if he be not ashamed to return to his former plea,—which often he is not, but almost immediately sets it up again,—suddenly pleads the general issue. "Say what you will, the decline of Christianity is a great fact; it is an *effete* religion: progress and development in spiritual as in temporal matters is the order of God, and men are waiting for a new and better Gospel."

Waiting, indeed! That at least is true. It happens, somewhat strangely, that although (if we believe these men) inspiration is perpetual, and religion itself a progressive and improving article, there has been, even on the evidence of the works before us, no definite advance made in the last two thousand years, but, rather, on the same authority, a great declension. We are taught, indeed, to look out now for something better at last; but a large demand is made upon our faith, and the samples which the Prophets give us are not promising, even to the small extent that they are intelligible. Christianity is to be superseded; but its successor is not forthcoming. Mr. Newman is still looking for "*an action of a totally new kind to be set up.*" Mr. Hennell waits with longing—but he *does wait*—for "*the more advanced system which, at a future time, MAY, by the appearance of some*

remarkable individual or combination of events, come to be designated by another name." In the mean time—but only provisionally—they desire to be known as "Christians."

It may be worth while to look a little further into this theory of religious progress and development. Let us see, for example, how it accords with the undeniable fact of the prevalence of the religion of Christ in our day.

That Christianity has a remarkable superiority to the other religions of the world, could not be denied, even by Mr. Parker. But we are told that it exerts its power, as it is also soon to lose it, by virtue of the progressive nature of the religious sentiment, and the law of development as it affects the religious faculty; that the creed of Christendom is so pure and spiritual, only because it is the product of the highest and latest civilization which the world has yet attained. Now, if we could not find out the absurdity of this doctrine for ourselves, the glaring inconsistencies of its promulgators would reveal it to us. We say nothing at present about that other doctrine of "spiritual intuitions," and Mr. Parker's "absolute religion," which would seem to guarantee a perfect success in the moral life of man in all ages; but simply inquire how far this theory of progress corresponds to social and general history, even as read by these critical philosophers. They acknowledge—not, indeed, uniformly; but, if we heeded all their inconsistencies, we should not be able to hold them to any thing—that the moral teaching of Jesus is quite unrivalled and almost perfect; that "Jesus was the most exalted religious genius God ever sent upon earth, the perfection of the spiritual character;" while they repeatedly tell us that the Gospel was misapprehended by the Apostles, corrupted in the theology of the patristic and mediæval writers, and is absolutely caricatured in the orthodox creed of the modern Church. Neither John nor Paul was a fair interpreter of Christ; the one sometimes rose above the teaching of his Master, and the other sank below it; but Augustine dragged it much lower in the dirt, and Luther and Calvin completed its degradation in the current orthodoxy. What, then, is the progress manifested here?

But it is not enough that these *savans* contradict themselves in express terms. We must take the liberty of pointing to a greater contradiction, which their theory and practice manifest. We ask, then, Why go back eighteen hundred years to find your model in a humble Jew? Is this worthy of a religious philosopher in the middle of the nineteenth century? But perhaps you take exception—as the logical Mr. Newman has been forced to do—to the moral greatness of Jesus, and deny his to have been perfect teaching. You say that he was just one of those eminently wise and good men who appear, from time to time, in the world. Your theory of progress, you say, applies, not to such individuals, but to the race or races of mankind; and



Christ is a remarkable instance of the inspiration of individual genius. This we will keep in mind; but, in the mean time, we may inquire, Does not your theory of progress involve, at least, this truth,—that no living man is equal to the collective wisdom of his age? And if it be shown that the highest and most potent influences of this the latest and best of eras are essentially Christian, and that nations the most penetrated with Christianity are foremost in the march of modern civilization; if the Englishmen of the nineteenth century have no loftier code of duty, and cannot conceive of any religion more pure, than those embodied and exemplified in the life of Jesus, and published in the life of his disciples; what, then, becomes of your theory of progress?

But, if it will oblige, we will take the other view: it may afford you relief to conjure with the other hand. Let the doctrine of general progress be in abeyance; let that of individual genius have the ascendancy. It may be that the world is to be perfected by the successive influence of a series of these divine teachers, each having a long reign of spiritual power. The dynasty runs somewhat thus: Moses, Socrates, Jesus. But the reign of the last Sovereign of the human mind is not only unparalleled for extent and power, for the area it covers, the races it subdues, and the mighty systems which it brings to nought, but it grows unreasonably long. Already we are told that the rule is not equal to the reign; that the throne of dominion over the moral world is vacant. But, if revelations are perpetually vouchsafed to favoured individuals, and each successive sage is superior to the last, and the whole series destined to lead on the human family to a higher degree of glory and perfection, where is the divine man of these latter times? If Jesus was only so much in advance of Socrates, who is it that is now in advance of Jesus? Where is the great Western sage who, according to this theory, should have been long since forthcoming? The only one we hear of is the great man set forth by a sect holding very similar views to our philosophers on this subject of repeated inspiration; and they call him Joseph Smith! How far the character and influence of this genius are in proof of either individual or general progress, may be learned from the narrative of his life and teaching given in a recent number of this journal.

But what is the perfection of the race, to which the law of progress is conducting us? What is the nature of the millennium already dawning in the new and universal Church? At this point, Mr. Newman's last work comes very opportunely to our aid. It forms the latest volume of Mr. Chapman's "*Catholic Series*," and is appropriately devoted to the exposition of the true principles of "*Catholic Union*."

On seeing the announcement of this volume, we waited for it with some degree of interest, and have just opened it with a

feeling of considerable curiosity; though, to confess the truth, we were pretty well prepared, if we may say so, to expect disappointment. Our reader may by this time almost guess its contents for himself. The "Church of the Future" is destined, of course, to swallow up the numerous Churches of Christendom, as well as every Pagan variety of the "absolute religion," and thus exhibit the edifying spectacle of "Catholic Union." When this is to take place, is not so clear; but how it is to be effected, we are told by Mr. Newman. We were chiefly curious to see what might be the basis or principle of union in this new society. For the purposes of association, it did appear to us that something more than negative propositions was required; for these are hardly a sufficient bond of union between the members of an express and active body of Church-members. Is there any thing, however small, which these men believe as positive, or which they are willing to take as the common ground of sympathy and action? It was somewhat ominous to read, in the first Essay of this book, "Such a Catholic Union would have no religious creed whatever; and, so far from bearing within it the sectarian principle of Protestantism, it would embrace Jews, Turks, Hindoos, Chinese, Christians, Theists, Pantheists, and Atheists, *whenever they were sincere and personally virtuous.*" (Who is to judge whether a member is sincere, or to decide between the somewhat different notions of personal virtue, we are not told.) But, although this was discouraging, we came, by dint of perseverance, to a section entitled, "The Doctrines of the Future Church." This seemed coming to the point. The common tie of the new association will be now forthcoming. Will it prove to be Theism, or the doctrine of one God? Those who agree in nothing else may have a certain fellowship on this score. Mr. Newman, it seems, would personally like this basis. "But, on approaching the practical question more closely, we find that such a reply involves a common delusion. Theists, if they attempt to make and enforce upon one another an intellectual creed, will, as infallibly as any class of Christians, split up into sects, and perhaps into very bigoted ones. Unless they intend their creed to embrace Polytheism and Paganism, they will need to define the attributes of the Deity; and questions will arise as to what is meant by his omnipotence, and his government of the world." Theism, then, must be abandoned, not at all to our astonishment; for if Mr. Newman's religious "consciousness" is to be respected, why not that of every individual beside, even if the result be a separate religion for every man? To this, indeed, it seems to be coming very fast; for Mr. Newman—driven, we confess, by his own inexorable logic—is brought next to admit that "a moral test-creed will be as hurtful and as absurd as a theological one." Nor does this surprise us any more than the former conclusion. If a man may innocently and even reli-

giously believe in any monstrosity, why may he not act up to his belief, without reproach, at least from any of his brethren of the "absolute religion?" If his god be an idol with ten mouths, and demand (as he believes) ten new-slain infants for them every morning, who shall say him nay? This, indeed, is an extreme case; yet, if the law—that last surviving instrument of persecution—should interfere, with its intolerant prohibitions, the spirit of the thing might be maintained by slaughtering the little things in effigy,—perhaps a sufficient offering to a god so decidedly in effigy himself. But the law would not interfere with every form of licence. If debauchery were a part of some rich Pagan's religion, he would still be allowed to go at large, and attend his meeting in the Future Church. Indeed, so catholic is the basis of this new religion, that we cannot conceive any reason for the absence or exclusion of a single member of society from its pale, excepting only his detention in one of Her Majesty's prisons; and even one so unfortunate as this would be quite eligible, when his time was fully served. Then, what an access to the Church, on the occasion of a general gaol-delivery,—the only possible "revival" of religion under the circumstances of that novel dispensation!

Now at length—under Mr. Newman's guidance—we have reached the full and necessary result of this new Gospel. We had already seen pass before us its obscure theology, and its wavering ethics,—God still folded in the clouds of heathen darkness, man still left to his own degrading impulses, the horizon of the grave still bounded by an infinite abyss of gloom; and now, as it promises no heaven to the perishing individual, we are allowed to contemplate its grand millennium for the race. Does the reader stand in admiration of the "good time coming?" If a cage of unclean birds make up his ideal of a happy family, if a moral chaos seem to him the fitting complement of a material kosmos, let him dwell upon the features of this picture, and resolve to aid the realization of its unspeakable variety. To secure a possible interest in this carnival of unrestricted nature, he has only to renounce—are they worth considering?—the persuasion that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself," and the prospect of "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

One word in conclusion respecting the last work on our list. It is a single, but sufficient, antidote to all the others. "The Eclipse of Faith" comprises an unanswerable summary of the principal objections—nearly all of them fatal—to the Straussian theory of Christianity, and the novel substitute of Naturo-Spiritualism. It is a surprising effort of genius; but, unless the author had taken truth for his position, it would have been impossible for human wit to rebut so multifarious a body of

scepticism with such perfect ease and mastery. As it is, he finds himself possessed of a choice of arguments almost unlimited ; but he shows no sign of hesitancy or confusion : he carries his attack into every part of the assailant's camp, and retorts, with terrible effect, each innocent projectile ; while the pauses of his more fulminating artillery are filled up with the scattering Greek fire of a galling and derisive wit. The peculiar merit of the book is, that in a series of Socratic dialogues quite inimitable, it exposes the miserable hypotheses of those who would explain away the facts and doctrines of the Bible and the Church, and shows that, if the orthodox and received history of Christianity is not without its difficulties, every other explanation, and especially every transcendental one, is full of absurdities and contradictions, which, instead of our complaisance, may choose only between our laughter and our contempt. We commend the volume heartily to all our readers, whether Christian or sceptical. Though differing from Bishop Butler's work in almost every thing but its powerful advocacy of the truth, it is likely, we think, to share its enviable honour, and long remain unsurpassed and *unanswered*.

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ART. II.—*Life in Abyssinia : being Notes collected during Three Years' Residence and Travels in that Country.* By MANSFIELD PARKYNS. Two Vols. London: John Murray. 1853.

TRAVELLERS and tourists are of all possible varieties,—scientific, fashionable, and romantic ; and their books reflect themselves. The prevailing, if not the universal, passion is that of the most rapid transit. Eight months are considered amply sufficient time to survey the entire continent of Europe ; six weeks for the United States ; a month for England ; a fortnight for Ireland ; and so forth. As a natural consequence of this injudicious haste, those readers who desire accurate and trustworthy information, are sure to be disappointed ; and those who seek amusement, purchase it dearly in distorted views of foreign life, which give a colour to all subsequent impressions. No plan can be more absurd. It is like giving a few turns to a kaleidoscope, and then endeavouring to draw its exquisite figures from memory. Here and there may be found a sensible pedestrian who is resolved to see every thing for himself, and is therefore content to trudge leisurely from village to village, troubled with nothing more burdensome than a heavy knapsack and an unreasonable appetite, and forgetting his weariness in his mental enjoyment. This healthful practice is becoming more and more popular, and is gaining ground in quarters least

expected. The pale scholar, who looks as though he lived on a spare diet of Greek roots, can probably boast of his two hundred miles during an excursion last autumn in Wales or Switzerland; and so can the listless dandy, who at home spends half the day at his tailor's, and the other half at his Club. Notwithstanding any previous prejudice, whoever has in this way shouldered a knapsack for three weeks, will return very reluctantly to any other method of locomotion. With a sense of the most complete and hearty independence as to time, pace, direction, and purpose, your pedestrian wanders from one point to another, as often out of the road as in it, now loitering in the shady wood, now climbing the rough bed of some mountain stream, and now resting on a grassy slope in the subdued rays of the evening sun. Thus, instead of obtaining a mere series of unsatisfactory dissolving views, each scene is fixed, daguerreotyped as it were, in some sunny angle of the memory, to be recalled in after years at will.

But these remarks have reference rather to the tourist than to the traveller, to the excursionist than the exploring adventurer. Although Cochrane made a pedestrian excursion from Russia to the frontier of China and back again, extending over nearly fifteen thousand miles, yet we were hardly prepared, in this headlong, high-pressure age, to meet with one of the fraternity thus pursuing his arduous journey into the interior of Africa.

Mr. Mansfield Parkyns is a Nottinghamshire gentleman of independent fortune, and of nomadic propensities, which seem to have led him astray from his youth. He possesses a singular adaptation for his pursuits, an imperturbable coolness under all circumstances, indomitable energy, high animal spirits, and a courage which nothing can daunt, but which, we think, amounts sometimes to absolute recklessness. Such a man *must* strike out a path for himself, and pioneer the way for more wary and prudent followers. He says, in his Introduction, that he has nothing marvellous to tell; and then offers a happy self-contradiction, by stating that for six years he wore no article of European dress, nor slept on any description of bed, although laid up for five months, half dead with fever; that at one time he thought no more of snakes than of rats, and considered lion-hunting rather contemptible sport; that he entirely conformed to the customs of the country, and played the savage to such good purpose, that he was offered the government of a province, and became general mediator and arbitrator; and finally, that he is so enamoured of this wild life, as to purpose resuming it very shortly. All this serves to raise the reader's curiosity to an unusual pitch,—a curiosity which is afterwards amply satisfied, except in one particular,—the author's physiognomy; which is so often referred to, that we cannot but think it an

oversight that a faithful portrait was not prefixed to the first volume.

Of the three independent kingdoms which constitute Abyssinia, namely, Amhara, Shoa, and Tigrè, the two former have been long since explored. *Amhara* was visited, in 1769, by Bruce, whose reputation was mercilessly assailed on his return home, though the perfect truth of his statements has been confirmed by all subsequent testimony. In 1829, the Rev. Samuel Gobat, now Bishop of Jerusalem, was sent out by the Church Missionary Society to Gondar, (the capital of Amhara,) where he resided for three years. In 1839, Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf were dispatched to *Shoa* as agents of the same Society; and, as one result of that Mission, a British Embassy arrived, two years later, at the capital, to arrange a commercial treaty. The full accounts of all these expeditions, which were duly published, furnish the only authentic information respecting this interesting country. The third kingdom, that of *Tigrè*, remained almost unexplored, and altogether unreported; but this important link in the chain of information Mr. Parkyns has, at length, supplied.

Seeing, at the outset, that it would add considerably to his difficulties to appear as a casual visitor, especially as a European, he wisely threw aside his English habits with his English dress; and, by sharing in the projects of the tribes he visited, joining in their various expeditions, and, in fact, identifying himself with them in every possible way, he obtained accurate knowledge of their habits and customs, and these volumes contain the fruit of his experience.

The whole work is pervaded by the writer's consciousness of strength and fulness: this gives a sparkling freshness to every page. It is evident that the traveller has given but a few stray leaves from the story of his life, and that the abundance of his material has been an absolute perplexity. In this age of book-making, when a man travels in order to write, and must either encounter adventures or fictitiously create them, it is an additional pleasure to find that publication was an after-thought, or, at any rate, that it formed no prominent part of the original design. What Mr. Parkyns's design was, it would be difficult to say, as neither science, philanthropy, nor literature appears to have offered a commanding motive; for, beyond the indulgence of a spirit of inquiry, and especially a love of adventure, nothing seems to have been arrived at or secured, unless we except several valuable contributions to ornithology, and some specimens of armour, sent over to England, the mishaps of which are amusingly detailed in an introductory chapter. This chapter serves well as a specimen of the book; for it blends together, with a sort of artless art, an odd variety of facts and allusions.



Bruce's discredited story of the steak cut from a living cow, the errors of modern cookery, fire-side critics, sham-sentimentalists, the smoke nuisance, and gigantic tobacco-pipes, are but a sample of the fragmentary parts which make up the motley whole. In anticipation of a new Murray's "Hand-Book," and an immediate rush of tourists, some valuable information is appended, sufficiently practical to dispel any romantic ideas which may be supposed to attach to the Abyssinian mode of life. Those who contemplate emigration should know that, after being scorched all day under a tropical sun, they must, in certain situations, be fried all night between two fires, in order to dispel the deadly vapours which rise from the marshy valleys; that there is little chance of escape from the attacks of a virulent fever; that, in such a climate, semi-starvation is a positive comfort and blessing; and that a man must be utterly regardless of what he eats, and must possess unlimited powers of digestion. In a country where raw beef-steaks are esteemed a delicacy, especially if cut warm from the cow, one must not be too nice; and it will be advisable to cultivate, with our author, a taste for camel's flesh, which furnishes a more substantial meal than crocodile-cutlets, with, perhaps, a *fricassée* of snake, cat, or lizard to follow, and a dish of broiled locusts by way of dessert.

As this change of diet may chance to disagree with new comers, a few simple remedies are submitted for their consideration. For example, should violent inflammation of the bowels set in, boiling water poured over the part, and confined within the required limits by a rolled cloth, is the readiest and most effectual blister, and gives immediate relief. There is also a method of firing with a hot iron, which is highly recommended by the Abyssinian faculty, and may be advantageously adopted at their suggestion. Severe head-aches are cured by twisting a bandage round the neck, until the veins in the forehead swell, when an assistant fillips a razor across the eyebrow, and, after the first spirt of blood, removes the bandage. Snake-bites and scorpion-stings are matters of course; but the patient has to make short work of it: he "must bind above the part as tightly as possible, and cut away with a knife; then apply the end of an iron ramrod heated to a white heat." If aqua-fortis is at hand, it is even better still, "*as it eats further in.*"

After giving these examples of primitive surgery, Mr. Parkinsons commences his personal narrative, describing, in somewhat common-place style, the journey from Constantinople to Cairo, and thence across the desert to Suez. While sailing up the Red Sea, the wretched Arab boat was discovered to be on fire; and when, after great effort and indescribable confusion, the crew and passengers had succeeded in overcoming the danger, our adventurer was found smoking a pipe with Mussulman gravity, and sitting upon—his powder-chest, to prevent its being discovered and

prudently thrown overboard! He reached Massàwa without further mishap, and towards the close of April, 1843, started for the interior of the country, determining first to pay a short visit to Ailat, which is distant from Massàwa about a day's journey. This village is famed for its hot springs, and is a sort of Oriental Tunbridge. It is resorted to by invalids from extraordinary distances, and without any very discriminating regard to the nature of their ailments, as the waters are considered a specific for all manner of diseases. The baths are managed with more regard to simplicity than delicacy; and their primitive arrangements would undoubtedly create a sensation in the Pump Room of Cheltenham or Harrogate. The inhabitants lead a quiet pastoral life, are very peaceable and friendly in their dispositions, and, if without the benefits of a civilized and enlightened government, are at least free from the tyranny of despotism, and less harassed by the extortionate tax-gatherer, than the districts afterwards visited.

The change to a tropical climate seems at first very striking; the burning sun, cloudless sky, sandy soil, and bright rich green of the foliage, contrasting in every particular with more northern latitudes. The country is wild and mountainous, and covered with bushes, which afford excellent shelter for game of every description. The few trees that are met with are chiefly of the *mimosa* tribe, and rarely exceed twenty feet in height: they are armed with thorns, or rather hooks, two or three inches in length, and as thick at the base as a large nail. We can imagine a sportsman having to fight his way for hours through thickets of this description, and often losing the reward of his labour from the utter impossibility, amid such obstructions, of raising his gun to his shoulder at the critical moment. In spite of all these difficulties, however, Mr. Parkyns committed sad havoc in these unfrequented preserves, as may be judged from his having on one occasion bagged, in little more than an hour, nine guinea-fowls, two gazelles, and a brace of grouse, all in *five shots*! His views of sporting will astonish some of our north-country squires:—

“I feel it my duty to explain that *I never shoot flying*, considering that unsportsmanlike. A true sportsman shows his skill by getting up to his game unperceived, when, putting the muzzle of his gun as close to the tail feathers as he possibly can, he blazes away into the thick of the covey, always choosing the direction in which he sees three or four heads picking in a row. At any rate, this is the only way you can shoot in a country where, if you entirely expend your powder and shot, you must starve, or else make more, as I have been obliged to do many a time. I cannot understand how people in Europe can enjoy shooting, where one is dependent on a crowd of keepers, beaters, dogs, sandwiches, grog, &c. You wound a hare, and anxiously move forward to stop its getting away by another

barrel, when your friend calls you to order: 'For God's sake, my dear fellow, stand still and load, or you'll spoil the dogs!' 'Hang the dogs,' say I, 'if they are worth three-penn'orth of cord!' Then the vast excitement of walking up and down a turnip or cabbage-garden, varied with a stubble-field or a potato-bed! You see nothing. Your dog smells something, and points it to you. You walk straight on in a line, and up get the birds within twenty yards of you. Bang, bang! Bagged a brace of tame partridges. Fine sport, verily! Or you find a hare sitting quietly at your feet; so you administer a kick on her posteriors, and then shoot her when she attempts to escape, thereby adding injury to insult. Although I may lay myself open to a vast deal of ridicule, yet I cannot help saying, that it appears to me the height of folly and wanton cruelty to slaughter some fifty brace of inoffensive animals for the mere sake of boasting of it as a feat. No sport would ever induce me to kill more than was required for the kitchen."—Vol. i., pp. 110, 111.

These amusements were broken in upon by a summons to Kiaquor, where a Mr. Plowden was lying prostrated with fever. This journey was only the prelude to another; for, as the invalid was found to be recovering and anxious for change of air, the two friends, attended by a train of servants, started at once for 'Adoua, the capital of Tigrè. This route lay through a populous district and a fertile country. But every where they found the marks of desolation and ruin. Its fertility had been its destruction. So rich a prize was worth a struggle, and rival Chiefs intrigued for it, and fought for it, and eventually, by way of revenge, gave up the entire province to fire and sword. These civil wars are the curse of the country. The inhabitants have no rest; for the tax-gatherer is always at the door. The petty Chiefs are perpetually bent on aggression, instead of devoting themselves to internal improvements. They all keep large standing armies, which, although contemptible in European eyes, are sufficiently numerous to be burdensome; and their marches, and counter-marches, and frequent "demonstrations" are constant sources of anxiety, irritation, and suffering. As might be expected in such a state of society, marauders and outlaws flourish. Their favourite retreats are mountain fastnesses, frequently so difficult of access, that a little engineering skill would serve to make them impregnable. Numerous cisterns are always in readiness for an extra supply of water; and a large stock of provisions being generally laid in, they can defy even a formal siege. An instance is recorded, in which one of these natural fortresses held out for seven years against a close blockade. Notwithstanding their warlike propensities, it would be a mistake to rate the personal courage of the natives at a very high standard. During this particular journey, a quarrel commenced between the European servants and ten times their number of armed warriors. One of these, a great fellow six feet high, professed extreme anxiety for the attack; but a mere lad held him

without difficulty, while he made show as if frantically struggling to get at the enemy. Even a woman may frequently be seen thus restraining the impetuosity of some sinewy giant, who nevertheless wishes to be thought in earnest. Another quarrel, that threatened to become serious, was easily disposed of, after a few blows had been struck, principally on the shields of each party. And soon afterwards, when, in consequence of some misunderstanding, a posse of soldiers was sent by their Chief with an order to seize our travellers, and bring them bound before him, the sight of fourteen muskets ranged against the wall, and especially the spirited reply of one of the company, induced these heroes to think better of their errand, and quietly to creep back again to their master.

The journey to 'Adoua was tedious, in consequence of Mr. Plowden's continued illness. The accommodation was for several nights so wretched that, although the invalid required rest, they pushed on from village to village, in the hope of finding better quarters. The hope was a vain one, and, after going further and faring worse, they were compelled to lie in the open air, covered with hides, as some little protection from the pouring rain. No one can wonder at such a determination, after reading the following description of a house of entertainment for man and beast:—"A narrow, small hut, barely high enough for a tall person to stand upright in, with a door about five feet high, the only aperture by which light and air had any chance of entering. In this ill-ventilated apartment were packed the greater part of our company, (about eleven men,) two mules, and a number of goats belonging to the landlord, so that the atmosphere was none of the purest."

Here is a companion picture,—an Interior,—though not exactly in the Dutch style. It is the dwelling of a priest, who, good man, had conscientious objections to the use of tobacco, and expressly stipulated that there should be no smoking:—

"The apartment was very small, and surely a little tobacco-smoke would have been rather useful than otherwise in fumigating the place, which contained an atmosphere pestilential enough to generate any amount of typhus or cholera. It so happened that, a fortnight before, a drover, passing this way with cattle, had left a fatigued and sickly calf with our worthy host. After a few days the animal died, and the priest was put to a great strait; for he knew not how far his word would be taken by the man on his return. If he kept the skin only, he might be accused of having killed and eaten the animal; and if he left it outside entire, the birds and beasts would not long allow it to remain in that state. He never thought of calling witnesses; but what did he do? He skinned the calf, and, having quartered it, hung it up in his room, as a proof to the owner of his veracity; and we had a far stronger proof than we required of the sweet savour of honesty."

—Vol. i., p. 167.

At length, after a painful journey, performed under every possible disadvantage, the city of 'Adoua was announced to be in sight. Although the capital of one of the most powerful kingdoms of Ethiopia, 'Adoua is by no means "a city of palaces." So far from it, a village in Tipperary or the Hebrides would lose nothing by the comparison. It consists of straggling rows of huts, "some flat-roofed, but mostly thatched with straw, and the walls of all of them built of rough stones, laid together with mud in the rudest possible manner: the streets, barely wide enough to allow a man to pass mounted, were filled with green mud nearly a foot deep." There was nothing here to detain our travellers, especially as the King was with the camp at Howzayn, for which place they very shortly set out. Arrived here, they were treated with scant courtesy. The huts assigned to them were not even water-tight, and were so low, that it was necessary to choose between lying down at full length, and squatting, native-fashion, on the ground. The King neglected his usual custom of sending provisions; and, even at exorbitant prices, only half rations could be purchased for the party. Nearly a week elapsed before Oubi granted an audience, and, as it would seem, even then ungraciously.

"We had to wait a considerable time in the outer court and doorway before His Majesty was pleased to admit us. A crowd of soldiers collected around us, and amused themselves with many facetious remarks on our appearance, such as, 'Cat's eyes!' 'Monkey's hair!' 'What nice red morocco their skin would make for a sword-sheath!' &c. These expressions were afterwards made known to me; for in those days I was in a state of ignorance as regarded the language; and, having myself a tolerably good opinion of my appearance, I judged that their remarks must be highly complimentary. I remember, some years after this, asking a person with whom I had become intimate, and who had never seen any white man but myself, what impression my first appearance had made on him. He answered me, very simply, that I resembled a rather good-looking Abyssinian who had lost his skin. But I must own that our appearance at the time of our first visit to Howzayn was calculated to excite much amusement. We had only recently adopted the Abyssinian costume, and as yet were not altogether well practised in the mode of putting on the cloth. Besides which, our straight hair, not yet long enough to be tressed, was plastered back with butter, and the faces of those of our party who were encased in a thin skin—which, I am happy to say, never was my fate—were as red as a fresh capsicum."—Vol. i., pp. 178, 179.

After enduring these little pleasantries for some time, they were admitted into the royal hut. It was circular, and about thirty feet in diameter, with a large wood fire blazing on the bare ground. Having entered with a low bow, instead of the prostration always required from the natives, Oubi inquired how

they were. A second bow was, according to custom, the respectful answer.

"Oubi was seated, reclining on a stretcher, which was covered with a common Smyrna rug, and furnished with a couple of chintz cushions, from beneath one of which appeared the hilt of a Turkish sabre. We found him a rather good-looking, slight-made man, of about forty-five years of age, with bushy hair, which was fast turning grey. His physiognomy did not at all prepossess me in his favour. It struck me as indicative of much cunning, pride, and falsity; and I judged him to be a man of some talent, but with more of the fox than the lion in his nature. Our presents were brought in, covered with cloths, and carried by our servants. They consisted of a Turkey rug, two European light-cavalry swords, four pieces of muslin for turbans, and two or three yards of red cloth for a cloak. He examined each article as it was presented to him, making on almost every one some complimentary remark. After having inspected them all, he said, 'God return it to you,' and ordered his steward to give us a cow. On our asking for a *balderàbba*, he named Negousy, who had already acted for us in that capacity. We then requested permission to retire, which being granted, we bowed and took our departure, glad enough to re-enter our huts, and prepare for our return to Adoua on the morrow."—Vol. i., pp. 180, 181.

The appearance of a permanent camp is very picturesque, from the variety in shape, size, and colour of the huts and tents, and the animated groups of foot-soldiers and horsemen which are always seen in agreeable confusion. The royal dwelling is in the centre, surrounded by a double fence of thorns and a strong guard. Around it, in extending circles, are the tents, first of the officers of the household, then of the guards, and beyond them the common soldiers. Every corps of about fifty men encamps round the hut of its officer. Discipline seems almost unknown, the officer's only source of control lying in the fact that he is paymaster to his own men, and retains a small sum from their allowances, much after the fashion of the Turkish irregulars. No compulsion is employed to obtain recruits, as there are always plenty of volunteers from the idlest part of the community. Tactics and drill are innovations which have not yet found their way into Abyssinia; and as the soldier's dress has nothing to distinguish it except a little more smartness than usual in the cut, it may easily be supposed that the appearance of a detachment is not calculated to impress a stranger with any exalted notions of their military efficiency.

The very unfavourable opinion which Mr. Parkyns at first formed of the Monarch of Tigre, was subsequently modified. All circumstances considered, the rule of Oubi will bear comparison with that of other irresponsible despots, who make great pretensions to an enlightened and paternal mode of government. There is no doubt that his laws are framed according to rude



principles of justice, that even these laws are not faithfully administered, and that he has been guilty of flagrant crimes. Nevertheless, Oubi has some virtues; he is true to his word, is generally accessible to complainants, and is quick to redress the grievances that come to his knowledge. Several instances are recorded in which he has reversed the judgment pronounced by corrupt officials, accompanying the decision with a severe reprimand for their partiality, and ordering full indemnity to the sufferer. Some of his measures are more remarkable for ingenuity than for equity; as, for instance, the making an entire community answerable, under terrible penalties, for the discovery and restoration of a subject who had been sold into slavery, and the suppression of banditti by making each village responsible for any theft committed near it:—thus every one is personally interested in the apprehension of the thief, and becomes a sort of voluntary, or rather involuntary, police agent.

The character of his eldest son Lemma is far inferior, and, indeed, so far as is here portrayed, displays no redeeming quality; while not only does that of the younger son Shétou stand out in very favourable contrast with his own family, but he is by far the most agreeable personage to whom we are introduced. He appears brave, generous, shrewd, unaffected; a daring leader, a judicious governor, and a faithful friend. Unfortunately, being out of favour at Court, he was compelled quietly to suffer greater injustice than would have been inflicted upon a meaner subject. Between admiration for his good qualities, and sympathy with his misfortunes, Mr. Parkyns contracted a friendship for Shétou, and they soon became almost inseparable; the intimacy was more than once of considerable service to the Englishman.

Returning more rapidly to Adoua, the friends there separated, and Mr. Parkyns proceeded with his native servants to the province of Addy Abo, then so little known as not to have a place on any map. Several important places were passed on the journey, Axum, the ancient capital of Tigrè, being the most considerable. The city, situated in an amphitheatre of hills, has a substantial and somewhat imposing appearance. The houses are numerous, and well built; and, half hidden by the trees, is a neat church, probably erected by the Portuguese settlers, in the early part of the seventeenth century. There are also several obelisks and unfinished columns, the relics of a former and more civilized age. Additional interest is excited by the fact, that this is a city of refuge, no arrest being permitted within certain boundaries; and the church is so highly revered, that all horsemen are required to dismount and walk until its precincts have been passed.

A few days more brought our travellers to Addàro, where it was necessary to make some stay. Here the curiosity of the natives became more than usually troublesome. An idea pre-

vails that Europeans have the power of creating dollars by some magical process: hence the eagerness with which every motion is followed, and also the difficulty of maintaining any thing like seclusion or privacy. The sight of a new coin invariably excited astonishment, and very frequently the exclamation, "Wa! this is only just made; look how it shines!" The nuisance at length became intolerable; there was no quiet to be had from morning to night, and the visitors were disagreeably inquisitive on the subject of presents. All expedients were tried in vain; but at length some relief was afforded to our "gentleman in difficulties," by an incident which is thus recorded in his journal:—

"To-day blessed with a swarm of bees that have lodged in the house. They have stung me several times; but I can bear that, especially as they have also stung some of my importunate visitors, who, by this means, are kept away. In fact, the only method I have to rid myself of my friends is to stir up the bees. To rid myself of the bees, I am obliged to stir up the fire, which is kept burning all day for the cooking; but, by the time the bees are gone, the heat is intolerable."

From this place Mr. Parkyns proceeded to Rohabaita, where he remained for nine months,—a period upon which he looks back as the happiest of his life. It is the spot to which memory most frequently reverts, and on which it longest lingers; a sort of Happy Valley, which was the scene of more real enjoyment than fell to the lot of the fictitious Prince. Johnson dowered his narrative with all the wealth of his imagination; but, for once, the ideal fell short of the actual, as the Tigrean paradise possessed all the requisite pleasures, and none of the drawbacks, of its visionary type.

Rohabaita is a small district in the extreme north of Tigre, and adjoining the country of the hostile Shangalla nation. The villages are built on the summits of hills, both as a means of safety against sudden attacks of the enemy, and the not less fatal visitations of malaria, to which the low valleys are at certain seasons exposed. The surrounding country is highly picturesque, presenting to the eye a succession of abrupt mountains and narrow valleys, these latter being converted into water-courses during the rainy season. There are also very extensive open plains, which are partially cleared and cultivated; but the greater part is left untouched, and, being covered with jungle, possesses irresistible attractions for the sportsman. The buffalo and elephant, as well as several varieties of the antelope, are frequently to be met with, and smaller game in abundance. Brilliant tropical birds flit from tree to tree, or nestle in the branches; while eagles and hawks, of many species, hover in mid-air on the look-out for prey. Nor is the botanical list less extensive. The landscape is gay with flowers. Among them is a scarlet aloe, every where met with, and always in bloom; also,

a beautiful parasitical creeper, with dark green fleshy leaves, and brilliant scarlet flowers. The jessamine abounds on the hills; and many varieties of mimosas, with their pink, yellow, or white flowers, are scattered over the whole face of the country, and load the air with fragrance.

All this appeals to the sensibilities of a man of taste; but we can easily understand that the variety and excitement of life in these villages possess even greater attractions to a man of enterprising and active habits; and our author's partiality may be further accounted for, by the consideration in which he was held by the people. He was looked upon as a great Chief, and honoured accordingly. Reciprocating the good-will of his newly-found friends, he entered with interest and zeal into all their proceedings. No feast, no hunting-party, no foray, no festival, no funeral, was complete without him; and, indeed, he was able to afford them valuable assistance and sympathy in times of trouble or joy, of scarcity or danger. To be universally consulted, and every where followed; to be the first in council, and the highest in honour; to be the loved of all hearts, and the cynosure of every eye; is to obtain a tribute of esteem so flattering, that we can hardly wonder if the judgment of a man thus circumstanced be somewhat biassed in favour of his admirers. Still the picture has its reverse; and the reader is somewhat disappointed to find that the modern "Prince" was often dependent on his rifle for his dinner, and ate dry bread and raw onions with the relish of a man who has been for some time on half-rations. The climate, too, was wretchedly bad, the accommodation rather worse; and of rough service there was no lack. Rohabaita, being situated on the frontier of Tigrè, and thus between two districts at perpetual feud, enjoys the usual advantages of a border country, and is liable to troublesome incursions from armed bands on both sides. As a set-off, however, the inhabitants, having a constitutional antipathy to taxation, hide their valuables, and vanish into the enemy's country, at the approach of His Majesty's officers, returning when the coast is clear. They thus enjoy rather an independent sort of life; but, as the neighbouring tribes are inveterately hostile, and as skilful as they are brave, it is necessary to maintain the strictest caution by night and by day. As an instance of the cunning of these people, Mr. Parkyns tells us that once, while heading a strong escort, the announcement that a party of Barea was in sight occasioned no little anxiety. Nothing was apparent but the charred stump of a tree at some distance, and a few blackened logs lying near it; and, as the readiest and most usual mode of clearing the ground is to fire the grass, there was nothing extraordinary or unusual in these. Yet, in reply to all expressions of doubt or ridicule, an old hunter, who was the first to give the alarm, stoutly declared that neither tree nor

logs were there, when he last came that way, and that the enemy's scouts had disposed themselves in this artistic manner to observe the party more closely. The deception was so complete that nothing less than a rifle-shot sufficed to dispel it. The effect, however, was magical: the "tree" resolved itself into half-a-dozen black savages, who scampered off with remarkable agility, closely followed by the motionless "logs" of a moment before.

Mr. Parkyns had some intention of visiting the country of the Barea, in order to gain reliable information respecting their condition and history; but circumstances were not favourable. Little is known of them beyond the fact, that each Chief has the entire control of his own province, and is altogether independent of any higher authority. With respect to religious ceremonies, nothing has been learned, except that they practise circumcision. They are remarkably skilful in the use of their weapons, but have no idea of modern improvements in the art of warfare. For instance, horsemen are supposed to be old and infirm warriors, who ride because totally unable to bear the fatigue of walking; and thus, when attacked by cavalry, their ill-judged contempt frequently costs them dear. Fire-arms are an inexplicable mystery; and, although several guns have been found amongst them, there is no doubt that these were kept as trophies, and that their proper use was never even suspected. Should a Barea fall from a gun-shot wound, he is supposed to have stumbled or fainted; and the discovery of the wound excites only ludicrous astonishment. His companions will stare at it, and poke their fingers into it, and fairly laugh with perplexed wonder.

These black fellows seem to have a keen sense of the ridiculous. One of them, being attacked by a horseman, who charged him at full speed with his lance in rest, nimbly evaded the thrust, and, by a skilful sword-stroke, hamstringing the horse as it passed. In an instant the horse dropped, and his rider was sent sprawling in a most absurd fashion. The change was so sudden, and the effect so irresistibly comic, that the savage was thrown into an ecstasy of laughter, while the discomfited Knight, taking heart of grace, transfixed the laughter with his spear,—the broad grin still upon his countenance. As a general rule, one of these barbarians is more than a match for two Abyssinians; and if they were capable of united action, and skilled in the modern appliances of warfare, Tigre would inevitably fall under their dominion, as they are a race far superior in physical courage and in moral energy. Their extraordinary cunning is shown by the following extract:—

"When they lie out near a road, in wait for passers by, they will follow a strong party for days, gliding unperceived and noiselessly, like so many snakes in the grass, and waiting till an opportunity occurs, when the party, fatigued or hungry, should put aside their

weapons, and seek for repose at a halting-place. At other times they will lie concealed near a road, with scouts in every direction on the look-out, yet no one venturing to speak, but only making known by signs what he may have to communicate to his companions or leader. Thus he will point to his ear and foot on hearing footsteps, to his eyes on seeing persons approach, or to his tongue if voices be audible; and will indicate on his fingers the numbers of those coming, describing also any particulars as to how many porters, beasts of burden or for riding, there may be with the party. This was told me by a man who had been taken prisoner by them, and lived for some time among them."—Vol. i., pp. 301, 302.

Leaving Mr. Parkyns at Rohabaita, let us endeavour to glean a few facts relative to the appearance and habits of the Abyssinians. That they are a mixed race, is sufficiently proved by the variety of colour and of physiognomy. There are several theories to account for these incongruities. It is supposed that many Jews accompanied the Queen of Sheba upon her return from visiting Solomon; also that, at the overthrow of Jerusalem, great numbers fled to Abyssinia, and there settled. Subsequently, the Greeks sent Missionaries, who were probably accompanied by adventurers; and, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Portuguese troops remained in the country. There are other speculations on the subject, but these are the most feasible.

The colour of the natives varies from perfect black, through all the shades of brown and copper, up to a mere sallow tinge, which it is not easy to distinguish from positive white.\* This variety of complexion is found pretty equally diffused, no district, and even few families, exhibiting uniformity of colour. Thus an ebony Negro will sometimes have a sister as fair as a European, and *vice versâ*. This is partly accounted for from the imperfection of the matrimonial tie, which is dissolved, like some other partnerships, by mutual consent,—so that a man may have five or six different wives in succession, provided that in each case he has only contracted a *civil* marriage, which is the general custom; *church* marriages are indissoluble, and are therefore unpopular. Both men and women are remarkably well formed, and are often strikingly handsome. Indeed, if the following description be not mischievously exaggerated, in order to tantalize the reader, poets and painters may as well betake themselves at once to these new and higher sources of inspiration:—

"In feature, as in form, the young Abyssinian women are perhaps among the most beautiful of any on the earth. They must not, however, be confounded with the Galla slaves who are sold in Egypt under the name of Abyssinians, but who are of a very inferior caste.

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\* "The great difference in colour between different natives," says Bishop Heber, describing his first arrival at Calcutta, "struck me much: of the crowd by whom we were surrounded, some were black as Negroes, others merely copper-coloured, and others little darker than the Tunisians whom I have seen at Liverpool."—Vol. i., p. 9.

On the contrary, they have a face nearly European, with a colour not often dark enough to be disagreeable, but sufficiently so to prevent too great a contrast with their large black eyes,—a defect which I have often noticed in some Asiatics, and even southern Europeans, especially where, as is often the case in the East, the complexion is sallow, or pure white, with little or no colour. They possess, to an eminent degree, the size and beauty of eye usually attributed to the inhabitants of the more sunny climes; sometimes, indeed, so large, that, if drawn accurately, the picture would undoubtedly appear exaggerated to persons unaccustomed to them. Homer seems to have assigned such eyes to Juno, when he calls her *βοώπις*, or ‘ox-eyed;’ and Moore describes the fair Georgian, in ‘The Light of the Harem,’ as having

———— ‘An eye, whose restless ray,  
Full, floating, dark—O! he who knows  
His heart is weak, of Heaven should pray  
To guard him from such eyes as those.’—Vol. i., p. 4.

Descending to more prosaic matters, we learn that the dress of the men is uniformly a pair of tight breeches reaching to the knee, a large belt or wrapper, varying from fifteen to sixty yards in length, and a “quarry,” or mantle,—all of cotton. The quality of the material varies according to the wealth of the wearer, and the fashions change as frequently, and deviate to as absurd extremes, as in countries further west. For some time they were set by Mr. Parkyns, his friend Shétou, and two or three other “men about town,” whose extravagance equalled the extent of their credit with their tailor. One change was to lengthen the trowsers to the ankle, and to make the lower part so tight that it took an hour to get them over the heel, which gave a very “fast” look, and was extensively patronized by Young Abyssinia, though repudiated by respectable old gentlemen. All go bare-headed, except the Priests, who wear a turban. But the hair is very carefully tended. It is tressed, or plaited, in various complicated styles, and always requires an hour or two for the operation. On account of the trouble which it involves, this business is deferred as long as possible. Dandies require it to be repeated every fortnight, though the general public consider once a month quite sufficient, if butter be applied freely and frequently. The said dandies promenade in the morning with a pat of two or three ounces of butter on the top of their heads, which, as it melts in the sun, runs down the neck, and over the forehead; and, although now and then wiped away by the hand, falls in rich droppings upon the mantle. On the whole, it is perhaps fortunate that to appear in a clean “quarry” is looked upon as a piece of effeminacy.

The dress of the women varies with their condition in life. Young girls wear simply one broad girdle, reaching from the waist to the knee, and a second thrown over the left shoulder, leaving the right shoulder and breast exposed. Elder or mar-



ried women attire themselves in a long loose shirt reaching down to the feet, the sleeves of which fit close at the wrist; also a "quarry" similar to that of the men; and, when out of doors, a parasol! In tressing their hair, the ladies are, of course, still more fastidious than the gentlemen; are quite as extravagant in the use of butter; and must, in addition, have it well scented. Like the fair sex generally, they betray a weakness for ornament; and a wealthy lady will exercise her ingenuity in displaying as much silver as possible on her person. She will wear three or four chains round her neck, to which are attached as many sets of amulets, also ornamented. Upon her wrists will be, perhaps, three pairs of massive bracelets, her ankles and feet will be similarly loaded, and each joint of every finger decorated with rings, either of silver, or of silver gilt, or both. The fair ones of Tigrè have a great fancy for tattooing themselves, and in this way cover nearly the whole of their body with very curious devices, carrying the operation to such an extreme, that even the gums are either pricked entirely blue, or have blue stripes alternating with the natural red. Other methods of adornment equally barbarous are also common. Sometimes a certain root is wrapped tightly round the wrist, which ultimately eats into the flesh, and forms a deep sore, which, in healing up, leaves, instead of an ordinary scar, a raised band, or flesh bracelet, as thick as one's little finger, and is considered a most attractive ornament. Among the Negroes of Kordofan this operation is performed on a somewhat extensive scale. The females are gashed in stripes all down the body and back, the height of the bands constituting the value of the decoration. It is difficult to account for the singular effect thus produced by a clean wound; but it evidently depends upon some peculiar quality of the skin, as the result varies in different races.

A European must find considerable difficulty in conforming to Abyssinian customs with regard to eating and drinking. The corn of the country is of a very small and inferior quality, rarely larger than canary seed, and, in the poorer districts, is often mixed with peas, beans, or vetches. Bread is made in cakes varying in thickness from that of our own oat-bread to that of an ordinary Bath bun, and differing in quality, as the grain happens to be white, red, or black. There are several modes of preparing the bread, which is accordingly either sad, sour, or bitter, and in all cases is very indigestible. The description of a quiet little dinner-party will show that a traveller must overcome a good many old-fashioned prejudices before he can accept an invitation to such a feast:—

"Before each person is placed a pile of from eight to ten of these cakes for a small party; but at such an establishment as Oubi's, sometimes each guest would have thirty or more cakes before him. This is so arranged, because the nobler guests are first seated, and eat

of the finest bread ; then those of humbler rank take their places, and partake of the second class of bread ; and so on in succession, till the coarsest is eaten by the servants and poor friends. The cakes supply the place of napkins, as the fingers of the guests are frequently wiped on them after being dipped in the dish, or rendered bloody by the raw meat. This, however, does not in the least affect the appetites of those who, coming after, have to eat them. The company being assembled, the most distinguished personages are requested to be seated, and are placed according to their rank. A good deal of politeness sometimes ensues as to precedence ; but, all being at last settled down into their places, the *soub-hè*, or 'cooked dishes,' are brought in by the cook-women, each of whom receives a piece of bread dipped in the dish she has carried. These are placed on the table according to their quality, the best nearest the top ; and the waiters take a piece of bread from before each person, and, sopping it in the sauce, return it to him. They also serve the guests with meat from the dishes, cutting, or with their fingers tearing, it into pieces of a convenient size ; and, in doing this, they frequently show great favouritism, giving the kidneys and tit-bits to one, and the gristle and bones to another. They are very attentive, never allowing any one to be a moment unsupplied. The guests take their bread and sauce, and mix them together into a sort of paste, of which they make balls, long and rounded, like small black puddings. These they consider it polite to poke into the mouths of their neighbours ; so that, if you happen to be a distinguished character, or a stranger to whom they wish to pay attention,—which was often my case,—you are in a very disagreeable position ; for your two neighbours, one on each side, cram into your mouth these large and peppery proofs of their esteem so quickly one after the other, that, long before you can chew and swallow the one, you are obliged to make room for the next."—Vol. i., p. 387.

During these interesting proceedings, a cow has been killed by the attendants outside. In slaughtering an animal for food, its head must look towards the east ; and, as the knife is passed across its throat, the words, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," are pronounced. Almost before life is extinct, a number of servants commence flaying the carcase, while another set is busily engaged in cutting off parts of the raw meat, which are served up while yet warm and quivering ; and, when eaten immediately, nothing, it is said, can be more tender or delicious ! The waiters bring in their hands large pieces of flesh, from which each guest cuts with his sword a strip twelve or fifteen inches long, and, dipping one end of it in a seasoning of hot spices, he seizes it with his teeth, cutting off the requisite mouthful by an upward stroke of his sword, to the imminent peril of his own nose, repeating the manoeuvre until the whole is consumed. Mutton is never eaten raw, but is generally prepared as a stew or hash, which is actually pink with the quantity of red pepper which it contains. Of course, these highly-seasoned viands create inordinate thirst ; and there are numerous pleasant drinks prepared to allay it,—varieties of

mead, beer, and *abrey*, which last is an infusion of sour millet-cake, and is pronounced to be, with the addition of a little honey, a capital substitute for lemonade. Some of these decoctions are sufficiently strong to be intoxicating, and the natives are rather apt to indulge in them to excess; indeed, they are not behind any civilized nation in fondness either for liquor or for litigation.

Their legal proceedings are, on the whole, perhaps, not more absurd than our own. When a dispute arises, a proper officer is sent for, who conducts the two disputants to the dwelling of his Chief, adjuring them not to speak by the way, under penalty of a considerable fine. On arriving before the Judge, a servant is placed between them to prevent any personal quarrels or blows, and the case is at once proceeded with. The complainant commences by adjuring his opponent in the usual terms, and under the usual penalty, that he shall neither speak nor make any gesture whatever, until he, the complainant, shall have finished his statement. It is, of course, a difficult matter, even for the most phlegmatic disposition, to maintain such silence under the exaggerated and unfair statements which are frequently made; but with such a hot-tempered and impulsive race, self-restraint is put to a most severe test; and the slight exclamation, which alone is permitted, is uttered by the unfortunate defendant with increasing rapidity, and with a shriller tone, until at length his turn arrives, and his excited feelings find vent in a passionate rejoinder, during the delivery of which he has the satisfaction of seeing his opponent similarly fettered, and similarly restive. Witnesses are then called, documents produced, and judgment given. If the award be in money, as is most frequently the case, one half goes to the Chief; but this is only a small share of his profits. During the trial, bets are constantly made by the litigants on the perfect truth of their own assertions, sometimes at heavy odds, and frequently amounting to sums far exceeding the value of the property in dispute. The sums thus lost are paid over in full to the Chief, who is thus the only gainer in the transaction.

The extracts already furnished will give some idea of the circular huts belonging to the poorer classes; those of the wealthy are generally square, flat-roofed, and, with their numerous out-houses, often cover a large space of ground. The walls are built of rough stones, plastered together with mud; slight beams are then laid across the top, as a support to the branches of trees with their leaves on, which constitute the roof, as many being added as serve to fill up the crevices; and over the whole is spread a layer of earth and pebbles, which is well trodden down; but this must be renewed every year before the periodical rains. The dwelling-house is not immediately accessible, but stands in the centre of the premises. Abutting upon the street, is a

covered gateway, with a room on each side, for the porter or other servants. This gateway opens into a large court, about thirty yards square, in the front part of which are constructed several wigwams of straw for the accommodation of strangers. Behind these is the *adderash*, or principal building; and behind this again is a back yard, in which are built the kitchen, brew-house, store-rooms, &c. Each of these detached buildings is under the exclusive care of a servant, who is responsible for any deficiency or mismanagement. The *addarash* is used as a sleeping, eating, and reception room. One end of it is partitioned off as a stable, but without any door, so that the mules are generally attentive spectators of all that may be going on, especially during meal-times, when chance morsels are sometimes thrown to them from the table. At the opposite end is a raised platform about five feet broad, and extending the whole length of the room, also partitioned off, except an entrance about eight feet broad, across which a curtain may be drawn. This is the *medeb*, used by bachelors as a couch, and by married persons as a ladies' withdrawing-room. The floor of the large room is strewn with grass, to the depth at first of about six inches; but as fresh grass is added daily, the quantity rapidly increases. This is a most objectionable custom; for the water used for ablution, the rinsings of drinking vessels, the manure left by mules' feet in passing to and from the stable, and the cleaning out of the stable itself, which must be done several times a week, —these and other accumulations soon render the carpeting a mass of putrefying filth. Fresh grass is still brought in by way of keeping up appearances, until the stench can be endured no longer, and then the whole is cleared away.

We confess that the information which Mr. Parkyns furnishes, with regard to religion and theological tenets, is far from being so complete and satisfactory as it might have been. No sketch is given of any definite form of belief, or points of doctrine, or mode of worship; though the accounts of numerous religious *ceremonies* are tolerably complete. He does not mention a single individual who excites our respect by a rigid adherence to his creed, or by the utterance of a worthy and dignified sentiment on any moral question. Granting that the generality of the people are only careful to observe the externals of their corrupt form of Christianity, and that many of their ceremonies have for them no meaning, still we cannot suppose that this ignorance and superstition are *universal*, as he undoubtedly implies, and that the Priesthood are so utterly unprincipled as he would have us believe. Nothing is said of their curious and often beautiful manuscripts, of the extraordinary amount of labour necessarily bestowed upon them, in consequence of a difficult alphabet and defective writing materials, or of the care which is taken to insure their preservation; although these are

satisfactory proofs that, if ignorance and indifference generally characterize the holy brotherhood, there are many exceptions to the rule.

Christianity, as is well known, is the prevailing religion of the country, and, according to tradition, was received from the Ethiopian Eunuch mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. Their Church records trace back to A.D. 330, when Frumentius, the son of a merchant of Tyre, succeeded in bringing over the reigning Monarch and his whole Court to the Christian faith. Whatever may have been the original form of belief, it now exhibits a strange intermixture of Heathenism, Christianity, and Judaism. Transubstantiation is generally believed in, but is not a cardinal doctrine; confession is practised; penances are enjoined; and the people are extremely superstitious in their belief of miracles, and the interposition of saints. Their fasts are exceedingly numerous and severe, nearly 260 days out of the 365 being thus rigidly observed. No food whatever is permitted until late in the afternoon, while Good Friday and the following day are passed by the Priests and the more devout in an absolute fast of forty-eight hours. On the other hand, the remainder of the year is pretty well filled up with feasts which are characterized by proportionate indulgence, and too frequently by disgraceful scenes of drunkenness and debauchery.

The churches are generally circular, and differ from the ordinary huts only in being somewhat larger, and ornamented with a rude iron cross. The interior—

“Is divided into three compartments,—a circular wall, concentric with the outer one, dividing the first passage for the laity from the place of the Priests; while in the centre of all is a small square, or, I believe, sometimes circular, place, called ‘*Kadasta Kadastan*,’ or ‘Holy of Holies.’ Thus you have the court of the Levites, that of the Priests, and the Holy of Holies, exactly after the manner of a Jewish temple. Under the exterior circle are vaults, wherein mostly great men are buried; while the exterior face of the wall which separates the place from that of the Priests, is adorned with the rudest possible attempts at painting. Figures of the saints, their faces always in full, whatever position their bodies may be in, are daubed in ochre, raddle, and whitening. St. George, mounted on a very chalky-looking steed, is killing something called a dragon; while at the same time his face is turned exactly in an opposite direction to that in which he is pointing his weapon.

“The *Sanctum Sanctorum* is the receptacle of the ark, an object of the profoundest veneration, and again of evident Jewish origin. Over this hangs its canopy of silk or chintz, and a vast number of tumpety pieces of similar material hang about in different directions, among crosses, books, &c. By right, I believe, no one but Priests can enter this holy place; but I have been admitted to it on more than one occasion,—partly from being esteemed a man of letters; partly because, as a countryman of the Patriarch’s, (all whites are considered

Copts,) I must be, if possible, better than a Priest; partly because the reputation I enjoyed for morality put the chance of my being unclean out of the question; and, doubtless, still more than all, because the good Monk who may have been thus unscrupulous in admitting me, had the hopes of filthy lucre as an ease to his conscience."—Vol. ii., pp. 90, 91.

This "uncleanness" depends upon circumstances which are, for the most part, laid down in the Mosaic law, and purification is necessary before the church can be re-entered. But of cleanliness, in our sense of the word, they have no idea whatever. On a great annual feast—that of St. John's Day—the whole population go down to the nearest stream to bathe; but, as a general rule, although the hands are scrupulously washed before and after every meal, and the feet after every journey, the rest of the body enjoys, until the return of the festival, a perfect immunity from soap and water. Our author's habit of washing every day occasioned much scandal, and it was repeatedly inquired, "Is he a Mussulman, that he thus washes, and so often?" The Abyssinians universally believe in demoniacal possession, some pretended cases of which are very fully described in the narrative.

But we are forgetting Mr. Parkyns, as completely as his friends seem to have done. For two years no letters or supplies of any kind arrived; and his resources having been long since dried up, a lengthened residence in the country seemed so probable that, as a preparatory measure, he entered into negotiations for the Government of Rohabaita, agreeing to pay a regular tribute, and to keep in order the hostile Barea. The terms were settled, and various plans discussed. The new Chief resolved on extensive measures of reform. Taxation was to be reduced, the existing system of agriculture improved, a new militia force enrolled, hunting expeditions were to be sent into the enemy's country, to return laden with hides, ivory, &c.; plans for new villages and fortified places were drawn out, and the agreement was about to be formally ratified, when unfortunately—that is, for the intended subjects of the model Governor—the long-expected supplies were announced, and the whole scheme fell to the ground. The rainy season was just setting in, but it was necessary to start immediately, as, after paying up all arrears, but a slender balance remained, certainly not sufficient to last until further remittances could arrive. The leave-taking was a much more dismal affair than the farewell to England had been, and occupied altogether three or four weeks; and although the actual departure was purposely fixed at an untimely hour, a crowd of followers, moist and melancholy, came to offer their last adieux.

Instead of returning direct to Massawa, and thence home by the Red Sea, Mr. Parkyns proposed a new and more difficult undertaking; namely, to explore the southern provinces of



Nubia and the kingdom of Kordofan. Four years were thus occupied; and their history is to be detailed in a subsequent work. The second of these volumes sketches the journey from 'Adoua to Abou Kharraz, on the Blue Nile, and thence to Khartoum,—a route which had not been previously attempted. It is unnecessary to notice very minutely this interesting journey, as it is, in fact, the commencement of a new expedition. At Cafta, a market-town just on the Abyssinian frontier, Mr. Parkyns attracted much attention, being voted by some a spy, and by all a Turk. During the third night he was made prisoner by a party of soldiers; and, although suffering from illness, he was roughly hurried off before some barbarian in power, who ordered him into close custody, without access to his baggage, or leave to stir out of the hovel, which did duty for a cell. The soldiers mounting guard were, at first, very troublesome, and given to unpleasant practical jokes, such as slipping their lances at the unfortunate prisoner, and catching them by the butt when within an inch or two of his body; but, with a little management, they became more tractable, and even very attentive, companions. In the course of a week, instructions arrived from a superior officer for his immediate liberation; and thus ended the only instance of ill-treatment that occurred to our traveller during his stay in the country. His captor made many apologies and some presents, and, by subsequent kindness, endeavoured to dispel any unfavourable impression which his previous conduct might have created. They were soon on the road again, though the rainy season interfered sadly with their progress, if it could not damp either their spirits or their dress; for, when the sky threatened a heavy shower, they stripped off their clothes; and, if halting, sat upon them,—if *en route*, put them under the mules' saddles, or the camels' baggage. Truly a Hibernian scheme for escaping the inconvenience of damp clothing, and the consequent chances of ague! Between Cafta and Soufi, the Chief of a Tokrouri tribe, by his noble bearing, excited much interest; and he and Mr. Parkyns struck up a friendship together. Indeed, the question was mooted, whether they should join forces, and found a kingdom; the one supported by his own tribe, the other by his friends in Abyssinia and in Egypt. Such propositions were of frequent occurrence; but this was more than usually attractive, and, though ultimately declined, like the rest, it was with considerable reluctance.

The state of Mr. Parkyns's wardrobe rendered it necessary to make sundry purchases so soon as an opportunity should occur. It consisted at present of a pair of drawers, and a *ferda* thrown over his shoulder,—on the whole, rather a light costume, and, when worn by a white man, decidedly conspicuous. Therefore, at Abou Kharraz, he determined to appear in an entirely new character. The present of a very greasy old skull-cap served to

remind him that it was advisable to have his head shaved,—rather a difficult operation in the absence of both soap and razors. Knives, of curious shape, and inferior cutlery, and various degrees of bluntness, were tried in succession; but, after more than an hour's vigorous hacking and exquisite torture, to say nothing of nineteen severe wounds, only a small proportion of the work was completed. In a few days, the dress of an Albanian soldier, who had died of dysentery, was put up to auction, and, after a languid bidding, was knocked down to the Englishman at about 9s. 2d. It proved to have seen hard service, but was nevertheless a welcome acquisition. Our travellers were detained here for a few days, waiting for the boat to Khartoum, and turned the delay to account by an attempt at shirt-making, which, as might be expected, was not particularly successful.

The city of Khartoum had been described so frequently and so gorgeously, as to excite considerable expectations as to its magnificence. It was, therefore, with some disappointment that the buildings which were first seen, and appeared to be the suburbs, were discovered to be built of mud.

“Panajotti goodnaturedly offered to lodge me till I could procure a place of my own,—a piece of hospitality which, of course, in the fullness of my heart and emptiness of my pocket, I thankfully accepted; so we started together, he having promised to send some asses down for the baggage. The suburbs, which we first entered, were traversed by a number of tortuous alleys, little more than a yard wide, the huts themselves being entirely built of mud, only a few feet high, and decidedly inferior, in architectural design, to those constructed of the same material by a species of wasp found in these countries. The streets which we next entered, were broader, and a little straighter, but presented even less of the appearance of a town, than the suburbs we had left, being enclosed by long mud walls, without any signs of human habitation, except here and there the top of a square shed, of as dirty an exterior as themselves, peeping over them. A few date-trees, or occasionally, perhaps, a drawn-up pomegranate, evinced that on the other side was an attempt at a garden or field. As to pavement, neither the streets nor alleys had any pretension to such a luxury. I held my tongue as long as I could, not wishing to show my impatience; but when, after walking nearly a mile, we came to nothing but a large open space of sandy ground, all in holes and lumps from the rain, and enclosed as before, I could no longer refrain from asking, ‘How much farther is Khartoum?’ ‘Khartoum!’ said my guide, in accents of horror at my want of appreciation of the magnificence around me; ‘why, *this* is Khartoum. There, before us, is the palace of Moussa Bey,’ pointing to a long, low, mud wall, with a large unpainted doorway, and a few small unglazed windows, which might have been tolerably appropriate for a poor-house in Bellad-es-Soudan, though not half good enough for a cow-shed in England. ‘To your left, down the street, is the *Diwan Moderiya* (Office of Government). We have passed the Governor-General’s palace on our right, by the river; and this is our house.’ As he said these words, we halted

before a small building, which alone broke the uniformity of a line of wall nearly a quarter of a mile long, and bore the outward appearance of a large *deggy salâm* (gateway) at 'Adoua, being simply a covered entrance, with a room on either side."—Vol. ii., pp. 423-425.

For a time Mr. Parkyns took up his quarters here, entirely neglected by the European merchants, for the sufficient reason that he particularly needed their assistance. They came to look at him, certainly, but only from curiosity; and, so far from offering their services, were disposed to be facetious on the subject of "raising the wind;" so that, after being treated with great rudeness, he pawned a pair of pistols for the sake of a little ready money, and removed to the Turkish quarter of the town, until remittances could arrive from Egypt. When, to the general astonishment, letters of credit were received, it was most amusing to observe the change which came over these discreet individuals. Invitations and inquiries poured in; every body was delighted to see him, and proud to do him service. Mr. Parkyns wisely overlooked their previous conduct; but it stood out in unpleasant contrast with the treatment he had received at 'Adoua under similar circumstances, and undoubtedly served to strengthen those unhealthy views of human nature which are suggested at intervals throughout the narrative.

It is interesting to watch the gradual development of these ideas under the operation of surrounding influences. Here is a man of intelligence and education, cut off from all communication with the civilized world, completely isolated in the midst of a semi-barbarous race, without books, without occupation, and, for reasons of expediency, removing as completely as possible all apparent evidences of diversity between himself and his neighbours. But change in the mode of action begets change in the mode of thought, and Mr. Parkyns's views of civilized life, both in its physical and moral aspects, undergo a startling metamorphosis. At first the mere novelty of his position excites pleasurable sensations: then he discovers that the standard of enjoyment is purely arbitrary; that, in fact, its intensity depends upon its simplicity; and that European notions of comfort—the result of complicated and costly arrangements—are altogether wrong. Then, as old habits weaken and new ones strengthen, the superiority of savage over civilized life becomes more and more evident, until the climax is reached by the assertion that he considers an African hut to be "far more comfortable than an English hotel, or even the best private house in Europe;" and "that no civilized man enjoys half the happiness, either of mind or body, that falls to the lot of the desert Arab." Is this enthusiasm or affectation? Then again, we are told that, in a moral point of view, man gains nothing by culture. There will, indeed, be a plausible exterior, but the real character is only concealed, not renovated, and is all the worse for the hypocritical disguise.

Vice seeks new forms, but, if we understand our theorist aright, its amount is increased rather than lessened in "an artificial state of society." "Civilization and crime go hand in hand:"—that is, they progress in the same ratio: therefore the greater the extent of civilization, the greater the amount of crime: therefore the lowest state of civilization furnishes the highest degree of virtue!

Our author has gone a step further, and has thought fit, very needlessly and inappropriately, to obtrude his views on the subject of Christian Missions. With his usual candour, he admits the good intentions and sincere motives of those who thus seek to promulgate the truths of Christianity; but thinks the method employed, not only unadapted to attain the desired end, but calculated to produce serious mischief. He asserts roundly that the landing of Missionaries, whose avowed object has been to uproot the established faith of the people, has, in "many countries," Abyssinia among the rest, occasioned not only their own expulsion, but the extrusion of subsequent visitors, thus closing the door, not only to Christianity, but to civilization. It is unfortunate that some more explicit and definite statement is not made, and the assertion supported by distinct and tangible proof. There cannot be the slightest objection to a discussion of this subject by competent authorities; indeed, such testimony will always be welcomed, provided the facts be vouched for, either from actual experience, or by unprejudiced and credible witnesses. But Mr. Parkyns never came in contact with a Missionary or a Mission station; and the statements which he has thought worthy of a place in his book were so evidently biassed, that he shrinks from endorsing any one of them. The charges, after all, resolve themselves into mere errors of judgment, such as burying in unconsecrated soil, building a mission-house in the European style, and distributing meat on a fast-day. That the irritation thus produced was only temporary, is evident from the fact that the individual character of the Missionaries is invariably spoken of with respect; and, that no mischievous influence was thereby excited against ordinary visitors, his own treatment sufficiently proves. Our author looks at religious matters from a commercial point of view, and considers a Missionary Society to be a very poor investment for British capital. He judges that a certain number of Bibles have been distributed and lost. He calculates solely from apparent results; forgetting that moral fruit is of slow growth.

Having expressed himself strongly with regard to the insufficiency of the present system, Mr. Parkyns proceeds to suggest another plan. The first thing is to educate the people and teach them to think. This is to be effected by sending out Europeans to instruct them in various trades, and to open schools, always carefully avoiding any reference to religious topics. Passing

over the amusing contradiction which the very first point of this scheme gives to his previously-expressed ideas of the superiority of savage over civilized life, we copy the advice which he would give to a Missionary after his own heart:—

“He should commence his career among the people in the character of an ordinary traveller. He might then settle among them, having in the mean time got a little into their ways and feelings. By prudence, he might perhaps obtain a small territory to govern. He should then build himself a good house, after the native fashion; and, for the more speedy accomplishment of his object, I would recommend him to adopt their style of dress, give feasts and merry-makings, and never presume to open his lips on any subject connected with religion. The next step should be, to make friends with all the great men of the country, which he will easily do by the aid of a little ‘tin and soft solder;’ but more especially with the priests, whom he will conciliate by a little money to improve and decorate their churches, by inviting them largely to eat and drink at his expense, and by the occasional harmless present of a bit of silk or cloth for their patron saint.....The only effectual method of ameliorating the condition of these poor people is, to blindfold them before you attempt to lead them from the darkness which their benighted intellects have so long mistaken for light; habituating them by degrees, and slow degrees only, to bear the effulgence of the double light of pure Christianity, and of the civilization which is consequent on it.”—Vol i., pp. 157-159.

Mr. Parkyns has certainly here ventured upon ground which is to him a *terra incognita*. What conception can he have of “the double light of pure Christianity?” The most ordinary acquaintance with its history would have shown him that it is not thus that the great work of evangelizing the nations has been accomplished;—and that both savage and refined nations *have* been Christianized and civilized by Missionary labours, is now an acknowledged fact. Has any other system save Christianity, we would ask, reformed entire nations, and rendered them happy and prosperous, and available to other countries for commercial purposes? And has the Gospel ever become established in any country, in ancient or modern times, by the arts of diplomacy or expediency? Opposed to all other religions, as light is to darkness and truth to error, it is always aggressive and militant, as the testimony of “Him that is true,” against every form of error and idolatry. Mr. Parkyns believes Christianity to be true, and the best religion; but he errs in thinking that its proper mode of diffusion is by conciliating its rivals; and that, if offering to idols will ingratiate the Missionaries with idolaters, it is lawful, for the purpose of “blindfolding” them for their ultimate good! Wisdom dwells with prudence; but *finesse* is not prudence; and if Christianity is of God, and designed to be universal by the agency of the Church, its Divine Author will specially interpose to over-rule the infirmities and errors of its agents, so long as they walk and work by its precepts, and not

according to the course of this world. The mode and spirit of promulgation must agree with the religion to be promulgated and craftiness and guile are therefore not to be tolerated in Christian enterprise.

Differing, as we do, from Mr. Parkyns on several important points, we yet take leave of him with great respect; with admiration of his chivalrous spirit of enterprise, his patient endurance, his irrepressible hilarity, his candour, and magnanimity. We have greatly enjoyed our introduction into the realities of Abyssinian life. He has increased our stock of knowledge; and we shall be most happy to meet with him again within the borders of his own territory, which is social rather than moral, and romantic rather than religious.

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ART. III.—*Types of Mankind*. By J. C. NOTT, M.D., and GEORGE R. GLIDDON. 4to. Philadelphia and London. 1854.

ETHNOLOGY is defined to be "the Science of the Races of Men." This definition is conveniently capable of being made to comprehend or exclude whatever is wished by the writer. It is calculated to lead to vague and unsatisfactory results. And we find it has done so. For cultivators of Ethnology are not yet agreed as to the object of the science; they differ as to the method of inquiry; they even differ as to the facts and phenomena which belong to it; and we therefore expect them to differ as to the bearing and relative value of classes of facts and lines of evidence.

The Ethnological Society of London thus officially defines the object of the Science,—“to ascertain the distinguishing characteristics, physical and moral, of the varieties of mankind which inhabit and have inhabited the earth, and to ascertain the causes of such characteristics, in order to determine the relationships of the several varieties of man to each other.”

In this definition we see both the ultimate aim of the science, and the proper method of inquiry, stated with a precision worthy of a learned body.

Mr. Burke defines Ethnology to be “a science which investigates the mental and physical differences of mankind, and the organic laws upon which they depend; and which seeks to deduce from these investigations principles of human guidance, in all the important relations of social existence.” This is declared by the authors of “*Types of Mankind*,” to be “the most extensive and lucid definition of this term.” (P. 49.) It is therefore adopted as the basis of their ethnological inquiry, in the elaborate work now lying before us; and, whatever may be the defects or redundancies of the definition adopted, it is



a standard to which the authors may rightly demand that we shall bring their work. We accept their standard for that, but for no other, purpose. He who would study man as he now exists, ought to study his mental and physical *resemblances* as well as *differences*, or he will gain but a partial knowledge of man. And to know only the differences as *data* for reasoning, to draw conclusions from them without reference to the resemblances, is to ignore the bulk of our knowledge of man, and to endeavour to construct a science of the remainder. It may fairly be asked, whether it be a part of Ethnology to deduce a code of ethics from the study of mankind? The reader of this huge volume will seek in vain for a description of the mental and physical differences of mankind, for any statement of the organic laws upon which those differences depend, or for "deduced principles of human guidance for all the important relations of social existence." Thus, while Mr. Burke's definition is praised and accepted, our authors make no attempt to fulfil the requirements of any one of the three objects contained in it.

The work before us is more fully described as consisting of "Ethnological Researches, based upon the ancient Monuments, Paintings, Sculptures, and Crania of Races, and upon their Natural, Geographical, Philological, and Biblical History." It is the joint production of several authors. Thus, Professor Agassiz contributes a sketch, "On the Natural Provinces of the Animal World, and their Relations to the different Types of Man." Dr. Usher furnishes a section, "On Geology and Palæontology in Connexion with Human Origins." There is a contribution consisting of *Excerpta* from Dr. Morton's inedited manuscripts; and a "Memoir of the Life and Scientific Labours of Dr. Morton," by Professor Patterson. The rest of the book is, either jointly or severally, by Dr. Nott and Mr. Gliddon; and the whole is dedicated to the memory of Dr. Morton.

The "Types of Mankind" consists, then, of distinct treatises by different writers, each of whom satisfies himself that he has proved the unity of the human race to be an untenable doctrine, and one which the present advanced state of ethnological science, at least in America, stigmatizes as belonging to the childhood of Ethnology, or to the countries of the Old World, especially to England, whose statesmen, "from motives of policy, keep its agitation (the practical importance of Ethnology) studiously out of sight." (P. 52.)

We are unaware of any attempts by statesmen, divines, or any other class of men in Great Britain, to discourage or control ethnological, or other scientific, inquiry. In this monarchical country, inquiry of all sorts is as free and unfettered as in republican America. There are writers here who advocate the doctrine of a plurality of protoplasms, and no one interferes with their liberty of doing so. Opinions are not put down in England

by coercion and Lynch law, but are combated by fair argument. Both Dr. Nott and Mr. Gliddon well know that such writers exist here, as they quote from their works; and the publication of their own book by a London house ought to be convincing evidence to them, not only of the perfect freedom of inquiry, but also of the unlicensed expression of opinion, in England.

That Adam was the first man, and the father of the whole human family, is an item of religious belief in both the Jewish and Christian Churches. This belief is held by men of science in common with Christians at large. It is a part of religious teaching, and is received as such, by those who have had the advantage of a religious education. Men of science, however, distinguish between articles of faith and propositions of science; and the question of human origin, in addition to its being determined on the former ground, may also be referred to the latter, as the inquiry is clearly within the range of a legitimate philosophy of induction. This question is comprehended in Ethnology, of which it forms the ultimate and most difficult problem. As a question of Ethnology, it can be solved only by ethnological evidence and reasonings. Other evidence and other reasonings are *here* not to the point, and therefore are utterly valueless to solve it. And let no timid misgivings as to the result cause a shrinking from the question: for, "to conceive that inquiry must lead to scepticism, is itself a species of scepticism as to the power and evidence of principles to which we have given our assent, more degrading, because still more irrational, than that open and consistent scepticism which it dreads."\* But the difficulties which beset the question are so great, so numerous, and so varied, as to cause the most stout-hearted inquirer to pause before he grapples with them. Our authors have wisely abstained from the struggle, but they boast as if they had achieved a great victory. According to their own account, they have destroyed the ethnological doctrine of the unity of the human race, and with it the authority of the Holy Scriptures; and all with the wretched object of bringing ethnological science to aid in maintaining slavery in the United States of America.

"Genuine science and genuine religion are near akin: the one explores the elder volume of nature, the other investigates that of revelation. Both unite in their practical results; both promote the present improvement of man; both conduce to his ultimate felicity."† The truths of science cannot be in antagonism with those of religion, for both emanate from the Deity; but some men, ay, even very good men, from misunderstanding the nature of those truths, have declared them to be antagonistic and mutually destructive. No one ever suspects the truths

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\* Dr. Thomas Brown's "Lecture on the Human Mind."

† Dr. Spurzheim.

of one science to be opposed to those of another. We cannot place Natural History in antagonism with Chemistry. Nor can we place Ethnology in antagonism with Theology.

The authors of "*Types of Mankind*," however, declare Ethnology to be antagonistic to, and subversive of, the Bible; and give us the alternative of receiving their doctrines, and of being reckoned amongst those who occupy an advanced place as ethnologists,—or of rejecting those doctrines, and being found in the rear. Mr. Gliddon, moreover, seems to be animated with a true Lynch-law spirit, and threatens those who select the latter alternative with a terrible castigation, for their presumption in thus questioning the soundness of his views.

The researches of our authors convince them of the existence of several races, each of them having a separate origin, and each being unchangeable by climate or other causes. One of these races, the Negro, is essentially inferior to the so-called Caucasian, to which it is their boast to belong. The Negro is weak, as man, and declared to be incapable of great things, or of running that noble career which is open to the Caucasian. This weakness is said to be confessed by the Negro, in his imitation of the superior race. The weakness of the weak is, of itself, a claim to the protection of the strong. But the weakness of the Negro is no claim to protection at the hands of our strong Caucasians. On the contrary, it is an argument for keeping him in slavery. Because the Negro is not a descendant from Adam, and because he is inferior, therefore make him a slave, and ever keep him in slavery! Early in May, 1844, while the late Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of State, was conducting diplomatic negotiations with France and England, connected with the annexation of Texas, he sent to Mr. Gliddon, who happened to be in Washington on business, to consult him on the Ethnology of the Negro race.

"In a long interview, Mr. Calhoun stated that England pertinaciously continued to interfere with our inherited institution of Negro Slavery, and in a manner to render it imperative that he should indite very strong instructions on the subject to the late Mr. William R. King, of Alabama, then our Ambassador to France. He read to Mr. Gliddon portions of the manuscript of his celebrated Letter to Mr. King, which, issued on the 12th of the following August, ranks among our ablest national documents. Mr. Calhoun declared that he could not foresee what course the negotiation might take, but wished to be fore-armed for any emergency. He was convinced that the true difficulties of the subject could not be fully comprehended, without first considering the radical difference of humanity's races, which he intended to discuss, should he be driven to the necessity. Knowing that Mr. Gliddon had paid attention to the subject of African Ethnology, and that, from his long residence in Egypt, he had enjoyed unusual advantages for its investigation, Mr. Calhoun had summoned him for the purpose of ascertaining what were the best sources of

information in this country. Mr. Gliddon, after laying before the Secretary what he conceived to be the true state of the case, referred him, for further information, to several scientific gentlemen, and more particularly to Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia. A correspondence ensued between Mr. Calhoun and Dr. Morton on the subject; and the Doctor presented to him copies of the *Crania Americana* and *Aegyptiaca*, together with minor works, all of which Mr. Calhoun studied with no less pleasure than profit. He soon perceived that the conclusions which he had long before drawn from history, and from his personal observations in America, on the Anglo-Saxon, Celtic, Teutonic, French, Spanish, Negro, and Indian races, were entirely corroborated by the plain teachings of modern science. He beheld demonstrated in Morton's works the important fact, that the Egyptian, Negro, several white, and sundry yellow, races had existed, in their present forms, for at least four thousand years; and that it behoved the statesman to lay aside all current speculations about the origin and perfectibility of races, and to deal, in political argument, with the simple facts as they stand.

"What, on the vital question of African slavery in our southern states, was the utilitarian consequence of Calhoun's memorable dispatch to King? Strange, yet true, to say, although the English press anxiously complained that Mr. Calhoun had intruded *Ethnology* into diplomatic correspondence, a communication from the Foreign Office promptly assured our Government that Great Britain had no intention of intermeddling with the domestic institutions of other nations. Nor, from that day to this, has she violated her formal pledge in our regard. During a sojourn of Mr. Calhoun, on his retirement from office, with us at Mobile, we enjoyed personal opportunities of knowing the accuracy of the above facts, no less than of receiving ample corroborations illustrative of the *inconvenience* which true ethnological science might have created in philanthropical diplomacy, had it been frankly introduced by a Calhoun."—P. 50, *et seq.*

Mr. Calhoun, born and bred in the Slave States, feels himself unprepared to carry on the negotiations concerning the annexation of Texas as a Slave State; and, in order to prepare himself on the subject of Negroes, he applies to Mr. Gliddon, whose unusual advantages consist in his long residence—where? in the country of the Negroes? No; but in Egypt. Does Mr. Gliddon think to impose thus on our ignorance? Or what can be his motive for asserting that a residence in Egypt peculiarly qualifies him for being an authority on the Ethnology of the West Coast of Africa?

Mr. Weller, sen., in "Pickwick," deems a brother-whip to be a great authority in law because he had long been a coachman. And Mr. Gliddon, because he had long resided in Egypt, (North-Eastern Africa,) must be an authority on the Negroes of the West of Africa! However flattering to Mr. Gliddon's vanity it may be, to have been sent for by Mr. Calhoun, it is quite obvious that the statesman required no information concerning the Negro race, and none concerning the opinion, which has long

been current among Negro slaveholders, that the Negro, if he belong to humanity at all, is of an inferior race. Mr. Calhoun was simply desirous of ascertaining if a systematic study of the varieties of man yielded any additional strength to the slaveholders' opinion of the Negro race. And, knowing that Mr. Gliddon is an advocate for the hypothesis of a plurality of Adams, which he ostentatiously bases upon ethnological researches, he very naturally applied to him, in order to fortify his position by strength derived from science.

Mr. Gliddon does not inform us whether he taught Mr. Calhoun any of those "principles of human guidance in all the important relations of social existence," which may be deduced from ethnological investigations. This omission is to be regretted; for we, in consequence, are left in the dark as to what the new moral code may be. And, considering that Mr. Gliddon has laboured so long to prove the Bible to be unworthy the credence of men of science, he ought to give us the light of his new morals, to guide us in our dealings with our fellow-men, and with those men who are not our fellows. But, however much we may regret the omission, we are not quite in the dark; there are faint glimmerings which enable us to catch glimpses of his system of ethics. "We hold these truths to be self-evident,—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."\* These noble truths were then practically declared to have no reference or application to Negroes; and the Government of the United States has since emphatically declared, by statutes of the Legislature, that the Negro race is not so endowed with the rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" but, on the contrary, he has no right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" that he has no rights whatever to enjoy; he has merely duties to perform. Now, what is the new moral light derived from the ethnological researches of the American school on the duty of the Caucasian to the Negro? The new light is like the slaveholders' old one. The science of the one accords with the inclination of the other, and thus both agree in the propriety of perpetuating slavery. And if England, with her "philanthropical diplomacy," should remonstrate, and thus interfere with "our domestic institution," Mr. Gliddon is prepared to teach another Mr. Calhoun, that the Negro, being of an inferior race, has an origin distinct from that of Adam,—a doctrine which, communicated to the British Government, will at once stop all such remonstrances!

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\* Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America, July 4th, 1776.

We now proceed to examine in detail the several treatises of which the entire work is composed ;—and, first, “Geology and Palæontology in connexion with Human Origins,” contributed by William Usher, M.D., of Mobile.

Dr. Usher briefly describes, in popular language, successions of strata, plants, and animals, marking certain geological eras. He seems to be a book-geologist, and to be but loosely acquainted with geological science, as the following passage indicates :—

“We have seen that every great geological change was accompanied by the disappearance of existing species, and the introduction of new ; while the present geographical distribution of plants and animals coincides with the rise of those strata constituting the surface of the globe. All has been successive and progressive : plants and animals were produced in regular order, ascending from simple to complex ; one law has prevailed from earth’s foundations to its superficies ; and thus our present species are *autocthones*, originating on the continents or islands where they were first found. Man himself is no exception to this law ; for the inferior races are every where *glebæ adscripti*.”

“Each of these orders of living beings occupied the earth for an appointed time, and gave way in turn to higher organizations. Fishes ruled over the primeval waters. As land gradually formed itself, they made way for the great amphibious reptiles. Just as fishes represent the first vertebrata of the sea, so reptiles are their earliest representatives on land. Reptiles presided over the formation of continents, and next came the birds. As huge reptiles of the sea were succeeded by the marine mammalia,—the cetaceans,—so, on the land, when mountain chains were thrown up, and dry plains formed, leaving extensive marshy borders, monstrous wading-birds, which have left but their foot-marks behind them, succeeded the reptiles, and were followed in their turn by the amphibious mammals. Each epoch of the land, as of the sea, (whilst our ‘earth formed, re-formed, and transformed itself,’) was marked by the appearance of suitable inhabitants, necessary to the great plan of creation in preparing the globe for the reception of mankind.”—P. 331.

This statement is not only vague and inaccurate, but absolutely untrue. The successive plants and animals, as revealed to us by their fossil remains, were not in an ascending series from simple to complex. There is no such unity of law known to Geology. And if such had been the course of nature, in those long-past geological eras, it would not justify the inference drawn, that the present species of plants and animals are *autocthones*, to use a learned word, where they are found. The reasoning of Dr. Usher will flourish best where Logic is unknown. The following example, quoted from the above citation, is a specimen : “Man himself is no exception to this law ; for the inferior races are every where *glebæ adscripti*.”

We have strong evidence that fishes are not yet extinct, notwithstanding the statement, “They made way for the great amphibious reptiles.” The science of Geology is unfortunate in



having such an expositor as Dr. Usher. We trust the American geologists and palæontographers will raise their voices against such misrepresentations, whether they arise from ignorance, carelessness, or other causes, and will vindicate their country's claims to a knowledge of Geology, and show that it will not be imposed upon by such shallow teachings as those of Dr. Usher.

The question naturally presents itself, not only to the geologist, but to every one acquainted with the nature and object of geological inquiry, Are human bones found in a fossil state? As yet, none have been found. The series of geological formations are a series of tombs, partly of extinct, and partly of existing, animals. The several formations are characterized by containing fossils of certain genera and species. The osseous remains of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and fishes, are found in abundance in these strata, but none of man. It is not for lack of examination, nor yet for lack of seeking specially for them, that none are found. Examinations have been so minutely conducted, as to discover the hard remains of insects; and, therefore, although the evidence is negative, we are justified in the probable conclusion, that if human beings had peopled the earth contemporaneously with those inferior animals whose fossil remains are found entombed in the strata, we should also find with them the fossil remains of those human beings.

The mineralogical character of the strata of the earth teaches little or nothing of the relative ages of those strata. The chronology of Geology is taught us by the fossil remains found in the strata of the earth. This chronology is not absolute, but relative: it tells us that one stratum is older than another, but it cannot tell us in what year it began to be deposited, or when it was completed. But if the chronology is not so precise as historical chronology, still it is positive and valuable information, to know what strata are contemporaneous, and what are older. It is obvious, then, that geological chronology affords but little clue by which to determine when man was created.

Dr. Usher, however, affirms that human bones are found in a fossil state, and, therefore, supply us with some evidence of the lapse of time since those human beings lived:—

"Cypress trees, of ten feet in diameter, are not uncommon in the swamps of Louisiana; and one of that size was found in the lowest bed of the excavation at the gas-works in New Orleans. Taking ten feet to represent the size of one generation of trees, we shall have a period of 5,700 years as the age of the oldest trees now growing in the basin. Messrs. Dickeson and Brown, in examining the cypress timber of Louisiana and Mississippi, found that they measured from 95 to 120 rings of annual growth to an inch; and, according to the lower ratio, a tree of ten feet in diameter will yield 5,700 rings of annual growth. Though many generations of such trees may have grown and perished in the present cypress region, Dr. Dowler, to avoid all

ground of cavi, has assumed only two consecutive growths, including the one now standing; this gives us, as the age of two generations of cypress trees, 11,400 years.

"The maximum age of the oldest tree growing on the live-oak platform, is estimated at 1,500 years, and only one generation is counted. These data yield the following table:—

**"GEOLOGICAL CHRONOLOGY OF THE LAST EMERGENCE OF THE  
PRESENT SITE OF NEW ORLEANS.**

	Years.
"Era of aquatic plants.....	1,500
Era of cypress basin .....	11,400
Era of live-oak platform .....	1,500
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"Total period of elevation .....	14,400
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"Each of these sunken forests must have had a period of rest and gradual depression, estimated as equal to 1,500 years, for the duration of the live-oak era, which, of course, occurred but once in the series. We shall, then, certainly be within bounds, if we assume the period of such elevation to have been equivalent to the one above arrived at; and, inasmuch as there were at least ten such changes, we reach the following result:—

	Years.
"Last emergence, as above.....	14,400
Ten elevations and depressions, each equal to the last emergence .....	144,000
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"Total age of the Delta .....	158,400
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"In the excavation at the gas-works above referred to, burnt wood was found at the depth of sixteen feet; and, at the same depth, the workmen discovered the skeleton of a man. The cranium lay beneath the roots of a cypress tree belonging to the FOURTH forest level below the surface, and was in good preservation. The other bones crumbled to pieces on being handled. The *type* of the cranium was, as might have been expected, that of the ABORIGINAL AMERICAN RACE.

	Years.
"If we take, then, the present era at.....	14,400
And add three subterranean groups, each equal to the living (leaving out the fourth, in which the skeleton was found) .....	43,200
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"We have a total of .....	57,600
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"From these data it appears that the human race existed in the Delta of the Mississippi more than 57,000 years ago."—P. 338.

The above is taken by Dr. Usher from an Essay by Dr. Bennet Dowler, of New Orleans. The great age of the Delta of the

Mississippi is one question, upon which we have the opinion of Sir Charles Lyell. The time when the man lived whose skeleton was found, is another and distinct question; and upon this also we have the opinion of Sir Charles Lyell. Sir Charles Lyell believes that the skeleton is that of an Indian, which, by accident, had fallen into a fissure; or, like the pelvis found near Natchez by Dr. Dickenson, it may have fallen from an old Indian grave near the summit of the cliff. If there had been human inhabitants on the Delta 57,000 years ago, there would probably be some of their fossil remains discovered, not only in that, but in each subsequent stratum. Sir Charles Lyell's opinion is, that the human skeleton is not a fossil, in the geological sense of the term: and he only suggests one possibility, amongst others, as to how it *may* have come there. We do not at all enter upon the examination of the reasoning of Dr. Dowler, and Dr. Usher's "Chronology of the Emergence of the Site of New Orleans." We care not about the calculation as to the era of the cypress basin, whether it be more or less than these gentlemen make it. Plain men are not astonished to find a skeleton sixteen feet below the surface of the earth. It is quite unnecessary to resort to geological eras, to fix a period for its inhumation, because we—although Dr. Usher and his profound geological friend cannot—are able to conceive of persons being buried at depths of sixteen feet.

The celebrated Guadalupe skeleton now in the British Museum, and several other instances of human remains, at first supposed to be fossil, have each, upon full examination, been declared, by the first geologists known, to be recent, and not fossil. No one has yet adduced additional evidence in favour of their being fossils, and no one of reputation in Geology and Palæontology has questioned the judgment of those who decided on the evidence. Dr. Usher, however, without new evidence, and without pointing out why that evidence ought to have elicited a different verdict, sets aside the judgment of Greenough, and Buckland, and Sedgwick, and Murchison, and Lyell, and Owen, and Cuvier himself; and, placing his own opinion forward, says, "This is truth." But we owe an apology to geologists for devoting so much space to Dr. Usher, whose knowledge of the subject on which he writes is so limited.

What, then, is the teaching of Geology and Palæontology concerning the origin of the human race? The fossils of the third or late period of the tertiary series, both of mammals and birds, are either allied or belong to the mammals and birds of existent genera and species. The Fauna of the present day belongs to this period; and parts of this Fauna are entombed in both the diluvium and alluvium. Hence the present Fauna dates its existence as being prior to that of man. Man, in relation to the animals of this Fauna, is a creation of yesterday; for they were in being during the deposit of several strata; but there is no

evidence of his existence, until the final completion of these strata. If any investigations, therefore, shall enable us to fix the time of man's creation, it must be by some other kind; for geological chronology, as generally reckoned, terminates previously to his advent. We cannot set bounds to science, nor limit discovery. It is impossible to predicate what knowledge may be opened up to us, by our present means, in the known directions of inquiry. And other directions and greater means may enable inquiry to arrive at results beyond the dreams of the most sanguine. The early history of the human race, as a subject of scientific investigation, is a subject so beset with difficulties, as to bewilder the most painstaking inquirer. The historians of a nation discover the sources of information, as literally understood, to be less trustworthy as they ascend the stream of time to the early career of that nation. Most nations derive their origin from the gods, have an early race of demigods and heroes, and, subsequently, ordinary mortals. The historian collects his facts, and argues from cause to effect; but the ethnologist argues from effect to cause. The historian descends the stream of time; the ethnologist ascends it. Many of the facts by which the historian works the problems of history, are also used by the ethnologist to solve his, but are used in a different way.

The most difficult problem in Ethnology is the last, as we ascend the stream of time, and concerns the origin of man. If man originated in a single pair, all our lines of evidence, reasoning upwards from effect to cause, will have a tendency to converge towards one point. If man originated in more than one pair, our evidence would not tend towards one, but several points. And a similar character would our evidence present, if several distinct whole nations were created simultaneously, as some authors believe;—amongst these, Professor Agassiz, whose opinions, as an ichthyologist, claim universal respect and attention.

Professor Agassiz has contributed a "Sketch of the Natural Provinces of the Animal World, and their Relation to the different Types of Man." The distribution of the animal kingdom over the surface of the earth is closely connected with Botanical and Physical Geography. It is familiarly known, not merely to botanists, but to every one, that different species of plants affect peculiar situations; some flourish best in an exposed aspect, others in shady places; some are found in high altitudes, others on plains; some in marshes, rivers, and even the bottom of the sea; some plants require a high, others a low, temperature. These well-known phenomena of plants have been systematically studied by botanists, with a view to mapping out the earth into distinct regions. And in a similar manner zoologists have considered the animal kingdom in relation to Geography. Quad-

rupeds, birds, fishes, and insects, have all been studied in relation to Physical Geography.

Man also has been studied in relation to the Fauna and Flora of the regions in which the several varieties are found. Mr. Swainson's popular Treatise "*On the Geography of Animals and Man*" forms one entire volume of Lardner's "*Cabinet Cyclopædia*." The subject has been ably discussed by Dr. Prichard, in his "*Physical History of Man*." Professor Agassiz appears to be so little acquainted with the writings of British naturalists, as to claim to be the first person who has studied the relations between the animals and man, of the same region. He is, however, merely the last writer on the subject.

Botanists and naturalists have proposed many divisions of the earth into distinct regions. These regions have been defined upon different principles, so that as yet there has been very little agreement upon the subject. Thus the regions of M. Latreille's *Entomological Geography* were entirely based upon degrees of latitude and longitude. He proposed each of his climates to consist of 12° of latitude and 24° of longitude. Such a system is, as it was long ago pointed out by Kirby and Spence, artificial and arbitrary.

Dr. Prichard proposed the following zoological divisions:—  
1. The arctic regions of the New and the Old World; 2. The temperate regions; 3. The equatorial or tropical; 4. The Indian islands; 5. The islands of New Guinea, New Britain, and New Ireland, and those more remote in the Pacific Ocean; 6. Australia Proper; and, 7. The southern extremities of America and Africa.

"Since, then," says Mr. Swainson, "there is as marked a distinction between the animals of the great continents, as there is between the races of mankind by whom they are inhabited, it remains to be considered, whether the general distribution of both is not in unison; whether their DIVINE CREATOR has not, by certain laws, incomprehensible to human understanding, regulated the distribution of man and of animals upon the same plan. These questions lead us to the following propositions:—

"1. That the countries peopled by the five recorded varieties of the human species are likewise inhabited by different races of animals, blending into each other at their confines.

"2. That these regions are the true zoological divisions of the earth."\*

Mr. Swainson accepts Blumenbach as his authority, and takes his five varieties of the human species as the true number. Cuvier admits but three races of men. Pickering says, "I have seen in all ELEVEN RACES OF MEN." Professor Agassiz assures

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\* "*On the Geography and Classification of Animals*," sect. 19.

us there are eight types of man, and eight zoological realms. And other numbers are given by other naturalists. These wide differences of opinion, as to the actual number of varieties of man, could not exist, if there were any settled principle upon which such classification is based. The comparative anatomist is unsatisfied with a classification of animals that is based on merely the external appearance and habits of animals; and justly condemns all such as made only on partial knowledge. The masterly classifications of Aristotle and Cuvier include also the facts revealed by Anatomy. And in classifying the human race, we must comprise the anatomy of his structure, together with his external appearance and habits. Such a classification would, however, be merely a natural-history one, and would leave out of view nearly all the facts and phenomena that belong to him as MAN. And if these facts and phenomena are to be ignored, it is evident that we proceed upon very partial knowledge, and studiously keep out of view all that which is greatest and most important, because it is that which is peculiar to man, and distinguishes him from the brute creation.

We may ask Professor Agassiz what evidence he can adduce for his remarkable statement, that the eight types of men belonging to his zoological realms were created in those localities where they are now found. The statement is entirely gratuitous, and quite unsupported by evidence. Surely, M. Agassiz must know that even the authority of *his* name will not induce the acceptance of that opinion, unless it be supported by evidence. The day of yielding implicit belief to unsupported opinions is past. The disposition of the present time is to try all things. It is well known that one of man's strong tendencies is, to travel. History is full of records of the result of this tendency in tribes and nations. This is distinct from the mere roving of pastoral people and nomadic tribes, who move from one pasture-ground to another, as each becomes exhausted, for the sustentation of their herds, and who occupy the same ground again and again, in turn. Tribes and nations migrate, settle in new countries, and never return to their old homes. These, again, send off emigrants to colonize new lands. Rivers, mountains, the ocean itself does not stop them. All such obstacles and difficulties are surmounted in the determination to migrate. Every nation, and even tribe, has its history or tradition of having come from afar, to settle in its present locality. These migrations present difficulties of no ordinary character to the ethnologist, and forbid the hasty conclusion that the several varieties of man were created in those localities in which they are now found.

These migrations are practically ignored by Professor Agassiz. The *Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus* is found only in Australia, and the Hottentot only in South Africa; and hence both were



created where they are now found! Such reasoning, however, will not be accepted. M. Agassiz himself feels that it will not carry conviction, and he therefore tells us, "I am prepared to show, that the differences existing between the races of men are of the same kind as the differences observed between the different families, genera, and species of monkeys, or other animals; and that these different species of animals differ in the same degree one from the other, as the races of men: nay, the differences between distinct races are often greater than those which distinguish species of animals one from the other. The chimpanzee and gorilla do not differ more from each other, than the Mandingo and Guinea Negro; they together do not differ more from the orang, than the Malay or White man differs from the Negro." (P. lxxiv.) Professor Agassiz declares he is prepared to show those differences, but he abstains from doing so. If such differences can be shown, they should have been; and then would have been seen the inconsistency of considering the three varieties of monkeys as being of distinct species, and the three varieties of men as of one species. But can such differences be shown? They cannot be shown, for they do not exist. That they do not exist, we have the conclusive testimony of Dr. Nott himself, who, in a section devoted to the "Comparative Anatomy of Races," has not even attempted to describe those differences. In this section much of Dr. Morton's *Crania Aegyptiaca* is reproduced, with other matter bearing more or less upon the question of differences amongst men, but not at all upon the anatomical value of those differences, as indicating a sameness or difference of species. Those who are unacquainted with Anatomy are apt to fancy that those differences, upon which so much stress is laid, are very great; but in reality they are not great: indeed, anatomically, they are so very small, that a knowledge of human Anatomy can be acquired by the dissection of a Negro, just as well as from an Anglo-Saxon. Sir B. Brodie, in his Annual Address, as President of the Ethnological Society, (1853,) says, "Then be it observed, that however different may be the external figure, the shape of the head and limbs, there is no real difference as to the more important parts of the system; namely, the brain, the organs of sense, the thoracic and abdominal viscera; and the medical student is well aware that he obtains all the knowledge which he requires, just as well from the dissection of the Negro or the Lascar, as from the Anglo-Saxon or Celt. Even as to the skeleton, the difference is more apparent than real: there is the same number, form, and arrangement of the bones; and, I may add, there is the same number, form, and arrangement of the muscles." We can neither overlook nor over-rate the importance of this great amount of sameness of anatomical structure, compared with the small amount of difference in external appearance, on comparing together an Anglo-

Saxon and a Negro. All who examine the question for themselves, will feel the great force of the facts,—for they are not mere opinions,—stated by Sir B. Brodie, that the number, form, and arrangement of the bones and muscles are the same in the Anglo-Saxon and the Negro. Sir B. Brodie's statement is plain and definite. It contains no hard words, no refined distinctions, no subtle reasoning, to bewilder and mislead; but the simple language in which the great facts are recorded, displays them so perfectly, as to render their misapprehension impossible.

But, in giving full value to the anatomical sameness of structure, we must also give a full value to those distinctions in the form and size of the skull and other hard parts, upon which so much stress is laid by the American school of Ethnology. In a lecture recently delivered on this subject at the Royal College of Surgeons by Professor Owen, he says, "With regard to the distinctions of race:—in consequence of not any of these differences being equivalent to those characteristics of the skeleton, or other parts of the frame, upon which specific differences are founded by naturalists in reference to the rest of the animal creation, we come to the conclusion that man forms one species, and that their differences are but indicative of varieties." Professor Agassiz says he is prepared to show, but he does *not* show, those distinctions in the races of men, which, occurring in brutes, are the distinguishing features by which naturalists class them into species. He does not even tell us what those distinctions are, in any one genus. In the Introduction to his work on the Principles of Zoology, he defines species to be "the lowest term to which naturalists descend, if we except certain peculiarities generally induced by some modification of native habits, such as are seen in domestic animals." "The species is founded upon less important distinctions, such as colour, size, proportion, structure, &c." This definition of the word "species" is that in use amongst naturalists. The technical sense of the term "species" in Natural History will, however, be best apprehended by Archbishop Whately's remarks: "The word 'species,' when applied to *organized beings*: in which case it is always applied (when we are speaking strictly, as naturalists) to such individuals as are supposed to be *descended from a common stock*, or which *might* have so descended; namely, which resemble one another (to use M. Cuvier's expression) as much as those of the same stock do. Now, this being a point on which all (not merely naturalists) are agreed, and since it is a *fact*, (whether an *ascertained* fact or not,) that such and such individuals are, or are not, thus connected, it follows, that every question whether a certain individual, animal, or plant, belongs to a certain species, or not, is a question not of mere *arrangement*, but of *fact*. But in the case of questions respecting genus, it is otherwise. If, for example, two naturalists

differed, in the one placing (as Linnæus) all the species of bee under one genus, which the other subdivided (as later writers have done) into several genera, it would be evident that there was no question of *fact* debated between them, and that it was only to be considered, which was the more *convenient arrangement*. If, on the other hand, it were disputed whether the African and Asiatic elephant are distinct *species*, or merely varieties, it would be equally manifest that the question is one of fact; since both would allow that, if they are descended (or might have descended) from the same stock, they are of the same species; and if otherwise, of two: this is the fact; which they endeavour to ascertain by such indications as are to be found.”\*

Let us take the Negro, who differs as widely as any race from the European, and ascertain if he belong to the same species as the European. It is a question of fact. Did he descend from the same stock? The Holy Scriptures most positively affirm that he did. There are persons, however, who receive the Bible as a revelation of, *and from*, Deity, but who entertain doubts as to what it is that the Scriptures teach on the subject. Now, so far as it is a question of fact, and belongs to science, we must, for their sakes, solve the question by evidence different and apart from that of Scripture. Personal observation of our own cannot solve it. Uninspired historical testimony cannot; for there are no records on the subject, of sufficient antiquity to corroborate or contradict the Hebrew Scriptures. Herodotus’s description of the Ethiopians is not sufficiently precise for us to identify the Negro as his Ethiopian; but it is sufficient to inform us, that in his day there were strongly marked varieties in the human family. And hence, still excepting the scriptural record, history is as incompetent as personal observation, to tell us that the Negro descends from the same stock as the European.

Baffled in our attempts to obtain, on the authority of merely human testimony, a direct answer to the question, Did he descend from the same stock? we turn to science, and ask, *Might* the Negro have descended from the same stock as the European? We study the physical peculiarities of the Negro, and compare them with the physical peculiarities of the other races, as well as with the European, in order to ascertain what the Negro has in common with the other races, and what are exclusively his own physical characteristics. We now ascertain, by the examination of a large number of Negroes, whether or not these his physical specialties are constant; and, observing that they are not constant, we turn to examine whether the most common exist in the same degree; and we discover that they exist in greatly varying degrees. Thus, the colour of the skin is, in some, coal-black; but it exists of varied shades, from

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\* “Logic,” book iv., chap. v., sect. 1.

black to very light brown. The forehead is low and narrow, and its upper part much sloped off; but these characters are not constant, and, when they occur, are found in very different degrees. The prominence of the jaws, upon which so much stress is laid by some writers, as assimilating, if not connecting, him with the monkey tribes, is not constant. The woolly hair is more constant; but, on examination, the blackness, stiffness, and wool-like twist are very different in different Negroes. What, then, is the value of all these differences? "There is no point of difference," says Mr. Lawrence, "between the several races of mankind, which has not been found to arise, in at least an equal degree, among other animals as a mere variety. . . . I proceed to consider the circumstances," continues Mr. Lawrence, "in which the several races of men differ from each other; to compare them to the corresponding differences of animals; and to show that the particular and general results of these inquiries lead us plainly to the conclusion, that the various races of human beings are only to be regarded as varieties of a single species."\* The value of these differences, then, is only equal to the value of similar differences in brutes, which are known to arise in the same species.

It may be objected, that our argument is one of analogy, and therefore less trustworthy than a direct argument. We are not, however, reasoning by analogy, although we are comparing facts and phenomena. Our comparisons are not extended to the reasoning, but are limited to the *data* of the reasoning. We are simply stating an equality of value in certain differences found amongst men, and in a given species of brutes; and upon that equality we build an argument. Were those who advocate the doctrine of the unity of the human family to envelope themselves in the dignity conferred on them by the rights of logic, they might sit aloft, and challenge their opponents with the burden of proof. "We estimate those differences amongst men to be equal to the value of certain differences amongst brutes, which are known to arise *in* a species, and which naturalists designate 'varieties.' It remains for you to prove that we have under-estimated those differences, or that we have ignored other differences which would decide the question. For the question is not a matter of reasoning; it is one of fact, to form the basis of reasoning." Such might be the language of those who advocate the doctrine of the unity of the human race. They might thus simply remain on the defensive, and await the attack of those who maintain another doctrine. The object, however, is something higher than a display of the strategy of logical disputation; and, accordingly, the Aristotelian rules for the attack and defence of arguments are put aside for the thorough exa-

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\* "Lectures on the Natural History of Man," sect. i., chap. 1.

mination of every fact and phenomenon which promises to throw light on the subject.

In Natural History, a certain set of facts and phenomena supply the *data* for that part which treats of species; and a different set of facts and phenomena supply the *data* for that part which treats of varieties. These two sets of facts and phenomena, in the vegetable kingdom, are not only familiar to botanists and horticulturists, but to cottagers, and every one at all accustomed to see a garden. The relation of these two sets of facts to each other is, perhaps, better known to the horticulturist, as he devotes himself to the study of the conditions and circumstances by which he may be able to produce all the varieties of the same species from the seeds of one plant. The knowledge of those conditions and circumstances enables him to devise other conditions, in order to produce new varieties; and in this way varieties become indefinitely multiplied.

Zoologists, also, are well aware of the two sets of facts and phenomena in the animal kingdom. Breeders of cattle and domestic animals devote great attention to a study of the conditions and circumstances under which they may obtain the varieties they seek, and perpetuate those which are valuable. It appears that the facts and phenomena connected with the varieties, as subordinate to species, are best known to the breeders of cattle and domestic animals; while those connected with species, as subordinate to genera, are best known to the zoologist. Some species of animals consist of many different varieties; as, the horse, sheep, horned cattle, dogs, &c. There are far greater varieties in any given species of domestic animals, than in the non-domestic animals; and most in the dog, which is, nearly everywhere, the companion of man. The history of domestic animals is a history of the origin of those distinctions which constitute varieties of a species: domestication is the cause of those varieties.

We find varieties amongst the domestic animals, as widely diversified as those found amongst men; and we find transitional varieties, also, as gradual. If we would study the natural history of varieties, we *must* study it in the domestic animals and in man; for there are scarcely any *data* for our inquiry elsewhere. We are able to study the influence of domestication on animals; and shall we leave unstudied the many, varied, and powerful influences, both physical and moral, which civilization exerts on man? These influences appear to be analogous to those of domestication on animals, and are deemed by competent authorities to be no less powerful in effecting varieties in man himself. Thus, while the domestication of those animals produces varieties in them, it contributes, also, to our means of civilization, and thereby to produce varieties in their domesticator.

It is well known that, when domestic animals are allowed to lapse into a wild, uncared-for state, they soon lose those distinc-



tions which they had acquired in the domestic state, and the individual character of each becomes merged in a common likeness. Thus the removal of those causes which produced the varieties, is followed by the loss of those distinctions in the species, and the prevalence of uniform characters is substituted for the distinctions of variety. Can we trace any thing similar in man?

The oldest records we possess agree in representing a successive declension of the human family, both morally and physically. The Holy Scriptures teach the fall of man, his rapid degeneration in religion and morals, and, with it, as a necessary accompaniment, the continued shortening of his life. Such is the teaching of God. The early shadowy history of the decadence of man from the Golden through the Silver and other Ages, is, in part, the same doctrine, taught by man. We do not intend to found an ethnological argument on this great fact of man's history, although one might be so based. Nor do we mean now to insist on the general degeneracy of the human race, as it is enough for our purpose, to draw attention to an important fact, in connexion with the existence of different degrees of civilization in different races of men. If we compare race with race, we find there is a much greater variety amongst the individuals composing a civilized, than amongst those composing an uncivilized, race. Thus, the Papuan race, spread from New Guinea over the islands of so many groups in the West Pacific Ocean, presents much less variety amongst its members, than is presented by the individuals of any civilized race. The Malayo-Polynesians, who live under similar insular conditions, but possess a rudimentary Malay civilization, present a much greater variety, both of moral and physical character, than the Papuans.

Thus, although we cannot perform an experiment on man, similar to the withdrawal of the forces of domestication from animals, we are able to observe and study man, both in a civilized and uncivilized state, in relation to variety, as subordinate to species.

The evidence that all the races of men are but varieties of one species, is cumulative. The trenchant lines drawn by Blumenbach, in his classification, might readily be supposed to prove, that he considered man to be divisible into several species; but he has taken care to guard against such a supposition, by a statement directly to the contrary. Blumenbach believed that the primitive form of the human race is that which belongs to the Caucasian variety. Every one knows his laudatory description of the female Georgian skull in his collection. He describes its beauty, speaks of it as the *ideal*, and terms it "of *normal* character." Taking this as a fine example of a Caucasian skull,—indeed, as a type of the race,—he considers it to represent a primitive configuration, from which the other forms descend, by an easy and simple gradation, on the one hand to the Mongolian, and on the



other to the Ethiopian, variety. So that if Blumenbach's *nomenclature* is calculated to favour the hypothesis of distinct species of men, his own *doctrine* is most clearly laid down, that man is of one species, which is divisible into five varieties.

The group of forces collectively called "civilization," acting with other causes, as food, climate, &c., produce varieties in the human family. The continued operation of these causes, it is obvious, produces successive varieties, deviating more and more from the original type. But while these new varieties are successively springing up in the human race, what else is taking place? Generations are passing away, and migration is ever going on. Whole series of transitional varieties are removed entirely by death; other series are removed by emigration, and placed under new and varied conditions of climate and food; and thus varieties that are not contiguous to each other are brought into juxta-position, in consequence of the loss of the intermediate and transitional forms. Indeed, so many intervening varieties are lost to us, and so many of their descendants displaced by emigration, that now we nowhere see the gradual transitional forms which actually connect widely marked varieties of man together into one brotherhood.

We have, until now, purposely left out of view the mental likeness of men. The collective term "*mind*" is given to the religious, moral, and intellectual constitution of man. In every part of the world man manifests his mind in similar ways; he expresses his thoughts and desires in verbal language; he owns a power greater than his own; and, if he puts not to himself the precise question, "How shall a man be just with God?" he has an anxiety about the future, which he endeavours to allay by some sacrifice or rite of a religious character. The universal existence of verbal language and religion amongst men is a strong presumption of a common origin.

The study of languages has assumed an importance far greater than the old philologers conceived. The history of the language of a people is the history of that people; for its words and phrases tell of their daily life, their institutions, both social and political, their historical traditions, their recreations, their intellectual and moral career, their faith and religious worship. But, further, the study of the history of a language throws a light back into those dark ages, when the language was yet an unwritten one, and reveals lingual processes that were going on in the early struggles of the mind for verbal expression. The study of Comparative Philology, with a view to determine the relationship of languages to each other, is an important part of Ethnology. Indeed, it is held to be a part so important, that many scholars seem to think that Philology is Ethnology. "The comparison of languages," says Dr. Prichard, "is perhaps incapable of affording all the results which some persons have anti-

cipated from it. It would be too much, to expect from this quarter to demonstrate the unity of the race, or an original sameness of idiom, in the whole human species."\* This is quite true; but philological inquiry all points to one result, namely, the unity of the human species; and for this reason our authors of the "Types of Mankind" wish to get rid of the philological evidence.

"The evidence adduced from the affinities of the languages of different nations," says Professor Agassiz, "in favour of a community of origin, is of no value, when we know that, among vociferous animals, every species has its peculiar intonations, and that the different species of the same family produce sounds as closely allied, and forming as natural combinations, as the so-called Indo-Germanic languages, compared with one another. Nobody, for instance, would suppose that, because the notes of the different species of thrushes, inhabiting different parts of the world, bear the closest affinity to one another, these birds must all have a common origin; and yet, with reference to man, philologists still look upon the affinities of languages as affording direct evidence of such a community of origin among the races, even though they have already discovered the most essential differences in the very structure of these languages."—*Types of Mankind*, (Professor Agassiz's Contribution.) p. lxxii.

We cannot obtain a result by comparing together the songs of thrushes or other birds with the verbal language of man, because they are not similar. If a comparison is to be made, it should be of the song-notes of man with the song-notes of birds. The human voice and the voice of birds are both musical, and, like all musical sounds, have distinctions under the general terms, "pitch," "loudness," "quality," and "duration in time." The voice of the nightingale and that of a Grisi are alike in this respect, that every note they sing must be of some pitch, loudness, quality, and duration. A musical note, when accurately described under those four general heads, is fully described. But when we have compared the song-notes of a bird with human song-notes, we have gone as far as we can with safety. No doubt the musician is able to imitate, with greater or less success, the voices of birds, even by means of certain musical instruments of an orchestra, as Beethoven has done in his celebrated Pastoral Symphony. But the song of a bird, although composed chiefly of song-notes, differs essentially from a song in the musical sense of the word. We say "chiefly composed of song-notes," because the peculiar condition of vocal pitch which distinguishes the voice of speech from that of song, is largely mixed with true song-notes in the singing of birds. The occurrence of speech-notes in human singing is a great blemish.

Birds sing without words; in music we can have "songs without words,"—*Lieder ohne Wörter*; but the essential idea of song, as

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\* "Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations,"

contradistinguished from instrumental music, is, that *words* are sung. Birds have no words, and therefore their music is always without words; but man adds words to his notes, and makes vocal music. Verbal language is possessed by man alone of the terrestrial creation; and birds, like the rest of the animal kingdom, have nothing that can be compared with it.

The song of a nightingale differs from that of a thrush; both differ from that of a canary-finch: in short, every singing-bird has its own song. It is not only the nature of each singing-bird to sing, but to sing in a certain manner. Some birds, of an imitative disposition and talent, can imitate the song of another species, which they will sing in addition to their own. The cuckoo, hatched by the hedge-sparrow, preserves its own note; and so do other birds, even when brought up away from their own species. And in the chorus of the woods each maintains its own part distinct from the rest.

Verbal language, in one sense, is natural to man, since it is a universal production of the human mind; but no one language is more natural than another. We each acquire our mother tongue, whatever that may be, by imitation of those amongst whom we are reared; but we learn others by rule as arts. Verbal language is a system of words, either spoken or written, or both. The spoken words are signs or names of things, events, actions, &c. The written words are signs of the spoken words. The existence of different languages proves that there is no natural connexion between the thing and the phonetic sign; and the existence of different alphabets proves that there is no natural connexion between the spoken and written word. Words are arbitrary, and used by common consent as signs of our ideas. Take the following words:—

Sanskrit .....	hansa.
Greek .....	χην.
Latin .....	anser.
German .....	gans.
English .....	gander.

These five similar words are chosen by nations extending from India to this country, to designate a certain bird. Now, it is far easier to think the five words to be different pronunciations of the same root, than to think that five distinct peoples would hit upon words so similar to express the same thing. And when we find a large number of words belonging to those languages equally like, the conclusion is forced upon us, that the words are common to the languages.

The origin of the roots is a mystery, which, with Bopp, we leave untouched. The modification of the roots is systematic, in each language of the Indo-Germanic family of languages, as was long ago most ably shown by Grimm. The following table, taken

from his "*Deutsche Grammatik*," (vol. i., p. 584,) is a good summary of the systematic changes which take place in words:—

	Labials.			Linguals.			Gutturals.		
Greek.....	P	B	F	T	D	TH	K	G	CH.
Gothic .....	F	P	B	TH	T	D		K	G.
Old High German...	B(V)	F	P	D	Z	T	G	CH	K.

The following examples as specimens will illustrate the table:—

Sanskrit.	Greek.	Latin.	Gothic.	Old High German.	English.
padas .....	παδες	pedes	fotus	vuoz	foot.
pitar .....	πατηρ	pater	fadar	vater	father.
b'ratar .....	φρατηρ	frater	brothar	pruoder	brother.
kapala .....	κεφαλη	caput	haubith	houpit	head.
dantam .....	δαντα	dentem	thuntus	zand	tooth.
dvar .....	θυρα	fores	daur	tor	door.
dvau .....	δυο	duo	tvai	zuene	two.
uda .....	υδαρ	unda	vato	wazar	water.
hardaya .....	καρδια	cor	hairto	herza	heart.
nab'as .....	νεφελη	nebula	nibls	nepal	cloud.
g'anu .....	γονυ	genu	kniu	chniu	knee.
duhitar .....	θυγατηρ		dauhtar	tohtar	daughter.

The difference in these words is scarcely more than the varied provincial pronunciations of the English language, in different parts of Great Britain. It is impossible to escape the conclusion, that these words are the same, only differently pronounced. Did these several peoples hit upon the same words, or did they all obtain them from the same source? No reasonable doubt can be entertained, that they obtained them from the same source. And hence philologists rightly infer that these peoples have a common origin.

The Negro population of St. Domingo now speak French, which is likely to be the permanent language of the island, though the Negroes are of African origin. The circumstances connected with the adoption of the French language are well known, as occurring in historic times. We may be asked, how we know that similar circumstances may not have happened to one or more of the peoples speaking dialects of the Indo-European family of languages? Such an example is quite the exception; and reasoning is not based upon exceptions, but on the facts and events of every-day occurrence.

History teaches us that conquest, and even captivity, has scarcely ever exterminated the native idiom of any people, until after many ages of subjection; and even then, some vestiges have remained to evidence its existence. "In Britain," says Dr. Prichard, "the native idiom was nowhere superseded by the Romans, though the island was held in subjection upwards of three centuries. In Spain and in Gaul, several centuries of Latin domination, and fifteen under German and other modern dynasties, have proved insufficient to obliterate the ancient

dialects, which were spoken by the native people before the Roman conquest. Even the Gypsies, who have wandered in small companies over Europe for some ages, still preserve their original language, in a form that can be every where recognised."\* Yes, words, uttered words, perhaps the most evanescent of all fleeting things, are the most difficult things to destroy or eradicate. Words may change their forms and be subjected to modifications of various kinds, which their plastic nature enables them to receive; but they resist destruction, and claim an existence more lasting than brass or granite.

Mr. Gliddon contributes by far the greatest part of any of the authors, as he has supplied nearly three hundred pages, for which he alone appears to be responsible. Dr. Nott says, "Here terminates Part I. of this volume, and, with it, the joint responsibility of its authors. It remains for my colleague, Mr. Gliddon, to show what light has been thrown by oriental researches upon those parts of Scripture that bear upon the *origin of mankind*." This is a worthy object of inquiry, and, if properly conducted, must lead to useful results; but our author is disqualified for the labour, in consequence of his marked antipathy to the Holy Scriptures, and especially to the best English translation that has yet been made,—the Authorized Version. Mr. Gliddon does not receive the Holy Scriptures as the word of God, nor does he even treat them with that respect which is due to ancient records. Mr. Gliddon's strong antipathy to the Bible seems to blind his judgment and to warp his sense of justice; which may account for the numerous and grave errors into which he has fallen; for the gross mis-statements he has made, by exaggeration and by one-sidedness; for the utter ignorance he has displayed with respect to the translations of the Bible by Missionaries; and for his unfairness in dealing with evidence, statements, doctrines, and men. Mr. Gliddon is the leading counsel on the side of infidelity; and he is either careless or unscrupulous, or perhaps both, as to the means of conducting his case; and, moreover, he urges us to give a verdict in his favour, without hearing the other side. As a specimen of his style of advocacy, we request marked attention to the following quotation:—

"The 'general reader' of our day never dreams that 'my Bible' was once forbidden to his plebeian use. He claps his hands at Missionary Meetings, when it is triumphantly announced that myriads of *translations* of the Scriptures are yearly diffused among the Muslims, the Pagans, and other 'Heathen,'—printed in more languages than are spoken, in more alphabets than there are readers. Has it never struck him to inquire, when the clamour of gratulation has subsided, whether these myrionymed versions are correct? If they are—what is

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\* "Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations," p. 8.

commonly the case—mere servile paraphrases of King James's *English* translation, as we have proven the latter's woful corruptions, (*ubi supra*,) must not the mistranslations of that text be perpetuated and increased by transfer into another tongue? and, if so, is not that one of the providential reasons why the spiritual effect of these versions among the 'Heathen' falls below that material one produced by drops of rain on the Atlantic? Or, if the Missionary translators of the Scriptures into *Feejee*, *Kamtschadale*, or *Patagonian*, possess (what is so rare as to be a pleasant proverb) sufficient Hebraical erudition to translate, into the above or any other tongue, direct from the *text*, do not these excellent men 'ipso facto' confirm all we have asserted in regard to our 'authorized' version, by leaving its interpretation aside?

"There are (although few Anglo-Saxons know it,) human dialects, orally extant, wherein there is no name for 'God,' no appellative for 'heaven;' because such ideas never entered the brain of those low 'Types of Mankind,' for which a *Missionary* version has been manufactured."—P. 609.

This example of carelessness, mis-statement, hostility to Missionary enterprise, and injustice to Bible and Missionary Societies, and to Missionaries, bad as it is, would not, perhaps, justify the severity of our remarks, if it stood alone; but it is only one specimen of the vein of bitter hatred which our author manifests towards the Bible and Christianity. And what has all this to do with Ethnology? It is to show that the tenth chapter of Genesis is not a genealogical chart, but that every name, "excepting those of NOAH, and SHEM, HAM, and JAPHETH, is a personification of *countries, nations, tribes, or cities*; that there is not a single 'man' among the seventy-nine *cognomina* hitherto examined." (P. 549.) Our author has tried his hand at rendering the chapter; and we subjoin the first three verses:—

"THE TENTH CHAPTER OF GENESIS MODERNIZED IN ITS NOMENCLATURE, TO DISPLAY, POPULARLY AND IN MODERN ENGLISH, THE MEANING OF ITS ANCIENT WRITER.

Verse.

- "1 Now these (are) the TtoLDTt-BNI-NuKk, (generations of the sons of CESSATION); SheM, yellow races, KkaM, swarthy races, and IaPeTt, white races: unto them (were) sons after the  
 2 deluge.\* (The) affiliations of IaPeTt, white races;—Crimea=GoMeR, and Caucasus=MaGUG, and Media=MeDI, and Ionia=IUN, and Pontus=TtuBaL, and Moschia=MeSheK, and  
 3 Thrace=TtIRaS. And (the) affiliations of Crimea=GoMeR;—Euxine=ASKiNaZ, and Paphlagonia=RIPhaTt, and Armenia=TtoGaRMaH."—P. 553.

Mr. Gliddon's method of displaying the sense in modern English is very like a puzzle contrived for our amusement. We

\* "No translation is intended by the terms, 'yellow,' 'swarthy,' and 'white races.' We use them merely to evolve the ethnological tripartite classification of the writer."



subjoin the three verses of the Authorized Version, as a key to assist the reader in discovering the sense in Mr. Gliddon's version :—

Verse.

- 1 "Now these are the generations of the sons of Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japheth: and unto them were sons born after the Flood.
- 2 "The sons of Japheth; Gomer, and Magog, and Madai, and Javan, and Tubal, and Meshech, and Tiras.
- 3 "And the sons of Gomer; Ashkenaz, and Riphath, and Togarmah." (Gen. x.)

We trust Mr. Gliddon will excuse our preferring the English of the Authorized Version to his, as we prefer, also, the faithful rendering of that Version, to the mistranslated, untranslated, and interpolated version which he would substitute for it. We now take leave of Mr. Gliddon and his friends, and trust that, when we next meet, they may be better qualified, both by knowledge and right feeling, to become our teachers, than we find them to be at present.

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ART. IV.—*The Life of Girolamo Cardano of Milan, Physician.*  
By HENRY MORLEY. Two Vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1854.

SOMETHING more than three centuries and a half have elapsed since there was born in Pavia a child, with whose character and career a portion of the world is still busily engaged. Mr. Morley, having re-dressed "Palissy the Potter," has now brought up, from out of the dust of years, the figure of old Girolamo Cardano; and, having re-dressed that, too, he demands for it the admiration and respect of his readers.

Who was this man? and what was the nature of the instruction which he gave, *ex cathedra*, to mankind? And, first, of the man himself.

He was the base-born son of a basely-living, but skilful, sire, who no more welcomed his arrival in the world, than he did that of the plague, which was raging, when the boy was born at Pavia, in 1501, and which planted its significant carbuncles on the infant's face, as if marking it for death, yet sparing it for futurity.

The sire was a "sage," as sages went three centuries ago. He was, however, very far from being a *wise* man. He was a philosopher without being a Christian, save in name; was enveloped in dialectics and dirt; and was all head and no heart;—steeped to the lips in every variety of human learning, and utterly destitute of all humanizing affections.

His son was uncared for by him until—and that, at a very

early age—he exhibited a marked precocity of intellect. His fondness for books touched a paternal chord somewhere; and the vibration of the chord, the stirring of the affections, was proved by the condescension of the father, who took the child to himself, and made of him—his footboy! Servile as was the station he thus acquired at his father's side, the soul of the lad was thereby rendered ecstatic. He not only carried his sire's volumes for him through the streets, but he wearied his little head by trying to understand, or, rather, by completely mastering, them. It was all the instruction he got, but it served his worldly purpose. Of heavenly teaching he knew nothing. He had not even been baptized; but, as he happened to fall ill, the father, fearful of losing his services, made a bargain with St. Jerome, whereby it was agreed that if the Saint would save the boy, the boy should thenceforth carry the Saint's name. The invalid *did* recover, and the convalescent was duly registered by the *præmonen* of "Jerome." Such was the religion of Romish "sages" three centuries ago!

When Jerome proceeded to the University, at the age of nineteen, he was one of the most promising of scholars, the most practised of writers, and the most perfect and reckless of gamblers, that Italy had ever seen. Though dissolute, he was studious; and, though suffering from natural infirmity, and from the consequences of intemperance, he never let pain disable him in the pursuit either of wisdom or folly. This shattered shadow of a man was stupendous in vice, yet not without refinement of feelings. He abused health and intellect, and put his trust the while—in St. Martin!

His sire left him portionless, but Jerome was not too proud to live, as long as he could, upon the resources of his mother. His illegitimate birth stood in the way of his advancement; but, after wrestling with ancient prejudice, he wrung some honours from his college, went to starve in provincial towns, as a physician without practice, and lived by the chances of dice, and his own skill in calculating them. Finally, he married a dowerless girl, led thereto by a dream; and with her he looked gaunt famine in the face, till he was weary of the occupation. He then played away all her gay trinkets, lost their very bed, at dice; and at length the pair, with a little son between them, knocked at the gates of the workhouse at Milan, and sat down at the cold hearth thereof, a triad of paupers.

Jerome, determined to conquer fortune, and not looking beyond himself and St. Martin, issued from the poor-house, with a resolution to make himself famous; and he addressed himself at once to the task of making a reality of his resolve. *Qui cæpit dimidium facti habet*; and Jerome *did* become famous, but without ever becoming happy. Relying on himself and the dead man of Tours, was leaning on two bruised reeds. The living

man, however, did all that living energy could do, to secure wealth and felicity. He was permitted to reap some reputation, but of calm content he was ever destitute. St. Martin could not give it to him; and, learned as Jerome was, he appears to have been too ignorant to know at what better source he might successfully apply. Not that he was without allegiance to God; but we perceive in him a divided allegiance,—subserviency to the *beati*, and confidence in his own power and will. And so he struggled on, practising a little, gambling much; now laying hold of the very skirts of Fortune, now making total shipwreck with her; courted by friends of a day, censured for some honest opinions by his Church, and reviled by the members of his own profession, whose ignorance he exposed. He was a college teacher and a healer of men by day, a roysterer amid rude companions and drinkers by night,—destroying force of good precept by power of evil example; yet labouring like a giant, as he saw his family increase around him, and throwing off his *tomes* of erudition with as much facility as he blew the bubbles of sin. Mr. Morley's volumes must be read, in order to comprehend fully the variety in the life of this famous Italian scholar: good and evil, folly and wisdom, every thing but idleness;—even his vices were practised with a fiery activity, as though so to practise were to merit praise;—and then, in the very heat of this mingled career, down came upon him the Angel of Death, snatching from his circle the mother of his children, and leaving him a sadder, yet not a wiser, man. Not wiser:—for in his sorrow he looked for consolation, not where it was to be found, but in a contrary direction; and he forgot his grief, as he best might, by writing panegyrics on two subjects which hardly merit *encomia*; namely, gout, and the Emperor Nero.

Subsequently, he declined two offers, acceptance of either of which might have brought him the fortune which he so much desired. Paul III. made overtures to him to become his physician; and overtures of a similar nature were made by Christian III., King of Denmark. Cardan, however, would not put himself in the power of the Pope, whose respect for a man censured by his Church for over-bold speculations could not be accounted of as very sincere. Jerome declined the service of Denmark for other reasons,—chiefly, that he was too good a Papist to do service to a King who loved Luther better than he did the Sovereign Pontiff. The sage who trusted in St. Martin, dared not trust in the Pope; but he snubbed a Lutheran Monarch for his heterodoxy, and did homage to his own cleverness in having thus evaded what he considered two of the difficulties of his career.

He accordingly fixed himself permanently at Pavia, where he worked so successfully as professor, physician, and author, that his two wild lads and his gentle little girl might have looked to

him for present happiness and future fortune, had he cared to recognise their legal claims to the natural inheritance of children. And yet he loved them, after his fashion. He could look on them for a moment smilingly, kiss their fair brows hurriedly, build aerial castles for them splendidly and uselessly, and then forget them in the themes which almost exclusively occupied his pen and his brains,—themes embracing wide extremes, now treating of the mysteries of the invisible world, now tearing the veil from before the *arcana* of philosophy, and anon theorizing in an idle mood upon the question of dreams, the rappings of spirits, and signs which really had in them little signification.

Struggling through much perplexity, Cardan gradually established for himself such an amount of fame that, in 1552, he was summoned to attend Archbishop Hamilton, of St. Andrew's, who lay grievously ill of consumption and other maladies, in distant Scotland. The physician hesitated long ere he accepted the summons; but a regal fee was offered him, and he saw the ovation which awaited him by the way, and the increase of reputation which must necessarily follow. Burnet alludes to the physician having dabbled a little in magic; and we have read somewhere that a part of Cardan's practice, in this case, was to hang the patient up by the heels, and feed him upon young puppies! Absurd as this is, it is not more so than the practice, or rather, we should say, the estimate, of the case, as confessedly made by Jerome himself:—

“He did not believe, with Cassanate, that the matter finally expectorated had remained in His Grace's brain, as it collected there during the intervals between the attacks. If so, he thought that the operations of the intellect must be impeded, and that the Lord Archbishop would not have had, as he had, the red complexion of a healthy man. He believed that the thin fluid discharged was partly serous humour, partly condensed vapour, which descended from the brain into the lungs, not through the cavity of the windpipe, (for, if so, it would be coughed out during its downward passage,) but through its coats, as water soaks through lime. This thin humour and vapour he supposed to be originally drawn into the brain by the increased rarity of the substance of that organ, caused by undue heat. Heat makes all things rare; and rarefaction in one part of the body, to express the idea roughly, produces suction from another.”

It is wonderful that a man who saw his way so clearly in most medical matters, should have lost himself in such a mist of bombastic nonsense as this. His argument reminds us of that famous gentleman, Monsieur Diafoirus; and his diagnosis is constructed like that of the audacious Sganarelle. Diafoirus, adopting the old doctrine of Erasistratus, informed his patient that he was suffering in the *parenchyma splenica*: “The spleen,” says Diafoirus. “No,” says Argan; “Monsieur Purgon tells me that it is my liver which is affected.” “Of course,” replies

the erudite healer, "when I say *parenchyma*, I mean spleen or liver, I mean both, on account of the intimate connexion between the two,—a sympathy established by means of the *vas breve* of the *pylorus*, or, as is often the case, by the *méats cholidiques*!" "How many grains of salt," asks Argan, "should I put in an egg?" The reply of Diafoirus is precisely in the very spirit of Cardan: "Six, eight, ten, by even numbers. In medicaments we go by the odd numbers." It was such a spirit that Molière loved especially to ridicule; and, when Cardan gave the opinion, above recorded, of the Scottish Archbishop, he was not much worse than Sganarelle accounting for the dumbness of Géronte's daughter by remarking, that "the hinderance to the action of the tongue is caused by certain humours, which, among us learned men, are called 'peccant humours,'—that is to say, *peccant humours*; inasmuch as the vapours caused by the exhalation of influences which arise in the region of maladies—coming—so to speak—do you understand Latin?" "Not a word," says Géronte. "Well," resumes Sganarelle, "*cabricias, arcithuram, cathalamus, singulariter, nominativo, &c.* Coming from the left side—that of the liver—to the right side,—that of the heart,—the lung, having communication with the brain by means of the *vena cava*, meets, in its way, the aforesaid vapours; and, because these vapours have a certain malignity, caused by the acridness of the humours engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm, it happens that these vapours—*ossabandus, nequies, potarinum, quipsa milus*—one sees at once therein the reason why your daughter is dumb." The conclusion here is quite as logically arrived at, as that which Cardan achieved in his case of the unfortunate Prelate of St. Andrew's. Considering that, despite his arguments, the remedy prescribed (in which there was a potential grain of effective common-sense, with a waggon-load of unnecessary superfluity) cured the suffering dignitary, it is a pity that the physician did not adopt some such counsel as was once given by a Chief Baron to a young Barrister going out as Judge to India: "Do not hesitate in deciding quickly, for you will probably be right; but never give reasons for your decision, for these will probably be wrong." In the latter case, this was not bad counsel; for the reasons given at leisure have seldom any reference to the acts born of spontaneous impulse. But to return to Jerome Cardan.

Cardan, as we have said, cured the Prelate temporarily; marrying, perhaps, the effect of his treatment by a prediction, speedily realized, that the Archbishop would suffer death by the gibbet. He tarried in London for a season, saw and loved our marvellous young King, Edward VI., and took with him from Dover, as a *memento* of England, a fatherless Kentish boy, whom he offered to adopt, but of whom he grew weary; and, being unable to get

rid of him in any other way, apprenticed him to a tailor, and so broke his proud heart.

Cardan was now the foremost man of all his time among scholars and medical Professors. His life was not of the most exemplary sort, nevertheless; but he was more at his ease, and was, indeed, boasting that he had, by his skill and zeal, achieved all the felicity which man could attain to, when the lightning from Heaven cast him prostrate for ever.

His favourite son, Gianbattista, had married, against his father's will, and against all chance of happiness; for the young wife was unworthy before marriage, and became unfaithful after it. The issue born could not bring peace to the distracted household; and the young husband, a physician of promise, the idol of his poor father, was so wounded in his honour, that he became blind to all principle, and, in a fit,—not, indeed, of sudden, but of uncontrollable and long-nursed, rage,—he slew the wife whom he had sworn to cherish. Upon the trial which ensued, Cardan appeared as the advocate of his guilty child. His defence is appalling for its intensity,—intensity of wisdom, cunning, daring, humility, ferocity, meekness, far-sightedness, absurdity,—and of burning, shrieking, terrified, hopeful, overwhelming, paternal love above all. The agony and the effort were both fruitless. Gianbattista suffered death; and the old man, smitten and paralysed in all but the heart, took to that heart Fazio, the offspring of his lost child, and upon him showered love, and bequeathed to him what little fortune he possessed. He finally died at Rome, the pensioner of the Pope, in 1571; having previously, in the final revision of the labour of his life, burnt one hundred and seventy manuscript works, which he considered unprofitable, extracting from them only the passages which he deemed of some value. This was not all his manuscript labour. Of this he left a fair portion in one hundred and eleven volumes, besides one hundred and thirty-one printed works; and, if he had possessed prudence equal to his industry, how much more pleasant would have been the moral attached to his history!

Having thus given a brief sketch of the character and career of this once famous philosopher, whom Mr. Morley has again raised upon a pedestal, we will proceed to recapitulate, as briefly as we may, the nature of what he taught, and examine the value of the instruction given.

First, he was seriously great upon the mystery of gambling. In his works he reduced, or raised, "play" to a science. He adapted Mathematics to a calculation of its chances, and advised his readers never to play for nothing,—which would involve lost time, if they happened to win; and would be no relaxation to the mind weary with study, because it would give it nothing sufficiently powerful for it to dwell upon. To "play" before



children, he set down as evil; and yet constantly practised it. For a physician to gamble at all was, he said, to sacrifice his dignity; and yet he, being a physician, of such dignity made daily sacrifice!

Cardan being a professed and skilful gamester, there is little room for wonder that he believed in Cheiromancy, and wrote a work thereon, with an earnestness as if he fancied that the safety of the universe rested upon his deductions. The ancients avowed that each finger of the hand was under the tutelage of a god: Cardan asserted that each was under the influence of a planet; and prodigious was the folly which he displayed upon the basis of such conceit. The very mysteries which are veiled even from the Angel of Death, until his mission is delivered to him from a superior Power, Cardan affirmed he could read in the lines of the hand. He was, of course, often in error; but, in that case, the false prophet lacked the common-sense that might enable him to see that his theory was baseless. He blamed the hand, or the event, which fell out contrary to the vaticination; but he never supposed it possible, that it was not given him to read the one, or to prejudge the other.

His book on Cheiromancy displays his boldness; and it was because of such courage that he composed his more useful work on the pleasant, yet profitable, theme of "The Differing of Doctors." In this book he had the audacity to denounce no less than seventy-two errors in the prevailing practice of physicians. Among such errors were the total denial of wine to the sick; the allowing people smitten with fever to eat flesh, and the refusing them fish; the idea that a panacea existed, and that all diseases might be quelled by one method of cure; and that bleeding was never to be resorted to in cases of acute inflammatory pain.

A wasp in a bee-hive would receive about as much welcome as Cardan received from his fellow-physicians, when he appeared among them, after the publication of a work which denounced their stupendous ignorance. He urged that to do nothing with physic was preferable to doing too much, and that no man should set his hand to a prescription without thinking twice. The universal medical world raised its voice, and shouted, "Sacrilege!" Because the author could not boast of an extensive *clientèle*, it was authoritatively declared that he could not possibly know any thing about the matter,—he who had spent years in watching the practice of other physicians, and had discovered its absurdity! Had taciturnity been allowed to wait upon discernment, they would have visited their colleague with only silent contempt; but as he fearlessly denounced what he knew to be error, they treated him as an *ignoramus*,—slowly adopted his ideas, and, claiming originality as their own merit, denied it to the man but for whose light they would all have been slaying by chance—

medley, as they had been accustomed to do before conviction descended upon their minds.

Cardan himself was far behind the truth in some portions of his own system; but, compared with his fellows, he was, no doubt, a great physician. It is equally due to him to say, that, as an algebraist, he had few equals, and perhaps not above one superior. He loved the pursuit of mathematical inquiries; and, like a man anxious for truth, he loved, still more profoundly, researches as to that divinity's dwelling-place; hence his book on the "Arcana of Eternity." This work was never published, for the simple reason that the Church forbade its publication. Cardan obeyed; but he used to look at his manuscript, and murmuringly maintain, that it taught truth, although the Church may have been right in its infallibility, in pronouncing that the development of truth was not at all times expedient. His obedience was so complete, that conjecture is defied as to the arguments of the work. We only know the subjects treated of in each chapter; and we confess that our curiosity is greatly stimulated, when we are told of one, that it was "On the Existence of some Truth in all Falsehood, and of some Falsehood in all Truth." A man so boldly original as Cardan was, doubtless would have made a piquant paper under such a title. His own Church constantly impressed upon him that all other Churches were false, and that of Rome alone was true. Thereupon he probably examined how Truth might be found, where Falsehood was said to dwell; and Falsehood exist, where Truth was asserted to have been enthroned. No wonder the Church silenced him, as it did other bold and original thinkers.

Shut out from the consideration of speculative matters, as connected with religion, Cardan addressed himself to the dry study of numbers and their powers. His "*Practica Arithmetica*" was published in 1539, and it at once established Cardan as the "Cocker" and "Bonnycastle" combined, of entire Europe. The book was verbose and stilted, and in many parts obscure. It aimed at too much, for it included calculations of Astrology; but it was unexceptionable in its purely arithmetical teachings, and it first established our old friend, "the rule of three, that puzzles me," as the *clavis mercatorum*, or "key of commerce." The dunces attacked the author; but such assaults annoyed him less than the anxiety which he felt for the commercial success of his works. Disappointment on this matter, and on others of more importance, drove him to seek for consolation. He then wrote on the subject of his search; and in a superb spirit of Christian philosophy, and a very rough one of Latinity, did he compose a treatise which was the admiration of England even as late as two centuries ago, when it appeared in a translation, which concludes with the following fanciful passage:—

"This worldly stage was purposely prepared that God the Father might secretly behold us. Such foolish children, then, as, in his sight, wantonly, slothfully, and seditiously live, should they not think he doth behold them? Whensoever, therefore, thou hast taken that last leave of life, thy soul, like unto a lover embracing his death, shall enjoy that sweetness and security which we can neither write of nor conceive. For since these worldly lovers (amongst whom be many mislikings without assurance or eternity) can scarcely express their joys in love, happy, yea, thrice happy, is this heavenly lover, who, forgetting all others, with his one Love is united. For within this kingdom he loveth and liveth within the sight of Him that can do all things, and therefore, like a good son to his father, is ever ready to do his pleasure."

If there be something lacking here, it must be remembered that Cardan wrote ever in fear, slavish fear, of his Church; and that he wrote, moreover, when treating of religion, in a spirit which he hoped would not give offence, although it did not fully express his own convictions. Erasmus was something like him in this respect; but the Italian was a grave, and the Hollander was a jovial, man. Each had misgivings as to the corruptions of a Church from which neither would separate himself. In presence of the figure which, in Cardan's "mind's eye," represented that same Church, the physician stood in an attitude of respect and fear. Not so the Dutch writer of graphic Colloquies; not so the mocking satirist, who has portrayed the pilgrimage to Walsingham. He doffed his bonnet before no such figure. On the contrary, he smote it rudely, toppled it over, rolled it in the dirt, kicked it, defiled it, and then, setting it up again, muttered a "*Meá culpá, meá maximá culpá*," and declared it was all done in jest.

The truth is, that the superabundant spirit of which Erasmus got rid, by giving it vent through hilarious colloquies and epistolary satires, Cardan let off through issues more germane to his character,—in treatises on the "Great Art," as he justly calls it, "of Algebra." Both philosophers made themselves respectively famous in their several pursuits,—Erasmus in the lively, Cardan in the severe.

But the work of the latter on Algebra brought down as great an avalanche of reproach upon the head of its author, as ever descended on that of Erasmus for his diatribes, and hints, and innuendoes against the Monks. No one ever doubted the vast importance of Cardan's conclusions. No one ever denied that he rendered the "great art" what it had never before been,—an intelligible art; one, in short, that would be no longer the despair of all save the heads of the strongest thinkers. The doubt is, whether Cardan was really the original expositor of the method for which he claimed originality. His fierce quarrels with competitors for the honour of discovery are matters of notoriety; but there is abundant proof that Jerome profited—

as, indeed, he had a right to do—by the labours of his predecessors and contemporaries. What he had less right to do, was, to pass such labours over, without acknowledging that he had profited by them. The accusation of plagiarism was most ably sustained against him, many years since, in the old "Retrospective Review." Our impression, after reading that article, was, that its conclusions could not be gainsaid; and the impression is re-confirmed by the present biography of Cardan, despite the author's bias for his undoubtedly clever, but somewhat unscrupulous, hero.

The fifty-three works of which Cardan was now the author would hardly have given him a world-wide reputation. *That* was secured for him by the printing of his volume on the "Great Art,"—a volume by which he had advanced the science of Algebra far beyond the position it had previously held. Henceforth he was not to be in the humiliating condition of an applicant to publishers, but in the prouder one of being *applied to* by those august potentates.

He was their "hack," notwithstanding; and, indeed, he loved the labour required; and on no pursuit was that labour spent with more alacrity, than upon astrological works, the casting of horoscopes, and the calculating of nativities. His astrological speculations were his intense delight; and he was not at all inclined to disbelieve the science from the somewhat startling fact, that all his prophecies founded on his star-gazing turned out failures.

His books now began to fall about the ears of the world "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa." Some are marked by a prodigious folly; but he apologized for them by asserting that, in his idle moments, he could not let his mind lie fallow, and that he wrote as much for the fire as the press. He compensated for such follies, as he thought, by producing his "Five Books on Wisdom;" and they are books which show how sorrily even a philosopher may argue from false premises. They nevertheless prove him to be a man in advance of his time. They are popular treatises on serious subjects; and they are written, unlike many works of the same period, as though the author not only desired to be understood, but was capable of making himself comprehended with facility.

It was characteristic of such a man, that, turning from heavenly wisdom, and the study of the language of the stars, he should find rest for his over-trained mind in writing a burlesque sketch of the philosophy of victuals. There is as much difference between the two extremes as between the moral "Essays" of Pope, and the villanous farce which he wrote in companionship with Arbuthnot and Gay. There was not only philosophy, but satire, in the work. In his *encomia* upon gout and the Emperor Nero, there was less of satire than of ingenuity. Gout was the

most tormenting of ills, to Cardan's thinking, and Nero the most reprobate of men; and it amused the author's darkened hours, to prove the pains of one imaginary, and the vices of the other unreal. Really learned men may be permitted to indulge occasionally in such pursuits. The Archbishop of Dublin has pleasantly condescended to such playfulness in his well-known pamphlet, full of playful logic, which so laughably demonstrates, to the satisfaction of Strauss, that Napoleon was a myth. We may add, however, that there are few things so dangerous to the health of the brain, as over-indulgence in imaginary projects, and in trying, even sportively, to prove logically what is not positively or demonstrably true. Many a fine intellect has made shipwreck in this way, irrevocably plunging into the abyss, around which it had playfully wandered.

Mr. Morley thinks that, if there were weaknesses abounding in the works of Cardan, there were also abounding "suggestions of his strength." These he finds in the aphorisms scattered about his volumes. We will quote a few of these, less because of their truth,—for some lack verity, and therefore do not suggest "strength" in the author,—than for their originality, and for the agreeable way in which Cardan could deliver his "didactics" to the people.

"To a man saying, 'I pity you,' I replied, 'You have no right to do so.'"

The fierceness of the spirit of Cardan is in this aphorism; and Mr. Morley is not far in error when he says, "It wrongs humanity." He is less correct in his criticism when he applies the same sweeping condemnation to the next aphorism.

"I told a youth whom I was warning against evil company, 'I can show you many an apple that has become rotten through lying with others in a heap; but I can show you no heap that has made a rotten apple sound again.'"

Cardan's experience of humanity and of society fully authorized him to enunciate the above aphorism. In *his* day there was safety, for those who would be pure of heart, in solitude only. But, to write in praise of solitude *after* the Reformation had become a long-established fact, as Zimmermann did, was to eulogize bows and arrows in the days of gunpowder and howitzers. Had Cardan lived more out of the society which surrounded him, he would not have become tainted with its vices. Had Zimmermann associated more with his fellow-men, he, too, would have profited. He would not have been his own and his children's tyrant,—hateful to himself and to them.

Of the other aphorisms of Cardan, so characteristic of the morbid feelings out of which they sprang, the following may be cited as clever,—"*wisely thought, as well as shrewdly uttered.*"

"I said to a servant from whom I parted, 'You please me, but I do n't please you; therefore I am obliged to leave you.'"

"Better omit a hundred things that should be said, than say any one thing that ought to be omitted."

"If you were without money, children, friends, and had the other gifts of life, you could be happy. Wanting those and these also, there would remain to you few days for sorrow."

"The vulgar admire knowledge that comes of experience: the knowledge valued by the learned is that which is obtained by reasoning from the effect up to the cause."

"When you mean to wash, first see that you have a towel handy;" an aphorism which, however homely of expression, has in it, perhaps, as much true wisdom, as the three which precede it, put together.

Cardan, though a voluminous author, rested his own fame upon five of his works. These were his *Treatises on Arithmetic and Algebra*; his *Essay on Astrology*; his volume on *Music*, with another on *Physiognomy*; and the *Lectures* which he published under the title of "*Commentaries on Hippocrates*." We suspect, however, that he held in as great esteem as any of these his "*Book of Precepts*," composed for the guidance of his children. This book is so highly characteristic of the writer, that we might be satisfied to quote from it alone, in order to show the singular constitution of his mind.

He bids them hold God in reverence; to thank him daily, *if they can*; to turn to him with their spirit free from vice, and their body from grossness; and never to beg from him what they can do of themselves. He never impresses it upon them to heed the teaching of his Church, for he himself evidently mistrusted it; but, independent examination having been unaccompanied by the requisite courage, he says to his children, "Do not labour at interpretations of the sacred page; for they are manifold; and there is danger in that work."

"They are manifold." He differed from, while he adhered to, his Church's interpretation. "There is danger" in searching the Scriptures. None knew it better than he; for he had stood on the threshold of the Inquisition for occupation as innocent.

He silently trusted in God,—and Time; but he placed no trust in Princes, though timidity is shown in the precept, "Do not resist Princes, or men in great power, or the populace, even though you are on the side of justice." He warns them, too, against implicitly believing in either dreams or spirits revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon; but he adds such comments, displaying his belief in both, that the precept must have been as useful to them as when he bade them "prefer water to wine," they always witnessing the value of the precept belied by his example.

His domestic precepts occasionally take an odd turn; as, for instance, "Love children, honour brothers; parents, and every



member of the family, love, or turn out of doors." The latter portion of the precept has a very Hindoo tone about it; and it reminds us of those children by the Ganges, who, finding their parents burdensome, and having no command, known to *them*, to honour father and mother, without limit as to tribute or to time, take their sires down to the banks of the swelling river, and, stuffing their mouths with holy mud, leave them there to perish.

"Never irritate a wife, but give her counsel," is a precept which will cause the author of it to be considered with favour by the mistresses of households. The maxim, moreover, is a sound one; and a succeeding one is, perhaps, as sound, which says, "Children chiefly follow the nature and constitution of their mother." With regard to fathers, the precept, no doubt, had a reflex application, when he said, "Never complain of a father who has left his children poor, if he has left them victuals and the knowledge of a trade."

There is something of the spirit of Rochefoucauld, rather than of Bruyère, in the assertion that, "deeds are masculine, and words are feminine; letters are of the neuter gender." "Take care that you are better than you seem,"—appears to explain another precept, which says, "Be the best friends among yourselves; but, before others, quarrel:" and it must have been with a dire pang at his own heart, that he wrote down, for the instruction of his children, the self-condemning sentence,—*"Whoever calls you 'gambler,' calls you a sink of vices."*

Like Archimedes, who could go on making complex calculations in a town which the enemy was burning, Cardan could calmly write upon the most abstruse subject, while his country was agitated by civil dissensions, and devastated by foreign invaders. The philosophy, for which he is praised on this score, looks to us very like apathy,—the philosophy of the Porch, not of the patriot. He had little to lose, and might reckon upon safety in any contingency. When living Italians see a dead brother carried by them to the grave, they shrug their shoulders, and exclaim, "*Salut' a noi!*" Some such selfish sentiment was ever in the mind of our physician, as he sat in his study, amid a widely-differing humanity. Amid much of this differing, he composed his thirteen books on Metoposcopy, or the application of Astrology to the lines in the forehead, whereby he affected to be able to divine the secrets of the future. His work on "*Subtlety and the Variety of Things*" exhibits the author in a strange vein of natural philosophy. He deals with, and accounts for, many things; but his theory with respect to the formation of mountains will serve to give a taste of its quality:—

"Their origin is threefold. Either the earth swells, being agitated by frequent movements, and gives birth to mountains, as to pimples rising from a body; or the soil is heaped up by the winds, which is

often the case in Africa; or, what is most natural and common, they are the stones left after the material of the earth has been washed away by running water; for the water of a stream descends into the valley, and the stony mountain itself rises from the valley; whence it happens that all mountains are, more or less, made of stones. Their height above the surrounding soil is because the fields are daily eaten down by the rains, and the earth itself decays; but stones, besides that they do *not* decay, also for the most part grow."

On this Mr. Morley naturally remarks, that "the notion that earth taken from stone leaves mountain,—that a Salisbury Plain would be Mount Salisbury, if all the earth were taken out of it, and only the stones left,—was so far curious; but as it was the orthodox belief, it passed into Cardan's mind, with other sciences of the same kind, as learning that was not to be disturbed. He had no taste at all for revolutionary work, except in Medicine. In Mathematics he was left with his face in the right direction, and he made a great and real advance: in the Natural Sciences he was placed, by his learning, commonly with his face turned in the wrong direction; and he went on into Metoposcopy and other nonsense." A sample of such nonsense is afforded us in the dogmatic assertion of Cardan, that the earth was higher than the sea, for the simple reason that it was held up by the stars! It was for another philosopher to go nearer to the truth, when he demonstrated that the sea was held up by planetary influences, and that of such attraction were born the tides.

The work on "Subtlety" drew upon its author a vigorous, but not a very successful, onslaught, made by the celebrated Julius Scaliger. The philosophic Julius corrected the errors of Cardan, after very much the same fashion as that of the Hibernian editor, who, having one day announced in his paper that "Her Grace the Duke" had transacted some very unimportant business, corrected the announcement the next day, by affirming that he had meant to say, "*His* Grace the Duchess." So Cardan, being wrong, was not amended in his erring ways by his more conceited opponent.

As Cardan accounted for most things by tracing their origin to starry influences, so Kant, it will be remembered, (but this rather in his old age, when mental decay was allied to the weakness of theory,) accounted for every thing by electricity. When the famous mortality of cats prevailed in cities widely remote throughout Europe, an electric cause for such an epizootic effect was readily found by him, to account for such destruction amongst such electric animals as cats. The configuration of the clouds was ascribed to a similar origin; and when he became too weak to walk, or to pursue an argument, this great philosopher entirely forgot where the sentence is written touching "threescore years and ten," and set his debility down to electricity.

In many other respects were these two philosophers alike.

Their rest was prevented by sleeplessness, or was marred by horrible dreams. The biographer of Cardan tells us, that when that physician was wakeful, he would rise and perambulate his room, counting up to many thousands, in order to render himself sleepy. But his favourite remedy was bear's grease, or an ointment of poplar, externally applied in seventeen places! The biographer says, with sarcastic pleasantry, that it is matter of edification, to figure to ourselves this most eminent physician of three centuries ago, rising weary and wakeful, and groping about in the dark for his little pot of bear's grease, "and then patiently sitting down on the edge of the bed to anoint the top of his head and the soles of his feet, his elbows, his thighs, his heels, his temples, his jugulars, the regions of his heart and liver, and his upper lip, according to the *formula* prescribed; then creeping into bed again, to try the value of his remedy." If he still lay awake, his ever active mind attributed to the commonest passing sounds some terrible mystery and threatening signification; and he who had dared fearlessly to cast the horoscope of Christ, could not, as he lay in the dark, hear the violent slamming of some distant door, without breaking out into a perspiration! And the author of the "Great Art"—a book which is a triumph of reason, in an occupation wherein it is permitted to man to win legitimate triumphs for his reason—could not listen to a passer-by sneezing in the streets, without being smitten "all of a heap," tremblingly wondering how *that* could happen, and fruitlessly inquiring what rich or dread instruction lay in that same poor sneeze! And then he would sleep disturbedly, and dream of demons; but it mattered not of what,—the dreams were the exquisite tormentors of this exquisite sage; and, whether he dreamed of racks or of roses, hot anguish distilled from every pore; so dreadful ever seemed the vision's meaning, and so doubtful the great scholar as to its interpretation.

Thus it was with the great Popish philosopher; nor was it better, three centuries later, with the great metaphysician, the author of the "System of Pure Reason," the mighty Kant! What a poor thing does mere philosophy seem, when they who pursue it forget the substance in trying to tread upon the shadow! Thus the giant Kant, with all his vaunted "reason," was, like Cardan, a very child, and less reasonable than a child, under the pressure of dreams. Nightly the alarum of his bell summoned his servant to his rescue; and ere the latter could fly to help the philosopher so *puissant* in his theories, the latter had wildly rushed from his bed, and was wandering without purpose over the house, terror in his starting eyes, every limb quivering with affright, and every third step marked by a stumble and a scream. Contrast John Wesley, in presence of what he considered the supernatural, with these philosophers of Rome and

reason; and we need not be troubled to find out, to which of the three we owe the tribute of reverence and respect.

Cardan could not account, nor find a cure, for the epidemic fancy of the Nuns in the fifteenth century, who, in all the convents of Europe, were furiously occupied, at a certain hour of the day, in biting one another. In more modern times, the French Nuns took to mewing, like cats, at noon and midnight; and nothing cured these latter, but a coarsely conveyed intimation that, if the mewing continued, the Nuns would be subjected to a very degrading punishment inflicted by soldiers. This had the effect desired. Cardan had too much sympathy with such patients, to attempt to rectify the disorder. He, and Kant after him, were as much shut out from the common world by the absorbing influences of their respective philosophies, as were the Nuns by their peculiar system of life. In such cases, as is remarked by Zimmermann, in his work on "Solitude," "how fondly does fancy then embrace and cherish angelic visions, or infernal phantoms, prodigies, or miracles! or, should its reveries take another direction, with what increasing eagerness and confidence do its hopes hunt after the delusions of Alchemy, the fictions of Philosophy, and the delirium of Metaphysics!" Nothing can well be more applicable to the cases of Cardan and of Kant.

And yet neither of these men lived secluded from the world. They did, however, live secluded from those deep fountains of eternal wisdom, where alone is to be drunk the draught that can slake human thirst. Cardan would only read by the light of Rome; and he pinned his faith upon Astrology, and believed in demons, and read messages in meteors, and saw something supernatural in the most natural and insignificant of actions. Kant would only read by the light of reason; and he, too, was continually tumbling in a quagmire of irrationality, terrified at the very *ignes fatui* in which his beloved reason told him not to believe. It is not to be denied, that Beza and Melancthon were occasionally ready to yield to such influences as those to which Cardan was ever prepared to make surrender unconditionally. But out of these Reformers the old consequences of the old superstition had not been as yet effectively shaken; and, aware of the potentiality of Satan, they were not indisposed to believe that troops of fiends were permitted to assault visibly the defences of man. But this was a passing suspicion, rather than a permanently fixed belief, as in the case of Cardan. It may be asked, "Was not Luther as credulous of daily demons bodily visiting man, as the philosopher of Pavia?" We think not.

Allusion is made to the case of Luther in the "Lettsomian Lectures," just published, by Dr. Forbes Winslow. The able author of these Lectures is the most respectable and trustworthy authority that could be cited, on subjects connected with the deli-

cate question of noble minds overthrown. Dr. Winslow adverts to the observation made by Coleridge, namely, that the hallucinations of Luther might possibly have been the result of physical causes. The ex-Monk's pristine vigour of intellect and body had been undermined, Coleridge supposes, by the unremitting activity, labour, and sedentary mode of life, observed by him when lying *perdu* in the Warzburg, under the pseudonym of "Junker Georg." Dr. Winslow remarks that "Luther suffered from many of the most distressing effects of indigestion; so much so, that his friend Melancthon urged him to consult the physicians of Erfurth. He did so," adds Dr. Winslow, "and for a time regained his health: he soon, however, relapsed into his former habit." Coleridge says, it is evident from his letters, that Luther suffered from great irritability of the nervous system, the common effect of deranged digestion, in men of sedentary habits, who are at the same time intense thinkers; and this irritability, added to a revivification of the impressions made upon him in early life, and fostered by the theological system of his manhood, is abundantly sufficient to explain all his apparitions, and all his nightly combats with evil spirits. "I see nothing," says Coleridge, "I see nothing improbable, that, in one of those unconscious half-sleeps, or rather those rapid alternations of the sleeping with the half-waking state, which are the 'true witching time,'—

—'the season

Wherein the spirits hold their wont to talk,'—

the fruitful *matrix* of ghosts,—that in one of those moments of slumber, into which the suspension of all thought, in the perplexity of deep thinking, so often passes, Luther should have had a full view of the room in which he was sitting at his writing-table, and, at the same time, a brain-image of the devil, vivid enough to have acquired an apparent *outness*, and a distance regulated by the proportion of its distinctness to that of the objects really impressed upon the outward senses."

As for Calvin, a steady perusal of his *Life*, as written by Paul Henry, the Seminary-Inspector in Berlin, will suffice to show that he had a thorough contempt for all ideas of presentiment and mysticism, as Cardan understood them. Calvin, further, wrote as stoutly against Astrology as Cardan in its favour. To interpret the twinkling messengers that stud the sky, was to invest man with immense power; and Cardan was not unambitious of being thus potential. Calvin, on the other hand, protested against such messengers, as bearing any message but that of the imperishable glory and greatness of their Creator; and he protested against the pseudo-interpreters who affected to discern any meaning in them beyond this: "The only true Astrology, and the only unassailable system of Astronomy," said the great

leader at Geneva, "is the knowledge of heaven." Such knowledge was doubtless superior to any system of Astrology or Astronomy then taught; but we may add, that even Calvin was not aware, that at that very time Copernicus had so developed the astronomical system, as to render a knowledge thereof a labour of love to many, who discovered that, as they imbibed the fresh great truths, they drew in therewith fresh increase of admiration and of love for Him who is the Lord of heaven and of earth, who "stretcheth out the north, even the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing."

Want of space precludes the possibility of our pursuing further a contrast between the philosophers and the Christians of former days,—between the former, who, like Cardan, only saw in the stars means whereby to foretell pains or pleasures to their fellows; and the latter, who, like Calvin, taught that the stars might be left to themselves, and that man's ideas were to rest only upon the throne beyond them. We may be permitted to notice, however, in addition to what has been said in this imperfect and rapid sketch, that the old spirit of controversy, with the stars for a subject, is still vital and active. The author of the book "*Of the Plurality of Worlds*," will allow of no "Lord of creation," save here in his palace of earth; but even this new philosopher concedes that there may be a pulpy, watery, boneless being in Jupiter, and, for aught he knows, a species of flinty man in Mars. Sir David Brewster, on the other hand, argues, more philosophically and far more logically, in support of the doctrine that the "many mansions" in the boundless skies are duly inhabited. A greater philosopher and a truer expounder of divine subjects than either has thus briefly and beautifully *determined* where others are still disputing:—

"Shall we say of these vast luminaries," (asks Dr. Chalmers, in his "*Astronomical Sermons*,") "that they were created in vain? Were they called into existence for no other purpose, than to throw a little of useless splendour over the solitudes of immensity? Our sun is only one of these luminaries; and we know that he has worlds in his train. Why should we strip the rest of this princely attendance? Why may not each of them be the centre of his own system, and give light to his own worlds? It is true that we see them not; but, could the eye of man take its flight into those distant regions, it should lose sight of our little world, before it reached the outer limits of our system,—the greater planets should disappear in their turn, before it had described a small portion of the abyss which separates us from the fixed stars,—the sun should decline into a little spot, and all its splendid retinue of worlds be lost in the obscurity of distance: he should at last shrink into a small, indivisible atom, and all that could be seen of this magnificent system, should be reduced to the glimmering of a little star. Why resist any longer the grand and interesting conclusion? Each of these stars may be the token of a system as vast and as splendid as the one which we inhabit. Worlds roll in these distant regions; and



these worlds must be the mansions of life and of intelligence. In yon gilded canopy of heaven we see the broad aspect of the universe, where each shining point presents us with a sun, and each sun with a system of worlds; where the Divinity reigns in all the grandeur of his attributes; where he peoples immensity with his wonders, and travels, in the greatness of his strength, through the dominions of one vast and unlimited monarchy."

When Cardan dwelt upon the nature and uses of the stars, he was unable either to speak like Calvin, to determine like Chalmers, or to conjecture like Brewster. But Cardan, slave as he was of superstition, was yet not a scorner,—of whom Solomon says, "He shall seek wisdom, and find it not." Cardan, therefore, when he studied the heavens, the stars, and their light, gave at least a correct reason for the twinkling of the fixed stars; though he floundered about in a quagmire of hypothesis, when he came to treat of the composition of the stars, the soul of the universe, comets, *parhelia*, rainbows, &c. His alacrity for conjecture was immense; but it would have seemed impiety to him, to suppose that the earth was not the centre of the universe, or that intellectual beings dwelt in those distant mansions which sparkle in the sky. Indeed, a century elapsed before a man was found sufficiently bold, or sufficiently humble, to maintain that the earth was not the sole habitable world in the universe. Cardan, in his time, thought that there was no other planet habitable, but that wherein is the present home of man: and the author of "The Plurality of Worlds" agrees, in 1854, with the Italian physician. Fontenelle and Huygens wrote against such conclusions nearly two centuries ago; and the two Herschels and Arago went even further, believing that the sun itself may be habitable,—a belief, for expressing something like which, towards the end of the last century, Dr. Elliot was, in a court of justice, solemnly declared to be insane.

But, leaving the question whether the stars be lamps of the distant city of the Lord, ships of flame upon a stormless ocean, or shining tents, keeping their appointed stations on the plain, it is not by his decision, on this or on any one question, that judgment can be given on the character of Cardan. To do this, we must not only peruse his biography, but study his works. The result of such a course will be, to show us a man more highly gifted, with regard to intellectual endowment, than most of his fellow-men, and yet abusing the superhuman gift. He might have been the reformer of the debasing superstition of Italy, only that he lacked courage to speak as he thought against the Church of Rome. He might have been the reformer of the fiendish immorality of his time and country, but that, although he saw clearly what was right, he followed blindly what was wrong, and felt safe under the assurance that an "*Absolvo te*," purchased from a Priest, would satisfactorily balance his account

with Heaven. Finally, if he were too weak to leave an example, he might have been prudent enough to leave an inheritance of worldly goods, to his family; whereas he had little to bequeath, save what the gaming-table had spared. The Church of Rome was proud of him, for no other reason than that he submitted all his opinions to her correction. Whether his life was well-regulated, or not, was far less to the purpose. The pagan founder of the Cyrenaics was more consistent than the Popish philosopher; for Aristippus not only indulged in Epicurean voluptuousness, but wrote a book in support of his acts. Cardan, on the other hand, knowing the law of God and the law of nature, violated each, while he exhorted to the observation of both. His precept was unexceptionable, his example execrable; and, accordingly, stupendous as was his intellect, he achieved little that entitles him to a place in the grateful memories of Christian men, who readily discern that he was one of those who, not having secured the truth which he acknowledged, by the habit of his life, was an unsafe guide both for himself and others. The Rev. T. Lynch, Minister of Grafton-Street Chapel, Tottenham-Court-Road, says, in his "*Memorials of Theophilus Trinal, Student*,"—a student of whom Highbury College may well be proud,—that, "if you carry a candle with you in the open air, you have to cover the flame with your hand, and to keep your eye upon it; any air may blow it out: but a lamp is safe from the wind; and if you carry it, your eye is left free. Truth which you only acknowledge, and have not secured by the habit of your life, is like the flame of the candle: you wish the aid of its light to guide you when out in dark places in the world, but, in order to shield it, you have so to look to it, that you cannot see by it. Any wind of opposing influence may extinguish it. Put your thought into a habit, and, instead of a flaring candle, you will have a steady lamp." If Cardan, the great scholar, had only possessed this "student's" philosophy, or had he but owned the Christian's lamp, instead of Reason's candle, he would have been more useful to his kind, when living, and more honoured by them, when dead. Cardan is a medal for a collector; but he is not a coin to pass among men, and scatter profit as he passes.

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- ART. V.—1. *History of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* By NATHAN BANGS, D.D. New York, 1845.  
 2. *History of the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* By ROBERT EMORY. New York, 1845.  
 3. *Memorials of the Introduction of Methodism into the Eastern States.* By the REV. A. STEVENS, A.M. Boston, 1848.  
 4. *Compendium of Methodism, embracing the History and*

- present Condition of its various Branches in all Countries. By JAMES PORTER, A.M. Boston, 1853.
5. *Sinfulness of American Slavery.* By CHARLES ELLIOTT, D.D. In Two Volumes. Cincinnati, 1850.
  6. *Minutes of Conference for the Years 1844, 1848, 1852.*
  7. *Census of the United States: published by Authority.* 1853.
  8. *Religion in the United States: or, An Account of the Origin, Progress, Relations to the State, and present Condition, of the Evangelical Churches in the United States: with Notices of the Unevangelical Denominations.* By the REV. ROBERT BAIRD. Glasgow and Edinburgh: Blackie and Son. 1844.
  9. *Methodism in America: with the Personal Narrative of the Author, during a Tour through a Part of the United States and Canada.* By JAMES DIXON, D.D. Second Edition. London: Mason. 1849.

RELIGION is a power which necessarily modifies, more than any other, the condition of society and of states. No sound philosophical, or even accurate political, view of a people can be arrived at, without the consideration of its spiritual and ecclesiastical condition. The evasion of this element, and, still worse, its misapprehension, must lead to perfectly inadequate or mistaken conclusions. This is especially true in the case of America. As no people on earth are more indebted to religion, for whatever is valuable and noble amongst them, than the Americans; so no people have their manners and institutions, to an equal degree, affected by its teaching and influence.

Historically, we may discern, during the infancy of the Colonies, four separate centres of such influence. To these we purpose, for the sake of distinctness, to give "a local habitation and a name." They are found in Virginia, in New England, in Pennsylvania, and in Maryland. We shall be pardoned for entering at some length into the consideration of the spiritual elements first found amongst the original Colonists, since so much of the present type and character of American institutions, religious or otherwise, has resulted therefrom. Each of the several points or centres referred to was different from the rest; each contributed its own share to the formation of what we now see; and the seed cast at first into the social soil gives fruit to this day.

The Colony of VIRGINIA was first in the order of time, and took a specific moral form from the circumstances attending its settlement. It had a sort of aristocratic and Church-of-England beginning, under the auspices of James I. This Monarch granted a Royal Charter to a Company of London merchants and gentlemen, for the settlement of the country; reserving to himself the nomination to all offices in the Colony, and the regulation of all financial, administrative, and judicial matters. In a short time, a second Charter was granted, in

which the kingly prerogative was superseded by the establishment of a corporate body possessed of absolute sovereignty. In this Corporation were found the names of men of the highest distinction and influence;—Lord Delaware receiving the appointment of Governor and Captain-General for life.

But, previously to this arrangement, and connected with the first expedition, we discern a man, the exact type of the spirit in which the whole scheme was conceived,—a true cavalier of the old and finest school of Englishmen. We mean the famous Captain Smith. This heroic man, who had fought, when young, for the cause of liberty and humanity in the Low Countries;—who had traversed Italy and France in quest of knightly adventures;—who had encountered the followers of Mahomet on the borders of Hungary, where “he distinguished himself by the bravest feats of arms, in sight of Christians and infidels, engaging fearlessly, and always successfully, in single combat with the Turks;”—who, at length, carried wounded to the Crimea, into slavery, amidst half-savage hordes, had risen against his task-master, “whom he slew in the struggle,” mounted a horse, “and through forest-paths escaped from thralldom to the confines of Russia;”—who, on his way homeward, hearing of civil wars in Africa, had “hastened in search of martial dangers to the realms of Morocco;”—was at length seized with the enthusiasm for planting states in America, which, says Bancroft, “his mind did not so much share as appropriate to itself;” and was destined to be long the presiding genius, and, in fact, the saviour, of the Colony.

Smith had been hated and proscribed on account of his mental superiority; and two Governors—Wingfield and Ratcliffe—had managed to ruin the Colony, before he attained to any position of influence. But, at length, the necessities of the case obliged the people to call upon him for help, as it was impossible to communicate with England; and he became, *ipso facto*, the Governor of the Colony. His energy and enterprise soon produced an entire change; and, on the next arrival of emigrants, the infant community was found in comparative prosperity. His previous captivity among the Indians, with whom his heroic conduct and conciliatory manners, joined to the intercession of the Indian girl Pocahontas, gained him life and freedom, is well known. He had, in the difficulties of his countrymen, sagacity and influence sufficient to induce the Indian Chief to afford them assistance in their exigencies; thus showing the preponderance of his genius amongst the savages, as well as amongst his own countrymen.

The character of this Virginian enterprise will be seen, if we advert, for a moment, to the composition of the first expeditions. The earlier of these voyages took place in 1606: three vessels were employed to carry out the emigrants and stores, the

largest not being more than one hundred tons' burden. One hundred and five emigrants constituted the entire expedition. Amongst these were only twelve labourers, four carpenters, and a few mechanics of other crafts; whilst the rest were "gentlemen" of various grades. The second expedition consisted of one hundred and twenty. "Yet the joy in Virginia on their arrival was of short continuance; for the new-comers were chiefly vagabond gentlemen and goldsmiths, who, in spite of the remonstrances of Smith, gave a wrong direction to the industry of the Colony. They believed they had discovered grains of gold in a glittering earth which abounded near Jamestown; and there was now no talk, no hope, no work, but gold,—wash gold, refine gold, load gold!" And Newport, the Admiral, "believed himself immeasurably rich, as he embarked for England with a freight of worthless earth." After another importation of emigrants, consisting of seventy, Smith wrote, "When you send again, I entreat you, rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers up of trees' roots, well provided, than a thousand such as we have." Yet, "after the departure of the ships, Smith employed his authority to enforce industry. Six hours in the day were spent in work; the rest might be given to pastime. The 'gentlemen' had been taught the use of the axe, and had become accomplished wood-cutters; and Jamestown assumed the appearance of a regular place of abode."

Interesting details might be given respecting Smith, the administration of Lord Delaware, and other matters; but our references are sufficient to show the nature of the Settlement of Virginia. The staple of the population consisted of "gentlemen," though, as we have seen, the fortunes of many of them were in a state of sad dilapidation. There is no appearance of the Puritan class amongst these early emigrants, no note of dissent or ecclesiastical insubordination, no attempt to establish the Genevan platform, and with it the enfranchisement and independence of the incipient body politic. But the people were not without religious ordinances. "The Episcopal Church, coeval in Virginia with the settlement of Jamestown, was, like the infant Commonwealth, subject to military rule; (martial law having been established by Sir Thomas Dale;) and though conformity was not strictly enforced, yet courts-martial had authority to punish indifference with stripes, and infidelity with death. The introduction of this arbitrary system excited no indignation in the Colonists, who had never obtained any franchises, and no surprise in the adventurers in England, who regarded the Virginians as the garrison of a distant citadel, more than as citizens and freemen." Yet the religious sentiment had its place amongst them. They say to the people of England, when the Colony was in a state bordering on dissolution, "The arm of

the Lord of hosts, who would have his people pass the Red Sea and the Wilderness, and then possess the Land of Canaan, doubt not, will raise our State, and build his Church in this excellent climate."

In 1620, that is, fourteen years after the settlement of the Colony, Slavery was introduced. But, previously to this time, the English had taken part in the nefarious traffic. Sir John Hawkins, one of the heroes of England against the Spanish Armada, was the first to engage in it; and, strange to say, Queen Elizabeth embarked, as a private speculator, in the same pursuit. Hawkins "had fraudulently transported a large cargo of Africans to Hispaniola; the rich returns of sugar, ginger, and pearls, attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth; and, when a new expedition was prepared, she was induced, not only to protect, but to share, the traffic. . . . The leader in these expeditions was not merely a man of courage; in all other emergencies, he knew how to pity the unfortunate, even when they were not his countrymen, and to relieve their wants with cheerful liberality. Yet the commerce, on the part of the English, in the Spanish ports, was by the laws of Spain illicit, as well as by the laws of morals detestable; and, when the Sovereign of England participated in its hazards, its profits, and its crimes, she became at once a smuggler and a slave-merchant." In the month of August of the above year, "a Dutch man-of-war entered James River, and landed twenty Negroes for sale." This was the beginning of Slavery in the British plantations.

In the settlement of Virginia we discover three separate, but prominent, elements of society, which, as we believe, have not yet lost their force:—Church-of-England religion, which, when Puritanism appeared, enacted that all "*needless novelties*" in the forms of worship should be disallowed; the introduction and establishment of the system of Slavery; and then the predominance of a pseudo-aristocracy, or, as they are called in the documents, a "gentleman" class. The one element, the Church-of-Englandism, has been much neutralized in recent times; but the other two remain to the present day.

The "gentlemen" of Virginia were the progenitors of the southern planters and slaveholders of the present time; and they retain the consciousness and pride of their origin. There is a marked difference betwixt the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers of the North, who have received from their ancestors the democratic doctrines of Puritanism; and these "gentlemen" of the South, who, by the aid of large landed estates, peopled and cultivated by slaves, have been enabled to preserve, in the midst of the great Republic, a real aristocracy. Nothing is so common as for Americans to speak in reprobation of the mild and temperate nobility of this country, blending, as it does, with the "Commons," without producing mischievous antagonism;



whereas amongst themselves will be found—if names are thrown aside—a palpable aristocracy, leaning upon the slave power for support, and drawing its life from this “institution.” These slave aristocrats are now, and always have been, the dominant party in the States; and, as we shall see, their influence is constantly increasing.

The choice of the President tries the strength of parties, and is a true test of the question of power; the electors marshalling themselves under the names of “Democrats” and “Whigs.” A fallacy lurks here, not, probably, seen by the eager partisans mustering under these respective flags; for it is of the nature of passion to blind, and it belongs to the vocation of political leaders to delude; but in reality the battle always lies between the slave aristocracy of the South, and the Democrats of the North; and it is usually successful on the side of the former. By taking up the war-cry of “Democracy,” or of “Whiggery,” as may best suit their purpose, these “gentlemen” manage to drive the northern men into their toils, and induce them to support their cause. Washington, the first President of the States, was a Virginian, a descendant of the above “gentleman” class. And, with only three or four exceptions, all the Presidents have belonged to the South. The present Chief Magistrate, President Pierce, though a northern man by birth and location, is, notwithstanding, the *protégé* of the slave aristocracy. Not agreeing amongst themselves, and understanding his character and principles, to cut the matter short, and get rid of the difficulty, they adroitly fixed upon a man who was unknown as a politician to do them service. As is generally the case with *tools*, this person seems to out-Herod Herod himself; and, if report is to be trusted, he is serving the slave power with a zeal and determination which, for very shame, no one of their own body could have done.

We have in this case, as in many others, a proof of the advantages connected with an agreed basis of operations, though founded in selfish considerations. Whilst the free men of the North have no common bond of union, the Southern aristocrats are united to a man on the ground of mutual interest; one impulse, one passion, one purpose, animates them all,—the conservation of Slavery, and, with Slavery, their own ascendancy. And these “gentlemen” are perfect tacticians. When the Northern Anti-Slavery party display some decision and firmness of purpose, they instantly “frighten them out of their propriety,” by holding *in terrorem* over their heads the threat that they will dissolve the Union. This is the weapon they employ, and hitherto it has been effective. But it is easy to see that the same stratagem cannot last for ever; and we have no doubt but men so dexterous in expedients can easily invent another.

MARYLAND is the second Colony, in the order of time, which received English settlers. As early as 1609, persons from Virginia began to seek a location in the adjoining territory; but the emigrants did not take the form of a regular government until the time of Lord Baltimore, some years later. Sir George Calvert was a Yorkshire Baronet, educated at Oxford, was chosen Member of Parliament for his native county, was befriended by Sir Robert Cecil, became Secretary of State, and was a man of great talent for business. In the midst of the controversies and turmoils of the day, he renounced the Protestant faith, and embraced that of Rome. Through this change he was obliged to renounce office; but King James had little dislike to Papists, much more to Presbyterians, and, to show Calvert and the world his thoughts on the matter of his conversion, made him a Peer of Ireland, by the title of Lord Baltimore. Lord Baltimore always felt a great interest in American colonization, and, being set free from his official duties, hastened to Virginia. Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance were tendered to Lord Baltimore, which, as a Roman Catholic, he could not take; and this made it impossible for him to fix himself in Virginia. But the old Charter being about this time annulled, James took advantage of this circumstance to parcel out the territories of the Company, and to give the present State of Maryland to Lord Baltimore, his heirs and assigns, as its absolute Lord and proprietary, to be holden by the tenure of fealty only, paying a yearly rent of two Indian arrows, and a fifth of all gold and silver ore which might be found. This was a liberal Charter, as it secured the right of representation to the emigrants, and freedom of religion to all. Being drawn up by Lord Baltimore himself, as it is believed, it presents us with the singular fact, that, at the time when the Virginian colonists were intent on preserving uniformity of religious belief and worship in favour of the Episcopal Church, and the Puritans of New England were rigorously exacting absolute submission to their platform of politico-ecclesiastical government, religious freedom should have been first planted on the American soil by a Roman Catholic nobleman. He felt, of course, a preference to his own co-religionists; and this opened the way to the extensive establishment of the Romish Church in the country, now represented by an Archbishop, a magnificent cathedral, and a numerous Priesthood.

This event, however, has led to nothing very remarkable, except that it prepared an asylum for the Romanists of the mother-country, who, at that time, were proscribed by law, and met with but slight favour from either Episcopalians or Puritans. Baltimore thus became the centre of a Papist religious influence, which has kept its footing, though not with any remarkable results, through all the vicissitudes of the times. But the American spirit has been too powerful for the spirit of

the Vatican. Popery has not been able, even in Baltimore, to overthrow or neutralize liberty, either civil or religious; and the Protestant population now far outnumbers the Popish.

We now turn to NEW ENGLAND, the next Colony in order of time,—the country of the Puritans, and the *focus* of American republicanism. These stern and stout-hearted religionists present to our view a profoundly interesting series of historical events, interspersed with great and heroic characters, a strange mixture of religious suffering and intolerance, piety and fanaticism, wisdom and error. The Pilgrims took the name not from their emigration to America, but their expatriation from their own land. Some of the choicest spirits of the country, driven by the persecution of the Church, had taken refuge in the Low Countries, and formed themselves into an independent Church. But, though well treated by the Government, they were restless in their absence from their native home: a fine spirit of patriotism lingered in their hearts; and they finally resolved, as they could not hope for peace and liberty at home, to seek a refuge in America. With this view they entered into negotiations with the Virginia Company, with the Western or Bristol Company, and, finally, with the King. In Holland the usual privations and sufferings of aliens had attended them. "Their continual labours, with other crosses and sorrows," they said, "kept them in danger to scatter or sink." "Their children, sharing their parents' burdens, bowed under the weight, and were becoming decrepit in early youth." Conscious of ability to act a higher part in the great drama of humanity, they were nerved by "a hope and inward zeal of advancing the Gospel of the kingdom of Christ in the remote parts of the New World; yea, though they should be but stepping-stones unto others for performing so great a work." To the Virginia Company their application was for a residence in the northern parts of Virginia,—the whole country being then called by that name,—"hoping, under the general government of that province, to live in a distinct body by themselves." In this application they say, "We are well weaned from the delicate milk of our own mother-country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land: the people are industrious and frugal. We are knit together as a body in a most sacred covenant of the Lord of the creation, whereof we make great conscience, and by virtue whereof we hold ourselves tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole. It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage."

The application of the Pilgrims to the King brought out some characteristic remarks: "To advance the dominion of England," he esteemed, was "a good and honest motion; and fishing was an honest trade, the Apostles' own calling." But, on applying for liberty of conscience, secured under the King's broad seal, he

inquired, "Who shall make your Ministers?" They answered, "The power of making them is in the Church." This answer caused the King to refer the matter to the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London, who, of course, quashed the suit. "Nothing more could be obtained than an informal promise of neglect. On this the community relied, being advised not to entangle themselves with the Bishops." "If there should afterwards be a purpose to wrong us," they said, "though we had a seal as broad as the house-floor, there would be means enough found to recall or reverse it."

These exiles took their departure from Holland in the "Speedwell," of sixty tons, and the "Mayflower," of one hundred and eighty; but the "Speedwell," being found unseaworthy, returned, and the other vessel made the voyage alone.

The "Mayflower" bore more than the fortunes of Cæsar,—she bore the seeds of American freedom; and, in its reaction, as much of the liberty of the world as it has, up to this time, attained. For it must not be forgotten, that the Puritans who sailed in that ship were of the mould of their brethren in England; and their joint action brought about the changes which have taken place in this country, as well as in the United States.

At the period when the New-England Pilgrims claimed and exercised the rights of self-government, there existed few communities, perhaps none, that possessed this privilege. The Government of Holland and Geneva, though republican in form, was, in reality, an oligarchy,—a system which has often been more exclusive in its spirit, than absolute monarchy itself. At the time in question, all the Monarchs of Europe, without exception, imagined that they enjoyed from God an absolute right and unconditional power to dominate over their subjects. The Stuart dynasty had sway in this country; and certainly James I., the reigning Monarch, had no idea of any innate rights in the people. This unfortunate race of Kings sacrificed every thing—even their throne itself—to prerogative. If their principle was right, their inference was legitimate. The right *divine* to reign, carried with it assuredly the right *divine* to govern, and, as a consequence of this, the duty of the people to obey.

But for a human being to pretend that his position was of God, when he himself was any thing but a divinity, did violence to the moral convictions of these men. To reconcile folly with wisdom, impurity with holiness, knavery with equity, cruelty with love, lying with truth,—when these vices were seen emblazoned on a throne, confronting the acknowledged perfections of the divine nature and the teaching of Scripture,—was more than these sturdy polemics could accomplish. To separate the office from the person, has ever been the policy of court-sycophants in all ages. The religious sentiments of the Puritans led them to

another conclusion ; namely, that an office which admitted of so many human infirmities as usually attended it, must itself be human ; and, consequently, be subject to examination, revisions, and safeguards, imposed by the people. The rights of suffrage, self-government, democracy, followed. Hence the American system sprang from the moral convictions of these men : the civil government did not lay the foundations of the religious freedom now possessed, but the religious element modified the government, and laid the basis of republicanism.

The descendants of these Pilgrims constitute the real republicans of the States ; and at the time of the separation of the Colonies from the mother-country, the republican *régime* was a necessity : the material of monarchy did not exist, and could not be created. The country was without a nobility, without a hierarchy, without Princes on the soil ; and to attempt to raise a throne in the midst of a plebeian, commercial, and simply agricultural population, would have been as ridiculous as it was impossible.

The settlement of PENNSYLVANIA gave great influence to Quakerism. The doctrines of this sect had, indeed, been introduced long before ; but this event accelerated their growth, and brought the principles held by the Friends prominently into view. Quakerism was an advance, even in America, of popular rights. Its leading characteristic is the absolute enfranchisement of the mind, the inward-light dogma making every man the judge of truth for himself. With this is connected the equality of all men, on the basis of humanity itself. Of course, in the presence of such a system, neither hierarchy, creeds, titles, prescriptive rights, nor any thing belonging to privileged classes, can have any place. These principles were brought out by WILLIAM PENN, in the settlement of his Colony. In a letter to the people, he employs the following terms :—

“MY FRIENDS,—I wish you all happiness here and hereafter. These are to let you know, that it hath pleased God, in his providence, to cast you within my lott and care. It is a business that though I never undertook before, yet God has given me an understanding of my duty, and an honest minde to doe it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your chainge and the King's choice ; for you are now fixt, at the mercy of no Governour that comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own makeing, and live a free, and, if you will, a sober and industrious, people. I shall not usurp the right of any, or oppress his person. God has furnisht me with a better resolution, and has given me his grace to keep it. In short, whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with.—I beseech God to direct you in the way of righteousness, and therein prosper you and your children after you.”

The Quaker religion is too refined and abstract for this vulgar world ; and it has lost much of its primitive freshness in the

United States, as well as in this country. It long, however, presented to the eye of the world some of the most elevated and ethereal specimens of Christianity. We now look upon George Fox as a hair-brained enthusiast; but, in truth, the purest intuitions of divine things ever attained by the human mind, were attained by this remarkable man. No doubt the Spirit of God, whose influence constituted so prominent, yet too exclusive, an element in his system, had taught him in the highest school of religion. In some of its aspects, this system assumed the nature of a beautiful Christian philosophy; alike sublime in its own nature, and exalting in its effects; whilst, on its worldly side, it exhibited the finest traits of human nature, purified by the grace of God; and its best men were much more than just; their love and benevolence knew no bounds. Its maxims of government ill suited a world so fallen as ours; and yet, its voice of peace, its assertion of equal rights for all, its universal philanthropy, and its beautiful brotherhood, must have exerted a beneficial influence on the destinies of the States and of the world. That which cannot mould society to its own purity and love, yet may illuminate its ignorance, and soften its barbarism; that which fails to bring the mind of the world into its own freedom, may nevertheless soften the rigour of its chains; and that which fails to make mankind holy intelligences, instinct with wisdom and Christian principle, may make them less idiotic and insane. We doubt not Quakerism has done all this. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was one of its brightest ornaments. The Quaker spirit passed into the population, the institutions, and even pervaded the Indian tribes of the Colony, and lived in considerable vigour for some time. But a religious body so select and precise in all the punctilios of life must be limited: it is impossible, on this side the millennium, to form a nation of Friends; and the influx of a promiscuous population in time overshadowed the *élite* few, and impressed the Pennsylvanian people with the usual characteristics.

Many minor streams of religious influence are seen in the early history of the States; but the four above indicated are the principal. The formation of the Colony of New Netherlands, including the present State of New York and the adjacent territory, by the Dutch, brought the Dutch Reformed Church upon the soil; and there it remains to this day. A Colony of Swedes fixed themselves on the shores of Chesapeake Bay; and they still retain, with many of their national characteristics, their religious faith, under, as we believe, the common name of "Germans." When the Carolinas were colonized, under a Charter and Constitution prepared by the two most celebrated men of their time,—Shaftesbury and Locke,—many Huguenots, refugees from the persecution of Louis XIV., found their way into those bright regions, and, adhering



to their religious profession, assisted to spread the love of liberty, for which they suffered, as well as the leaven of the Protestant faith. Georgia became a home for many Moravian brethren, who constituted an interesting portion of the first settlers, and laid a foundation for the exercise of a fine moral influence in succeeding times. Thus, by a concurrence of providential circumstances, all the chief branches of our professing Christianity were planted on the soil of America; and this, it must be recollected, in its infant state: so that their moral influence began to work from the beginning.

We have no doubt but the United States are indebted to this circumstance for every thing distinctive and peculiar in their present position. For many ages, all the old nations of Europe, subjugated to the spiritual and ecclesiastical domination of the Church of Rome, presented a moral and political character derived from this one source. The nations were fiefs of Rome; and the Vatican dictated the terms of their existence, impressed its own features upon each, and threw the whole European family into one intellectual mould. Liberty was, in these circumstances, an impossibility, whether of thought or action. The nations became one huge conglomeration, knit together by the animating and all-inspiring spirit of the Papacy; and only using themselves as the limbs of this head, just as the *vertebræ* and tail of the boa-constrictor all follow the hissing head of that frightful creature.

When the nationalities of Europe were to be re-modelled, this was the great difficulty. Popery was everywhere,—the ubiquitous spirit of the entire social system,—fusing all substances, penetrating all hearts, enslaving all consciences. The throne was held by sufferance from the Pope; the legislative bodies, such as existed, were presided over and controlled by mitred Ecclesiastics; the laws of nations were, generally, only by-laws, the Canon Law being supreme; the monastic orders were fixed in every part of each country, in the most eligible positions, as citadels to control and overawe the people; much of the landed property, and always the best, was possessed by the corporate bodies of Monks and religious orders; education, marriages, wills, oaths, and all the moral appliances of government were in the hands of the Church; so that, in this state of things, a nation could, in reality, be nothing more than "the earth helping the woman."

We blame the Papacy for its tyranny, its exactions, its cruel persecutions, and with good reason; but it is doubtful whether any other unit of power would have been any better. In early American history, we find that the people whom we should have expected to be most liberal, were the most intolerant,—the Puritans of New England. It is true, the Episcopalians of Virginia nibbled at the matter, and took pains to keep off all

sectaries; but the New-England men did nothing by halves,—they transacted the business of persecution with as much heartiness as if they had been the imps of the Holy Office. Roger Williams was expelled, and driven amongst the Indians, for his opinions. The Quakers, who thought they had a mission to these stern followers of John Calvin, were treated most unmercifully, and, indeed, barbarously; and the dealing of the Puritans with the "*witches*," young and old, is the most appalling affair we ever read of. We say "read of," because all the proceedings were public, and laid before the world; whereas the prosecutions of the Inquisition were secret; and all that the public were permitted to know of the Inquisition was, what they saw,—the *auto-de-fé*, the burning pile.

In the present state of our humanity, freedom can only be based on diversity. It seems to be the ordination of God, that mind acting on mind should be essential to mental development, whilst truth, as possessed by man, instead of being a spontaneous growth, can only be discovered, as gold in the midst of sand, by the researches of intellect, the tests of science, and the lessons of experience. The social growths that spring from one root might cover the territories of a nation, as the seed of one tree might fill the world; but who would say that such a world would be either as beautiful, or as abundant in her bounty to man, as is our world, filled as she is with every form of life, every colour, every fragrance, every fruit, which can gratify the sense, or conduce to health? Diversity of opinion, of religious profession, of Church organization, of civil and political government, have their inconveniences; but, as the question lies betwixt uniformity and despotism on the one side, and diversity with freedom on the other, we must give our suffrage to the latter.

Nothing but a republic in politics, and the non-establishment principle in religion, could possibly rest in so divided a society as that which existed at the time when this system was adopted. Hence Christianity was recognised, not in a Church-form, but in its broad and general truths and principles. Society was built on this basis, the Holy Bible being acknowledged as the common law of the state: and thus all the different Churches were left free to form their own organizations and governments. Here we have the introduction of a new catholicity, founded not on the hierarchical pretensions of Rome, but on the broad basis of Christianity itself. The voluntary principle thus came into full play without any impediment; for religious opinion, or Church connexions, constituted no barrier against the suffrages of the citizen, or the highest employments of the State. The two great duties of a Christian people, namely, the propagation of the Gospel amongst themselves, and the conservation of law and order, were put upon a new trial. It must be confessed that both have been successful. The first has been carried out in the country itself to

as great or even greater extent than in any other civilized State, whilst in Missionary efforts in behalf of the heathen and other destitute people it has surpassed most nations. And we are not aware that there is less public order, less domestic virtue, less security for person and property, less attention paid to education, the sciences, literature, and all the marks of a high state of civilization, than elsewhere. And confidence, good neighbourhood, courtesy, kind offices, and all the little attentions of families and individuals to one another, which do so much to soften the miseries and asperities of life, we believe, may be found in the United States to a greater degree than in any other country. A gentleman who had lived some time in Ohio, told the writer of this Article a few weeks ago, that, on all needful occasions, his neighbours turned out, with their horses and implements of husbandry, to assist him in the cultivation of his land; and that they never dreamt of locking their doors at night, or of employing any other precaution against apprehended depredations.

We must now change this agreeable theme; for, unfortunately, we have another word to say on Slavery and the slave power. This is the great blot on the American escutcheon; and we think we see reason for the opinion that the evil is increasing. Within the last few years, and, in one case, within a few weeks, two Acts have passed the General Congress which indicate this fact beyond all doubt: we refer to the Fugitive Slave Law, and the Nebraska Bill.

The first of these measures was, as we understand the matter, perfectly unconstitutional,—a violation of the Federal Compact, and an invasion of the independence of the States. The matter stands thus: by the Federal Constitution, the freedom and independence of the several States are secured in all domestic legislation, that is, legislation relating to their own affairs. In this category Slavery itself has always been allowed to find a place; so that the Congress is held to have no power to interfere in the matter. The Federal Parliament can only concern itself in federal legislation; but Slavery, being, as it is held, a domestic institution, cannot be touched in the least degree by this body. The idea is, that each State is a Republic, complete in itself, existing in federal union with the other States on equal terms, so as to form the *United States*. We believe the late John Quincy Adams attempted to introduce the question of the abolition of Slavery into the General Congress; but was always resisted, on the ground that the matter lay beyond the jurisdiction of the Central Government. No doubt, this is the true principle of the American Constitution. But then, if this principle is good on one side, it is good on all sides: if it prevents the Congress from promoting the abolition of Slavery in the Slave States, it must be equally good to prevent the Congress from interfering to coerce the Free States to participate in the evil. Now, what

did the Fugitive Slave Law do? It was a general Act passed by the Congress, and had reference to all the States in the Union; and it obliged all the Free States, by their Magistrates, officers, and citizens, to aid and abet in the seizure of fugitive slaves, and to hand them back again into bondage: in other words, it compelled the people of the Free States to participate in Slavery, by becoming the wards, the guardians, the police of this system, by their money, their officials, and, in case of need, by assistance personally rendered. What is this but becoming slaveholders in the second degree; and, if it is lawful for the Congress to pass an Act enforcing Slavery thus far on the Free States, what should prevent their going a step further, and enacting that they should keep slaves? If they had the constitutional right to legislate at all in a matter affecting the independence of the separate States, then our common-sense leads us irresistibly to the conclusion, that they have a sovereign right to go still further, and enforce Slavery itself. We, however, have no doubt at all that this was a violation of the constitutional compact, a usurpation of the rights of the States, and a dangerous invasion of their independence. This is in exact agreement with the encroaching character of all Central Governments, in regard to the outlying rights of other parties. It is just the same thing, *in principle*, as the Austrian Government destroying the Hungarian Constitution; and the point of the wedge having thus been driven into the State-system, nothing could less surprise us than to see the blows repeated, until the independence of these States disappears altogether, and America, instead of presenting itself as heretofore the "United States," assumes the characteristics of a great centralization. We observe that the Northern men bear the yoke with a very ill grace. Attempted rescues of fugitive slaves seized by the authorities are constantly occurring. At Boston, just now, (June,) we see a most formidable riot has taken place. Many thousands of citizens assembled to liberate a fugitive, who had been seized; and their purpose was defeated only by the calling out of a military force to aid the police. Such is the working of this wretched measure. The tranquillity of society, the sense of wrong, the passions of men exasperated in the highest degree, amongst the best portions of the population of the United States, are the consequences of this ill-conceived, iniquitous, and unconstitutional measure.

The second case—the Nebraska Bill, just passed—is, in some of its features, worse than the former. Our countrymen will hardly understand the question by any thing they meet with in the public papers. We may just premise that new territory, being peopled by emigrants, from the old States or from Europe, is of the nature of a Colony, and placed under the direct government of the President and Central power; officers being

appointed for the management of the affairs of the incipient society. This state of things continues till a certain ratio of population has assembled on the soil, when they have the right to become a State, to adopt their own government, send members to represent them in Congress, and to determine whether or not Slavery shall be admitted into their new Republic. In this stage of things, the General Government has the right of regulating the affairs of the "Territory;" just as a Colony of the Crown is governed by this country. In the exercise of its legislative functions, the Congress, some thirty years ago, passed a law called the "Missouri Compromise," having respect to territory and Slavery. The question arose out of the settlement of the boundaries of the State of Missouri, which is a Slave State. Beyond the boundaries of this State, towards the north-west, lay a vast and splendid country still vacant; and a vehement dispute arose between the advocates for freedom and the abettors of Slavery, as to whether this country should be retained as free soil, or Slavery should be permitted. After a fierce and lengthened debate, the two parties agreed to compromise the matter, by striking a line in  $36^{\circ} 30'$  of north latitude,—the south of the line being open to the admission of slaves, whilst to the north Slavery should be for ever excluded.

The great importance of this measure appears in the extent and position of the territory. We quote a passage on this subject from a speech delivered in the Senate by Mr. Sumner, the highly accomplished representative of Massachusetts. He says,—

"It concerns an immense region, larger than the original Thirteen States, vying in extent with all the existing Free States, stretching over prairie, field, and forest, interlaced by silver streams, skirted by protecting mountains, and constituting the heart of the North-American continent: only a little smaller, let me add, than three great European countries combined,—Italy, Spain, and France, each of which, in succession, has dominated over the world. This territory has already been likened, on this floor, to the Garden of God. The similitude is found, not merely in its present pure and virgin character, but in its actual geographical situation, occupying central spaces on this hemisphere, which, in their general relations, may well compare with that beatific home. We are told that—

'Southward through Eden went a river large;—

so here we have a stream which is larger than the Euphrates; and here, too, amidst all the smiling products of nature, lavished by the hand of God, is the goodly tree of liberty, planted by your fathers, which, without exaggeration, or even imagination, may be likened to—

—'the tree of life,

High, eminent, blossoming ambrosial fruit  
Of vegetable good.'"

After eulogizing the founders of the Republic, and observing that they admitted the continuance of Slavery with great reluctance, as a dire necessity, Mr. Sumner goes on to describe the growth of the slave-power. He remarks:—

“The generous sentiments which filled the early patriots, giving to them historic grandeur, gradually lost their power. The blessings of freedom being already secured to themselves, the freemen of the land grew indifferent to the freedom of others. They ceased to think of the slaves. The slave-masters availed themselves of this indifference; and, though few in numbers compared with the non-slaveholders, even in the Slave States, (according to the late Census, they are fewer than 300,000 in the whole country,)\* they have, under the influence of an imagined self-interest, by the skilful tactics of party, and especially by an unhesitating, persevering union among themselves, swayed, by turns, both the great political parties, who succeeded, through a long succession of years, in obtaining the control of the National Government, bending it to their purpose, and imposing upon it a policy friendly to Slavery, offensive to freedom only, and directly opposed to the sentiments of its founders. Our Republic has swollen in population and power; but it has shrunk in character. It is not now what it was in the beginning,—a Republic merely permitting, while it regretted, Slavery, tolerating it only where it could not be removed, and interdicting it where it did not exist,—but a mighty propagandist, openly favouring and vindicating it, visiting also with displeasure all who oppose it.”

Amongst the facts which illustrate the alarming extent of this change, Mr. Sumner forcibly puts the case as follows:—

“An arrogant and unrelenting ostracism is now applied, not only to all who express themselves against Slavery, but to every man who will not be its menial. A novel test for office has been introduced, which would have excluded all the fathers of the Republic,—even Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin. Yes, Sir; startling it may be, but indisputable. Could these illustrious men descend from their realms above, and revisit that which they had nobly dedicated to freedom, they could not, with their well-known and recorded opinions against Slavery, receive a nomination for the Presidency from either of the old political parties. Nor could John Jay, our first Chief Justice, and great exemplar of judicial virtue,—who hated Slavery as he loved justice,—be admitted to resume those duties with which his name on earth is indissolubly associated. To such extent has our Government departed from the ancient ways.”

We observe that the Democratic press, to which party the President and majority now in power belong, openly and without disguise accuses the President and his partizans of the most flagitious corruption in securing the passage of this Bill through the Legislative Chambers. If this charge be true,—and there appears good reason to believe it is,—then the bribery in our

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\* See before, on the Virginian aristocracy,



boroughs is perfect virtue compared with this profligacy. It is said that great numbers of the Members sold their vote, not for a consideration in money, but for the promise of government employment for themselves or their relatives. Thus the slave power puts a President into office, then wields that office for its own purposes; and, in order to insure the end proposed, compels their tool to corrupt the State at its very fountain-head, by buying the votes of the Legislature.

Thus stands the matter of Slavery. Can any one be surprised? Must not the corrupt tree bring forth corrupt fruit? Can a large body of slaveholders be otherwise than despotic in their sentiments, and tyrants in their conduct? Can a confederacy of these men, bound together by the common tie of self-interest, do otherwise than attempt to establish, by all the means in their power, their ruthless domination? We cannot imagine any course different from the one we witness, so long as the system of Slavery remains. The growth of its power is the true key to the aggressive policy of the United States. They do not desire the annexation of Canada, we are told, because free; but they have fixed their eyes on Cuba; and nothing will long prevent their possession of that island, as it will add three or four new Slave States to their dominion. We are pained to make the avowal; but if the friends of emancipation cannot find means to strangle this hydra-headed monster, Slavery, we cannot doubt but it will find means to strangle the liberties of the United States. We had, indeed, hoped that the Christian principle would prove effective in checking its growth, and, in the end, putting it down; but from the rapid advance of the evil, as well as from the facts brought to light in every part of the country, it now appears plain that Christianity itself has been brought within the circle of the pestilence; whilst vast numbers of Ministers are found its most able advocates and most laborious menials. Churches not antagonistic to Slavery must be engulfed in its vortex; so that, in fact, there is no difference between the two things. Churches, themselves enslaved, become a part of Slavery itself.

Methodism found its way into America in the midst of the religious and social state which we have thus attempted to describe; and it may tend to clearness in our examination, if we mark the distinct periods of, I. Its rise, and formative stage. II. Its missionary period. III. Its organized state, as the American Episcopal Church. IV. The division of this Church, and subsequent events.

I. George Whitefield must be considered as the introducer of Methodism into America, inasmuch as the Wesleys, though they preceded him in Georgia, and bore the Methodist name at the time, had not then attained a knowledge of its distinctive doctrines. The preaching of this extraordinary man lit up a

flame of ardent piety on the continent; but as it was not his practice to form separate Societies, the results of his preaching passed into the existing communities, and failed to take a separate form. The *Wesleyan* branch, which we propose to follow, sprang up in 1766, thirty years after the preaching of Whitefield. Its origin was of the most humble and unobtrusive character imaginable. No mitred Bishop, no Evangelist sent out from a distant Church, no Missionary commissioned from a Central Committee, not even a common Pastor of any grade, began this work.

There are many things in Christianity, as well as in nature and politics, to perplex the philosophers, the men of religious science, the advocates of the Genevan platform, and those of the apostolic succession, of the indefeasibility of the Episcopal order, and even of the immutability of the Church-principles of Independency. Here is one. The greatest Church in America began without any paternity from any of these systems,—without the intervention of John Wesley himself: his *imprimatur*, his sanction, had nothing to do with it.

The facts are extremely simple, and soon told. A few emigrants from Ireland, who had been Methodists in their own country, began to meet together for religious conversation and prayer; and in a short time one of their number, who had been a Local Preacher,—Philip Embury,—began to expound the word of God. This he did, for the first time, in his own house, to five persons. A small beginning this; but, from the effects which followed, it is evident that the seed sown possessed vitality, and that the Spirit of God gave his influence to the humble undertaking. The "little one became a thousand," the house was soon too small, and a "rigging loft" was engaged. This, again, gave place to new demands for room, and John-Street Chapel, the first Methodist chapel in America, was built. All this took place in New York; but the flame spread to other parts of the country. In the midst of these beginnings, Captain Webb appeared in the field, took part in the services, preached in his regimentals, and excited, as might be expected, great public attention. He seems to have been a true "son of thunder;" and his rousing addresses are represented as producing a deep impression and numerous conversions.

About the same time, another Methodist from Ireland, Robert Strawbridge, began to preach in Maryland, and to form Societies. The blessing of God attended these labours, and he succeeded in building a place of worship at Deer Creek, which went by the *cognomen* of the "Log Meeting-House." Captain Webb, in the mean time, extended his preaching excursions as far as Philadelphia, and laid the foundation of a considerable Society.

These initial operations extended over a period of three years. In this time the Methodist doctrines were proclaimed, though, no doubt, without much regard to their scientific and logical connexion, and took effect in the hearts of a considerable number of persons. The Societies established during this time must have been numerous. On the arrival of the first Missionaries from England, they amounted, at Philadelphia, to one hundred members; and, in his first Report to Mr. Wesley, the Missionary to New York says, "Our house contains about seventeen hundred people. About a third part of those who attend get in; the rest are glad to hear without." The term "Society" is indefinite, like the term "Church;" but wherever one of these Societies was found, there was a class-meeting; so that the one indicates the other. Wherever justification and sanctification, with their cognate truths, are experimentally preached, and the class-meeting is established, there Methodism, in its essential characteristics, is found. These two requisites were introduced by the emigrants from Ireland; so that, in reality, Wesleyan Methodism took its rise from them. Many modern followers of John Wesley will find it difficult to conceive of Methodism as distinct from a Church-system, just as many persons in other associations find it a difficult mental process to separate Christianity from their own ecclesiastical establishments. But, in fact, Methodism can exist either with or without Church organizations. In England, during its Founder's life-time, it possessed its life, and put forth its branches, without being a Church; since his death, though irregularly accomplished, it has taken a Church *status*. In like manner, American Methodism was formed, in its earliest phase, even without Missionaries; but still, in this state, it was a genuine scion of the parent tree: its doctrines and its class-meetings gave it its true identity, as must be the case in every age, and in every place.

Nothing is so little understood amongst Christians as the nature of the "communion of saints," and its vitalizing influence in the conservation of religious life, and the enlargement of the kingdom of Christ. The class-meeting amongst the Methodists is nothing but the realization of this idea; it is the concert of souls, actuated by religious feeling, to carry out the great purposes of their "high calling." It has been the true life of every thing in Methodism, in every part of the world; like those agencies of nature which lie out of sight, but, by their penetrating influence, give vitality alike to the flower and the forest tree. And, strange to think, every writer who considers himself called upon to criticize this system of religion, invariably begins by poisoning his lance, and having a tilt at class-meetings. These gentlemen may be good Christians, for aught we know, but they are sorry philosophers. What would be thought of the wisdom of an attempt to break the family bond for the good

of society? to teach that union, warm affections, sympathies, blending of heart with heart,—together with the assistance and help growing out of all these in families,—is, after all, a most fanatical affair, and ought to be put an end to, for the public good? Is not the Christian Church the family of God? Are not regenerate souls brethren in the Lord? Do not these relations awaken corresponding affections? and are not these affections to be cherished? and, if cherished, must there not be fellowship? Besides, religion, being much more of the nature of spiritual life than external form, needs a sphere for its development; and this can only be found in two directions,—silent meditation, prayer, and joy; or fellowship in things sacred with those who enjoy them. We must say, moreover, that such means as engage the affections, and the moral sentiments, in union with the intellectual faculties, are much more certain to produce active and willing service for God, than a system which only deals with the latter. Hence, though these American Methodists were poor and obscure strangers, yet, by the union of effort which their Christian fellowship secured, they were enabled to lay the foundation of a great community.

II. The missionary period commenced with the arrival of Messrs. Boardman at New York, and Pilmoor at Philadelphia, in 1769. They at once took the oversight of the Societies, and by this link the latter became connected, formally, with Mr. Wesley and the Methodist Body in Europe. Soon afterwards Robert Williams and John King made their appearance from England; “not under the direction of Mr. Wesley, but on their own account; the former, however, having a *permit* to preach under the direction of the Missionaries.” Both became regular Itinerants, and were useful men. In 1771, FRANCIS ASBURY and Richard Wright were added to the missionary band; the former being afterwards made Bishop, jointly with Dr. Coke, and being practically the father of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1773, Messrs. Rankin and Shadford arrived; and as Rankin was the oldest of them all, Mr. Wesley had appointed him as “General Assistant,” or Superintendent. Armed with power from Mr. Wesley for the purpose, Rankin called a “Conference,” July 4th, 1773, the first ever held in America. At this Conference the authority of Mr. Wesley was formally acknowledged, and the Minutes of the British Conference were adopted as the Canon Law of the new Society. The number of Preachers was 10, and of Members, 1,160. This may be considered as the starting-point of Methodism in its Connexional form in America, the Conference having the effect of drawing all the scattered Societies into one Body, by the adoption of common rules and a common government. From this time the growth of the Church became rapid, and a number of Preachers were raised up in the Societies themselves. Previously to the establishment of this Conference-government, it

seems that the practice of administering Baptism and the Lord's Supper by the Preachers had grown up in some places; and one of its first acts of authority was to prohibit this; which, it appears, caused Robert Strawbridge to secede. The Preachers in those days were Mr. Wesley in miniature; his faith and opinions were embodied indelibly in them, and, even in the distant provinces of America, his rigorous discipline on these points was faithfully enforced by his sons in the Gospel.

In this destitution of the Sacraments, the Methodists in America, as in England, were desired to attend the Episcopal Church, to receive the Lord's Supper. This must have been attended with great difficulty; but the lack was supplied in part, in Virginia, by the labours of an eminently good and zealous Clergyman, of the name of Jarratt. This excellent man stood to the Methodist Societies in his neighbourhood much in the same position as Fletcher of Madeley. He took part in their services, entertained the Itinerants in their peregrinations, itinerated himself, administered the Sacraments, gave counsel in their affairs, and was, in this sphere, a sort of Bishop. By the joint labours of himself and the Preachers, a most extraordinary revival of religion took place, and great numbers were added to the Societies,—these Societies themselves being considered as belonging to the Church.

But, in the midst of these brightening prospects, a cloud, portentous of evil, was collecting. The dispute between the mother-country and the Colonies began to take a definite shape, and both parties were exasperated in the highest degree. The leading Preachers, being Englishmen, were suspected of partiality to their country, and, on this ground, were exposed to much public odium. The charge against them, as loyal subjects of the Crown of England, was undoubtedly true; but another charge, namely, that of being political partisans, spies, and agents of the English Government, was utterly unfounded. When the War of Independence broke out, it became necessary for the Preachers to make their election between a return to their country, or the recognition of the American Revolution. Nothing can well be conceived more difficult than such a position. Their duty to their flocks, to their country, to God, were questions that arose for solution; and, in their circumstances, this solution could have been no easy matter. But when the time came for decision, all the English Preachers resolved to return home, except Francis Asbury, who refused the Oath of Allegiance to the new Republic, and braved all consequences.

At the close of the war, it was found that the Societies had increased in the midst of the commotions; the number of Preachers being eighty-two, and the Societies fourteen thousand nine hundred and eighty-six. During the suspension of communication with this country, the brethren, being obliged to act for

themselves, had chosen Francis Asbury to the office of General Assistant, in the place of Mr. Rankin; and he, at this time, began practically to exercise that episcopal function, which he afterwards obtained by ordination to the office. Unrestrained by the strong hand of Mr. Wesley, disputes arose respecting the connexion of the Societies with the Church of England, the administration of the Sacraments, and the subject of Slavery. It required all the address and firmness of Mr. Asbury, assisted by Mr. Garrettson, to stave off the first two questions in debate; and, on the third, a Resolution was passed, condemnatory of the system of Slavery, as "contrary to the laws of God, man, and nature, and hurtful to society; contrary to the dictates of conscience and pure religion, and doing that which we would not others should do to us."

The Independence of the Colonies led to two results,—the establishment of the Republic of the United States, and the inauguration of the Methodist Episcopal Church. And, judging of the future by the past, we must believe that these two issues of the contest have laid the foundation for greater effects on the destinies of the world, than any thing besides in modern times,—perhaps, indeed, at any time in the history of the world. The territorial extent, the prodigious material resources, the facilities for commerce, the adaptation of the country to the accumulation of wealth, and the progress made, are not by any means the highest views to be taken of the case. This event introduced a new country into the family of nations; and, with its nationality, a new political, social, and moral element of portentous force.

We have said that the establishment of the Independence of the Colonies of North America had the effect of "inaugurating the Methodist Episcopal Church." And this event again, we have no doubt, has tended very much to give stability to the States themselves, in the diffusion of Christianity in the midst of their scattered population. The Methodist Itinerancy, which is eminently missionary by the working of that principle, being found admirably adapted to such a state of things, enabled its Ministers to follow the people in their migrations into every quarter. By this process the blessings of the Gospel were made known on the widest scale; education was promoted amongst the rising population; and all the civilizing and sanctifying influences of religion were secured. That the strength of society is in proportion to the moral element pervading its different grades, is a sentiment now pretty well understood even by politicians themselves. And that Christianity, in its truths, its ordinances, its experience, and its practical duties, must be the basis of this morality, is equally obvious. These advantages the Methodist Itinerancy, in connexion with the other Churches, secured to the State, in return for the protection received. It is impossible to conceive what would have been the moral and



social condition of America, had not Providence prepared this agency at once to take the field, on the occasion of its Independence being secured. Without any disparagement of other Churches, we may easily see that they were not in a state to meet the pressing wants of the country. The Episcopal Church was much shattered and enfeebled, was destitute of the Episcopal order, had to wait long, and urge her plea ardently upon the attention of the Bishops of this country, before they could procure consecration for any of her Ministers; and, as is well known, the non-existence of a Bishop involves amongst the Episcopalians the non-existence of the Church; so that this community was not in a position to undertake, to any great extent, an aggressive service. The principles of the Independents, which subordinate the call of a Minister to the voice of the Church, placed a bar in the way of their seeking the outlying population, inasmuch as there were no Churches to address this call. And, though the Presbyterian system is not necessarily so stringent in these matters as Independent Churches, acting on their theories; yet, as they cannot move without the action of their synodical bodies, there was little prospect of their doing much missionary work. Thus this work fell very much into the hands of the Methodist Itinerancy. The men were admirably fitted for their task. Rich in religious enjoyment, full of faith and love, zealous and energetic, trained to labour and exertion, actuated by one single motive,—that of glorifying God,—they thought not of privation, but unhesitatingly followed the emigrants and “squatters” in their peregrinations, wherever they went. American society was thus imbued with Christian truth and principle, as well as accustomed to religious ordinances, in its normal state. The effect has been most beneficial; and we can have no doubt that the harmony, coherence, and order of the States, in passing from their colonial condition to an established self-adjusting Government, are owing as much, or more, to the Methodist Itinerancy, than to any thing besides.

But the establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church is to be considered in relation to our general Christianity, as well as to the United States. As the latter are now among the most powerful States in the civilized world, and are exercising a great influence: so the former is amongst the most powerful Churches in Christendom, and is, also, in its sphere, exercising a similar influence. It is curious to observe, in many cases, the parallelism going on betwixt one thing and another in the world; and, if we mistake not, we discover this between the United States and the Methodist Church. The first of these parallelisms is seen in the fact that they rose together, or, at any rate, the one immediately followed the other. Then, the spirit of progress, extension, territorial enlargement, so manifest in the American

national system, are equally seen in the ecclesiastical system. Again, the division of the "Union" into States, each having a Local Government, is followed by the Church in its Annual Conference system; and the aim of the original Constitution of the States to secure an efficient central legislative and executive power, whilst, at the same time, freedom of action should be given to all the separate limbs of the mighty Republic, has been followed by the Methodist Episcopal Church. We believe there are no two things in America so much the counterpart of each other, as the United States on the one hand, and the Methodist Episcopal Church on the other. But there is another parallelism. We may perceive that, by reason of its non-intervention principle, all the power of the United States upon the world is exercised morally,—in the form of example, commercial enterprise, the silent influence of the principles of freedom, backed by a test which all may understand,—great and unexampled prosperity. We have the same thing in the Methodist Episcopal Church. She neither courts nor repels other ecclesiastical bodies; but, standing erect in her own identity, integrity, and independence, she receives and gives, like the States, through the medium of the intangible attractions or repulsions of moral means alone. Just as an American man never thinks of looking to another man to help out his own humanity, or as the American State never asks another State to be her teacher, her protector, or her benefactor; exactly so this Church, though perfectly frank, candid, catholic in spirit, and courteous in conduct, yet never looks to other Churches for its life, its standing, its success: all this it expects from God in the first place, and from itself in the next. It despises nobody, but it helps itself.

III. Let us now consider the *organization* period of the Church.

As the Pope will not allow the validity of the Episcopal claims of the Church of England, so the Church of England will not admit the validity of the Episcopal claims of the Methodist Church; and if, at any distant period, some reforming Methodists should set up a new Episcopacy, the old Church would undoubtedly repudiate the new one. And so we go on, un-Churching one another. In the mean time, the world progresses, facts turn up which seem to ridicule all theories, and God carries on his work, in despite of our contentions. Other Churches may do as they please about recognising the Methodist Episcopal Church as a sister; but their refusal to do so nullifies no fact, effects no disfranchisement, produces no convulsion. This Church can do as well without this recognition as with it; for, though sadly against the prejudices of bigoted Priests, their animosities and good-will can un-Christianize no believer, nor un-Church any congregation. The principle on which this Church was founded is the *parity* of Bishops and Presbyters. So far as facts and reason can have sway in this matter, this principle is

unquestionably the true one. Let us give Mr. Wesley's own account. In a letter dated "Bristol, September 10th, 1784," addressed "to Dr. Coke, Mr. Asbury, and our Brethren in North America," Mr. Wesley says:—

"1. By a very uncommon train of providences, many of the Provinces of North America are totally disjointed from the British Empire, and erected into independent States. The English Government has no authority over them, either civil or ecclesiastical, any more than over the States of Holland. Civil authority is exercised over them by the Congress, partly by the State Assemblies. But no one either exercises or claims to exercise any ecclesiastical authority at all. In this peculiar situation, some thousands of the inhabitants of these States desire my advice; and, in complying with their desire, I have drawn up a little sketch.

"2. Lord King's 'Account of the Primitive Church' convinced me, many years ago, that Bishops and Presbyters are the same order, and, consequently, have the same right to ordain. For many years I have been importuned, from time to time, to exercise this right, by ordaining part of our Travelling Preachers. But I have still refused, not only for peace' sake, but because I was determined as little as possible to violate the established order of the National Church, to which I belonged.

"3. But the case is widely different between England and North America. Here there are Bishops, who have a local jurisdiction. In America there are none, and but few parish Ministers; so that, for some hundred miles together, there is none either to baptize or to administer the Lord's Supper. Here, therefore, my scruples are at an end; and I conceive myself at full liberty, as I violate no order, and invade no man's right, by appointing and sending labourers into the harvest.

"4. I have accordingly appointed Dr. Coke and Mr. Francis Asbury to be joint Superintendents over our brethren in North America; as, also, Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey, to act as *Elders* among them, by baptizing and administering the Lord's Supper.

"5. If any one will point out a more rational and scriptural way of feeding and guiding those poor sheep in the wilderness, I will gladly embrace it. At present, I cannot see any better method than that I have taken.

"6. It has, indeed, been proposed to desire the English Bishops to ordain part of our Preachers for America. But to this I object, (1.) I desired the Bishop of London to ordain one only, but could not prevail: (2.) If they consented, we know the slowness of their proceedings; but the matter admits of no delay: (3.) If they would ordain them *now*, they would likewise expect to govern them; and how grievously would this entangle us! (4.) As our American brethren are now totally disentangled both from the State and from the English hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again, either with this or the other. They are now at full liberty simply to follow the Scriptures and the primitive Church. And we judge it best that they should stand fast in the liberty wherewith God has so strangely made them free."

Dr. Coke, being ordained in England to the office of Superintendent, was empowered to perform the like function in the case of Francis Asbury; but the latter refused the office on the mere nomination of Mr. Wesley, till he had obtained the suffrages of his brethren. This being secured by the assembly of the Conference, he was then ordained by the laying on of the hands of Dr. Coke, assisted by the Elders and a Presbyter of the Moravian Church. This introduced another element into the order of the American Episcopacy; namely, that of the election of the Presbyters assembled in Conference. This was the practice of the first Churches. How natural! Had it not been for this resolution of Mr. Asbury, as far as can be seen, the practice must have been for the Bishops to select, as well as ordain, their colleagues and successors. This, in all probability, would have established them as a separate *order*, after the manner of the Church of England; but, as the practice began by calling into exercise the suffrages of the brethren, the permanent establishment of the principle, as initiated by Mr. Wesley, was secured,—the equality of Presbyters and Bishops, and the harmonious working of the system.

The organization or framework of the Methodist Episcopal Church grew up from a rudimental state,—the small beginnings of rules and usages which had been found necessary at different times. The Conference system of legislation and government is fundamental in Methodism; and this centre of power had been firmly established before the Episcopacy was thought of. A primary idea in the mind of every Methodist is that of unity. On his entrance into this community, wherever it may take place, he finds himself the member of a great corporation; and one of his first religious instincts and duties is to give his adherence to this federal family. The sentiment fixes itself in his mind with all the force of a law; and he cannot conceive of a visible Christianity otherwise than as an embodiment of this principle. This Conference *régime* was the starting-point in American Methodistic government. The foundation had been laid; the power had been brought into practice; laws had emanated from this Body; and its rule had been fairly established. Francis Asbury saw that it was essential to make this Body a party to his becoming a Bishop; so that, in truth, the Church is founded, so far as human instrumentality is concerned, on the joint action of Mr. Wesley on the one part, and the Conference on the other. The ecclesiastical stamp, without which, on the theory of making Bishops, there could have been none in America, came from John Wesley; but the setting-up of the Episcopal system turned upon the suffrages of the Preachers in Conference.

The "constitution" of the Church is contained in the "Book of Discipline," now in universal use. Bishop Emory has pub-

lished the History of this Discipline, showing the alterations, verbally and otherwise, that took place from year to year. Our limits will not allow us to trace these chronological changes; and all that we can do is to place before our readers the *substance* of this constitution, as it is found in the last edition of the "Discipline."

The Articles of Religion, abridged to twenty-five, and, in some few places, altered in their phraseology, became the doctrinal standard of the Church. The offices of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, in like manner abridged, were adopted in the administration of those ordinances. The same is the case with regard to the consecration of Bishops and the ordination of Presbyters and Deacons. Though the Liturgy was, we believe, used partially for a short time, yet, being distasteful to the people, it was discontinued; and *extempore* prayer is now universal. The organ has never been introduced; but choirs of singers are every where found. The sermon is much like the English sermon, except that it is not so long as our modern *improvement* on John Wesley; and, judging from the numerous denunciations of the practice found in the newspapers, we presume that the habit of reading is getting into vogue.

Up to 1808, but one Conference, under the designation of the "General Conference," existed, embracing the entire United States. But, in that year, a Resolution was adopted to establish a *Delegated* General Conference, to assemble once in four years. The provincial, or, as they are called, "Annual, Conferences," thenceforward established, elected representatives from their several bodies to constitute this General Conference, on the principle of numbers. In addition to the general supervision of the whole Church, this body is charged with two especial functions,—legislation, and hearing appeals from the courts below, or from the Annual Conferences. These functions, however, are limited by six "Restrictive Rules," of vital importance to the community, which "Rules" may be considered as a constitutional check upon the powers of this Assembly. They refer to the Articles of Religion—the Episcopacy—the Itinerancy—the Rules of the Society—the Trial of Preachers—the Chartered Fund—and the Appropriation of the Profits of the Book Concern. These matters, being deemed fundamental, were thus placed beyond the reach of the legislative body; and any alteration could only be carried by an appeal to the Annual Conferences, and then only by a vote of two-thirds of the members. We presume the Americans had some idea of danger arising out of an unchecked power being deposited in one Chamber. Nothing is here said respecting securities for the people; but there could be no necessity, indeed, no scope, for such a provision, inasmuch as this General Conference is in possession of no jurisdiction having respect to the people.

The term, "Annual Conference," not only indicates a yearly meeting of Ministers, but a territory, a province; what, in ancient times, and in this country now, would be called a "diocese." The Annual Conference is an administrative body, the functions of legislation being limited to the General Conference. By this principle the unity we have spoken of is secured, so that the entire community is governed by one class of laws.

The District is another territorial division found in this Church. It is managed by a Presiding Elder, who possesses a sort of minor Episcopacy. He has no local charge, and occupies himself in visiting the several Circuits or Stations of his District, watching over their affairs, and presiding in their meetings.

The Circuit, or Station, is the last of these divisions. The Circuit is the ministerial sphere of several Preachers, who change with one another; whilst the Station is the charge of a single Minister; and this latter arrangement generally prevails. None are stationed in the same place for more than two years, or in the same town or city, having several Stations, for a longer period than four years; and thus is secured the active itinerancy of the whole body of Ministers. The *Local Preachers* of the American Body are ordained, after suitable trial, as Deacons and Elders, in the same manner as Itinerant Ministers, though they have no spiritual charge.

The question naturally suggests itself, How has this Church arrangement worked? The answer to this question will lead us briefly to consider the state of the Methodist Episcopal Church up to the period of its division into two ecclesiastical bodies in 1844.

The doctrinal testimony of a Church is, as must be seen at once, the primary condition of prosperity. A corruption of the truth of God must necessarily undermine the foundations of the purest and best organization in the world, and at the same time destroy its power of usefulness. The process of decay always begins in doctrinal corruption; whilst the spiritual life and progress of Churches must follow the faithful maintenance of doctrinal purity. We collect from the historical records of the community, that very few delinquencies of this nature have appeared; and no controversy at all, on these points, of any consequence. In men so ardent, independent, and free as the Americans unquestionably are, this may, at first sight, appear somewhat singular. Coercion, or ignorance, is generally supposed to superinduce uniformity of opinion: and yet these men are neither coerced nor ignorant. How, then, is this fact to be accounted for? Besides subordinate causes, we must believe, the primary one is to be found in the spiritual life of the Church. There is a state of mind in which evangelical truth cannot be discerned at all; whilst, on the other hand, there is an opposite state in which it cannot be abandoned. Let the



stand-point be that of unregenerate human nature, the destitution of faith, the absence of the spiritual affections,—in fine, of no true knowledge of Christ and his salvation; and then this state, in active minds, intermeddling with these questions, will lead to every kind of transcendental or murky opinion, as the case may be. The converse of this is equally true. The healthy spiritual mind can find no aliment, no region of light, no place of rest and peace, but in the pure Gospel. Hence doctrinal purity will be a pretty accurate test of the spiritual state of a Christian community; for though conventional arrangements and synodical enactments may so environ the doctrines of a Church, as to guard them against so rapid a deterioration as might otherwise follow from a decay of piety, yet a leakage will be found by the corrupt fluid at some point or other, leading to the disintegration of one truth after another from the great aggregation, until a repudiation of the entire system takes place. Neither Churches nor individuals ever plunge into sin or heresies from the elevations of pure truth and heartfelt religion. The retrograde course is, especially in Churches, always progressive; taking its start from the denial of one vital doctrine first, soon to be followed by the denial of another and another, until the substance of every truth is abandoned. Judging of the matter from their publications, (as well as from some knowledge of their pulpit exercises and personal characters,) we entertain no doubt but the Methodist Body in America hold the doctrines of the Gospel, with as great a freedom from deteriorating elements, and as sincerely and earnestly, as their brethren elsewhere.

But there are secondary means for the preservation of doctrinal integrity. We cannot help thinking that the active life and onerous duties of the Ministers tend to this result. Idleness is the hot-bed of vices of the spirit, as well as of vices of the flesh. Theorists are men of leisure, and theorists are always the corrupters of the truths of the Gospel. This catastrophe is never brought about by the common people, or by Ministers fully engaged in their Master's work. The *savans* amongst the priesthood, ensconced in their studies, devoted to literature, to philosophy, to psychological pursuits, and to speculations on moral subjects, are almost invariably the parties who undermine the temple of truth. The Ministers of the American Episcopal Church have enjoyed none of this leisure, and both they and their flocks have fared all the better for their active life. With a wilderness of boundless extent before them, awaiting their cultivation; with a scattered population sinking into barbarism and vice, without their educational and evangelizing institutions and exertions; with a state of mental and religious culture only admitting of plain and practical lessons; their vocation called them not to speculate, but to work. This they have done with much assiduity and diligence. The reaction has been useful. It has kept them

within the sphere of tested truth ; it has caused them to employ this truth with unwavering confidence ; and it has thus kept them on the simple ground of the Gospel. The true evidence of the efficiency of a Church will not lie in the refined scholarship, the rationalistic lucubrations, the ritual and sensuous tendencies of a Clergy ; but in their faith in the evangelical system, a plainness of speech suited to the state of the people, and the adaptation of means to their necessities. A process of evangelization which begins at the *top* of society, must be long in extending its leaven through the mass, if it is ever accomplished ; but, on the other hand, to begin at the *bottom*, to adapt a system to the wants of the common people, and to work upwards from this level, is to impregnate the whole with the seeds of truth, and to gain a progressive elevation. In the social state, those who have the management of affairs, who command armies and fleets, or who are engaged in the productive avocations of life, have neither genius nor time for rectifying old truths, or elaborating new theories : so, those who are actively engaged in the salvation of a ruined world, have neither taste nor talent for preparing new editions of Christian doctrine.

But we have no doubt that the success of the Methodist doctrines in the States has tended, more than any thing else, to their preservation. When the Evangelists of a system produce on the minds and habits of large masses the results which the pure Gospel is represented as effecting, they have the clearest demonstration of their truth and efficiency. It has been again and again alleged against the system of Methodism, that it fails to carry its disciples into a high and transcendental region of intellectualism ; that there is no *arcanum* where pure science in matters relating to theology, metaphysics, or mental and moral philosophy, may be found ; that there are no coteries of elevated and distinguished men, giving law to taste, literature, and manners ; in fine, that Methodism has vulgarized religion ; and especially so in the United States. We reply, that the state of things indicated in these objections is not in itself the first in order, and is never found in the normal state of Churches. They never begin in a state of high refinement ; their starting-point is never from the Academy, the Grove, the Lyceum, the Hall of Science ; Christianity is rarely indebted to these high agencies for its success : it does not borrow, it creates. It is, then, no objection to the agencies of Methodism, that they were not of this character. But, let us ask, what followed the simple preaching of the Gospel ? The object being the evangelization of the people, how stands the matter on this point ? The answer is most satisfactory. The *arena* of operations might, at first sight, be considered most discouraging. It lay amongst dispersed settlers in scattered groups, amongst Negro slaves, and, also, amongst the Indian tribes.

The object, in the first place, was one,—their conversion to God; and then, their formation into Christian Societies. Marvellous effects followed. Great numbers of backwoodsmen, of squatters, farmers, labourers, artisans, embraced the faith of Christ, and gave all possible evidence of a change of heart. The Societies formed in the wilderness became centres of religious influence, *oases* in the desert. It is impossible to conceive the various uses of this Christian element in such a state of things. At a distance from the town-populations of the States, the seats of government, civilization, and law, these religious Societies often took the place of all; repressed vice, inculcated morality, regulated the social state, and sowed the seeds of improvement. Without the pervading influence of the labours of the Methodist Itinerants, what must this outlying mass of human beings have become? The passions of such men, in circumstances so tempting, must have led to the outrage of all order, and produced a state of perfect moral anarchy. The Methodist doctrine of repentance and pardon exactly suited their condition. What could any thing more refined have done for them? How should they be able to enter into theological niceties? With what fitness could they be put to study and solve the difficult problems of "eternal providence," predestination, free-will, the philosophy of religion? When their consciences were appealed to, and the "law" was brought home to them, they could understand that they were sinners. When the Lord Jesus Christ was exhibited in his dying love, they could comprehend the duty of believing in Him. And when the blessings of pardon, with its evidences and privileges, were set before them, they could easily apprehend the necessity of prayer for these blessings. If it be said, "These Preachers could do no more than this,—preach the elementary truths of the Gospel," this only shows the wisdom of God in their election; or if they did all this by choice, it equally shows their own. We have no doubt, notwithstanding our prejudices against "camp-meetings," and the other supposed irregular movements of these early times, that some of the most beautiful fruits ever gathered to Christianity were won in those wild regions; and, moreover, these exertions have had more to do with laying the broad foundations of American civilization, through the myriads of square miles occupied by the Republic, than any thing else. Then, as to the Negro race! Hard has been their lot, bitter their bondage, terrible their sufferings. But what would they have been without this itinerant Ministry? The Church is now much blamed, and is not, as we fear, faultless, in the matter of Slavery; but she has given the light of religion to hundreds of thousands of these poor outcasts; and no one will doubt but that a soul in bonds, illuminated by the bright beams of the grace of God, the sense of His love, and the hope of immortality, is in a state very different

from that of a soul existing in the hopeless toil of tears and blood, inflicted by this scourge of hell. The Indians, too, have been called to drink a bitter cup; yet, amongst this down-trodden race, some fruit has appeared. Long before they were driven to the far West, they were visited by Methodist Missionaries, and many thousands had received the glad tidings of salvation. And when compelled, by the policy of the Government, to leave their homes, their forests, the burying-places of their fathers, and to transport the wreck of their nations to a distant and unknown region, still the Missionaries followed them. There they are now domiciled with the Red Men of many tribes; and if the Red Men are saved from extermination, and become a State, as fondly hoped by some, it will not be accomplished by the laws of civil government, but by the blessed Gospel. Facts are the best illustration of principles; and in the presence of such corroborative evidence as has constantly sprung up before them, we are not surprised that the Methodist Church in America has adhered to the doctrines originally taught. In a space so wide as the United States, it is extremely difficult to bring these facts into a tangible form. But let us make the attempt.

If the reader will take up a map of the United States, put his finger on the principal towns, and, indeed, almost any of the places named, and then obtain the "Stations" of the Methodist Ministers, he will generally find one, and sometimes many of them, fixed in these places. The principle of Itinerancy is thus brought to bear on the entire population; and the whole country is enlivened with the sound of salvation. The attractions of large towns, on many accounts, in the early periods of this work, must have been great; and it seems that the first two Missionaries sent from this country in some degree yielded to the temptation. Asbury complained of this, and set himself resolutely to break through the trammels of both example and authority, and to rush into the open field. He did so; and, during his long and eventful life, he led the way through every part of the wilderness. The hardships of this kind of life often fell bitterly even on the Bishop; and if he was called to drink deeply of the cup of privation, what must have been the fate of inferior men! The records of early Methodism in America reveal an amount of suffering endured by the Itinerant Preachers, such as could not, we fear, be borne at the present time. Their sufferings were of every kind. The mere drudgery of travelling was of itself, in the state of the country at that time, sufficiently harassing. Boundless forests, infested by wild and hostile Indians, had to be threaded, often without the semblance of roads, and with no other direction in their wanderings than the "blaze" on the trees; that is, the portion stripped off from the bark. The settler's log-hut being reached, there was nothing but the meanest fare,—hard biscuit, often the floor or a plank, rarely the more

questionable luxury of a bed ; whilst the hut and the Preacher had to be guarded through the gloom of night, by some portion of the household, against the rifle, the tomahawk, and the scalping-knife. We often find that, in moving from place to place, the Methodist Evangelist had to join a sort of caravan of travellers, all armed to the teeth, himself amongst the number, to defend themselves against the stealthy tactics of the "wild men of the wood." But human dangers were not the only dangers. The crossing of rivers by the help of the most fragile means, and engineering the most ingenious, their steeds swimming or drowning, as the case might be, was a daily difficulty in their path. Swamps, bogs, heat, cold, snow, rain, mosquitoes, serpents, bears, wolves, had to be encountered in constant succession. How these men lived is a marvel. We can, in these early times, find hardly any clue in the matter of stipend and pay ; and we presume they had chiefly to trust to Him who commissioned the ravens to give meat to Elijah. But we do find Bishop Asbury sometimes dividing his wardrobe, and his pocket-money,—for he carried his treasures in his pocket,—and selling his watch, to find bread for his poorer brethren. Passive heroism may excel active heroism ; and men who could suffer these privations year after year, and still hold on in their course, were not devoid of the heroic spirit. They could easily have planted themselves in a farm, have located in a town, have taken up some secular, or, if fitted for it, some scholastic, employment. For in America, then as now, labour of every kind was sure to find a remunerating market. But no ; they renounced all this, and fought out the battle manfully against suffering and want, as they did against scorn, derision, and contempt. Must they not have heard a voice more commanding than even the voice of their own sensitive nature,—the voice of God ?

The present position of the Methodist Church is the fruit of all this, her territorial extent being that of the States themselves. From Texas in the South, to Wisconsin in the North, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes on the borders of Canada, from the Rocky Mountains in the West to the Atlantic shores in the East, the Societies of this communion are found. This space is described by a radius of thousands of miles, greater than the whole of Europe, including the dominions of Russia. Wherever, in this extended territory, a population has begun to gather, whether of Anglo-Saxons, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Negroes, or Indians, there the Evangelists of the Church are found, with Christian Societies growing up around them. The principle is that of aggression ; not to wait for a call from the dead in sin, but to carry the message of life to them for their awakening ; not to stand aloof till the lands are cleared, habitations built, and civilization secured, but to assist in bearing the burden of these first exertions, and thus to cheer the emigrants on by the song of thanksgiving, and the encouraging

stimulus of religious ordinances; not to wait till the winter is past, and "the singing of birds" gladdens the hearts and homes of the strangers in the wilderness, but to illuminate the dreariness by the light and hopes of the Gospel. And, lest our readers should imagine that this work was limited to former times, we must inform them that entire America is not yet settled, and that the business of "clearing" and "colonizing" is still going on in new territory, with just as much energy as ever; whilst the Methodist Evangelist is found at his post, doing the same service, and in the same spirit, as in days of yore. In Texas, New Mexico, California, Oregon, Nebraska, and all the territory now in the course of being peopled, we have exactly the same process as when Asbury and his compeers traversed the wilderness, except that the modern appliances of the Church enable the Itinerant to perform his task, assisted by the light of the past. We see that now the Methodist economy is set up at once: the whole platform of Conference—District, Station, school,—is laid in the beginning as the basis of operations. The Methodists of America are as much addicted to rambling, to enterprise, to "go a-head," as their fellow-countrymen; and a knot of the people is always found, in every new country, who constitute a nucleus for a beginning in Church formation and evangelical enterprise.

Let us now examine the results of these efforts. We must keep in mind that the work began in 1766, about eighty-eight years ago; no great length of time for the life either of a nation or a Church. We are tracing out the progress of the Church up to 1844, when the division took place; but we shall be obliged to consider Methodism in the aggregate in some of its statistics, up to the present time.

We begin with the matter of church accommodation. The erection of places of worship indicates a people's growth, as well as the stability of their system. In imitation of Wesley in England, the first Ministers in the States assiduously attended to these points; and, judging from the result, we cannot help thinking that, in building "houses of worship," their zeal and liberality will bear a comparison with any thing of the kind in modern times. We find from the "Seventh Census of the United States," just published, that the "RELIGIOUS AND CHURCH ACCOMMODATION" provided by the Methodist Episcopal Church is put down at, "Number of Churches, 12,467; aggregate accommodation, 4,209,333; total value of church property, 14,636,671 dollars."\* This enumeration does not mention private buildings used as places of worship. But in America, as in this country, many of these must, in some localities, be so occupied. But churches are not the only material property

\* We are not quite sure whether these numbers refer to the Methodist Episcopal Church alone, or whether they include the offshoots of the Body as well.



belonging to the community. It has been the practice to add, when practicable, a parsonage to the church; and, though we have no account of the number of these houses, they amount, we doubt not, to many hundreds.

This general statement may not, after all, convey to our readers a true idea of the number of churches, inasmuch as they are scattered through the entire UNION. Let us examine the question in respect to two or three places of note. In its population, as to numbers and character, New York is something like Liverpool. What is the church-accommodation in New York? We find upwards of fifty churches, all self-supporting; for it is a principle in America, that each congregation shall have a Minister to itself, and that the Minister shall be supported by the people of his charge. Baltimore is a town of about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants; and we find in this place about thirty-three or thirty-five Methodist churches, all, like those of New York, self-supporting. Troy is what we should call "a country town," a dozen or fourteen miles from Albany, the capital of the State of New York. "It has six church-edifices in the city proper, besides two in West Troy, and one on Green Island."

These instances will give some idea of the progress made in church-extension.

In the matter of Education, the Church has displayed as much zeal as in church-extension, by the erection and endowment of Academies, Colleges, and Universities, which have called forth the most commendable liberality. This is seen in the fact, that upwards of twenty of these institutions are found under the care and management of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Some, indeed, were not originally founded by that Community, but have been given up, by the States or Trustees, to the management of the Church, on the conviction that they would be made more efficient, as has been the case. These Colleges are of various capacity; but some of them contain some hundreds of students, and give a first-rate education. We are surprised at the steady, energetic, and enlightened zeal manifested on this point. The authorities, indeed, who are the people of the Methodist persuasion, seem deeply impressed with the importance of connecting intelligence with religion, and not less with the necessity of uniting religion with intelligence. The conversion of the youth found in these Colleges is, we perceive, sought with as much assiduity as that of the people out of doors, and often with great success.

As an illustration of the manner in which these matters are managed, we give a short account of what is going on in Oregon. It must be kept in view, that Oregon is a new country, only just beginning to be settled. The Letter from which our extract is taken, is dated March 25th of the present year. The writer says:—

"From the Report of the Committees on Education, it appears that there are three institutions of learning in operation under the patronage of the Conference, and three others soon to commence. The Willamette University is located at Salem, under the presidency of the Rev. F. S. Hoyt. This includes the former Oregon Institute, as a preparatory department, and will, if properly fostered, be the leading literary institution of that country. The Portland Academy, under the care of Brother Kingsley, and the Sautiam Academy, under the care of Brother Woodward, are in a prosperous condition. There is a fourth soon to be commenced at Corvallis, formerly called Marysville. A fifth is projected at Seattle, King's County, Washington Territory; and a sixth near Winchester, in the Umpoqua Valley. To sustain properly these institutions is a work of immense labour and sacrifice. Resolutions were passed to the following effect:—

"That we will endeavour to increase the number of students attending the institutions under our care."

"We will remember them at the throne of grace,—in public, family, and private prayer."

"And heartily co-operate with the Agents of the Willamette University in carrying out the plan of endowment adopted by the Trustees."

"The Presiding Elders were requested to act as Agents of said University."

We give this quotation, more for the purpose of showing the value put upon instruction by this infant Society, than of exhibiting the amount of learning to be acquired. We may smile at the idea of a University in the Valley of the Columbia, only some twenty years after it has been taken possession of by the United States; but there is profound sagacity, great Christian fidelity, enlightened judgment, and a foreshadowing of things to come in these educational foundations; and, perhaps, when many of the old Universities of Europe are crumbling to dust, or their walls are covered with ivy, this Willamette Institution will stand in the midst of a vast population, no disgraceful follower of Oxford and Cambridge.

In proceeding with our summary of this work of God, we adopt the account given by the Rev. James Porter in his "Compendium of Methodism." He says:—

"The Methodist Church South now embraces four Bishops," [they have since been increased to seven,] "*one thousand six hundred and forty-two Travelling, and three thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven Local, Preachers; and five hundred and four thousand five hundred and thirty members.*"\* They also have a Book Concern, Missionary Society, and nearly all the paraphernalia of the old Church. They publish *six* weekly papers, besides a 'Sunday-School Advocate,' 'Ladies' Companion,' and Quarterly Review. They employ *two hundred and twenty-one* Missionaries among the coloured people, and in

\* These numbers have, since been increased something like one hundred thousand, with a proportionate increase of Preachers.

destitute portions of the regular work; *thirty-nine* among the Indians; *eight* among the Germans; *two* in China; and *three* in California; at an expense, the last year, of 85,973 dollars, 48 cents, which was the amount of their receipts. The Methodist Episcopal Church (the Northern Church) is divided into *thirty-one* Annual Conferences, comprehending the United States (that is, the Northern States) and the Territories, with the Colony of Liberia; and it embraces 3,660 Travelling, 364 Superannuated, 5,292 Local, Preachers, and 666,310 members.\* It has 7,428 Sunday-schools in successful operation, embracing 78,840 Teachers, and 403,653 scholars. It sustains *three* Missionaries in China, *fourteen* in Africa, *one* in South America, *nine* in Oregon, *two* in California, (these are in addition to the regular Ministers,) *three* in Germany, *one hundred and eight* among our German population, *seventeen* among the Indians, *two* among the Swedes and Norwegians, and *three hundred and thirty-seven* in destitute portions of our country.

"The Methodist Episcopal Church has also under its control eight Colleges and Universities,† which it sustains at an annual expense of not less than 80,000 dollars. These are located as follows: Middletown, Connecticut; Carlisle, Pennsylvania; Greencastle, Indiana; Meadville; Delaware, Ohio; Lebanon, Illinois; Appleton, Wisconsin; and Iowa City. It has, besides, two or three others projected, and the funds necessary to sustain them secured to a considerable extent: also, three Female Colleges, located at Fort Wayne, Indiana; Cincinnati, Ohio; and Wilmington, Delaware. In addition to these, it has thirty-five Seminaries scattered about through the States, embracing a large number of students of both sexes."

Mr. Porter adds:—

"In 1795 the Methodist Episcopal Church numbered 60,604 members; which was about one to every sixty of the whole population of the country. It now embraces about one in every twenty of the present population; showing a proportionate increase, exceeding that of the rapid increase of the population of the country, as three to one."

This gentleman observes, in summing up his statistical account,—and we quote it for the consideration of all theorists,—

"Her friends are too well satisfied with her success to be very particular about the *minutiæ* of her regimen; and her enemies find it more agreeable to their taste to denounce her, and sneer at isolated parts of her system, than to consider their relation to other parts, and the truth and deep philosophy of the whole."

This language may be tinged with exultation; but we cannot be much surprised. Certainly there is either "a deep philosophy" in American Methodism, or something much better. We confess we are disposed to attribute its successes to a higher source; and, without the admission of a divine election, the effusion of the Holy Spirit, the redemption of Christ carried on

\* Now increased by many thousands.

† The Southern Colleges and Universities are not included in this enumeration.

by its Author, and the living power of God, we can find no adequate cause for this amazing result.

No doubt this American Church is too Episcopal for some, and not sufficiently so for others. We are not anxious to strike the balance between the two extreme opinions. We affect not much concern for theories of Church-government, apart from their practical results; and we rejoice in the belief that, under the shadow of all its various forms, true Christians are found. We might, however, ask those who, in their zeal for the apostolical succession and the separate order of Bishops, are obliged to hold that the Methodist Episcopacy is spurious, how they dispose of the religious question. Are they prepared to take the sequence of their doctrine fairly, and to say, at once, that the million and more of people belonging to this Church are not Christians? This they are bound to do, if they follow out their dogma to its logical conclusion. Or, if they take the ground that they are Christians, but no Church, then it would appear that the spiritual blessings of the kingdom of Christ may all be enjoyed by great bodies of men, irrespective of any Church-system at all. We believe that, fairly examined, the case of the Methodist Episcopal Church disposes, on practical grounds, of the whole question, so long in dispute, of exclusive prelatical rights and grace. We have before us the history of a Church, whose progress and prosperity have been unexampled, embracing all the characteristics which can be found belonging to the Church of Christ; and yet this Church is not built on the basis of the Prelacy, but recognises the equality of Bishops and Elders! The inference is inevitable; namely, either that this order has been sanctioned by the great Head of the Church: or that these bodies of men have been made Christians by mere human agency! The latter alternative, we presume, not even the most zealous partisan of high orthodoxy would maintain. The old Episcopal Church of England, and also the Church of Rome, stand by the side of this new Episcopal Church; and what do we learn respecting them? We are informed, not by the private statistics of the parties themselves, but by the official report of the Census of the States, that, whilst the church-accommodation provided for their flock by the Protestant Episcopal Church amounts to 625,213, and the Roman Catholic to 620,950, the Methodist Episcopal Church possesses church-accommodation for 4,209,333. And yet the race has not been equal. The parties did not start at the same time, or from the same point. The Church of England was planted on the soil one hundred and fifty years before a single Methodist Missionary appeared. She possessed the *prestige* of a State-Church of great authority, with the patronage of the Crown and Government of the mother-country, and, moreover, had a very great historical reputation. And yet, without any of these advantages, and, indeed, in the

midst of opposition, contumely, poverty, and infinite trials and labours, the Methodist Church, in less than ninety years, has gone beyond the mother who had cast her out of doors, in the proportion indicated by the above figures. Surely, in the presence of facts so patent and startling, it is time to give up the antiquated nonsense about the divine-right principle and exclusive apostolicity of Episcopacy, as founded on the succession of Bishops. These Bishops, we apprehend, are no more divine, than as they are Christians imbued by the Spirit of Christ, believers in the verities of God's word, and fruitful in good works; and, in all these things, others stand on the same ground with themselves. There is, no doubt, divinity in the evangelical office, when it is filled by good men; but as to any divinity in the *order* of Bishops, as such, we cannot help thinking that the records of Christianity disprove the assumption, unless we are to understand that our Lord's rule respecting good and evil fruit is to be reversed in favour of this claim. For the world has often seen, that from the root of this apostolical office bitter fruit has abundantly grown; whilst, in the proscribed non-Episcopal Churches, all the fruits of holiness have as frequently been found.

It almost seems as if John Wesley's opinions and movements would turn out to be prophetic,—at any rate in the United States. The Church-system introduced was his own ideal; the people and Preachers of America did not request the appointment of their Episcopacy; it was not of their choice or election, but sprang from his own conception of what would be best for them. The ground being made clear by the establishment of the Independence of the Colonies, he at once took measures to introduce a Church-organization in agreement with his own previous notions. With admirable decision and skill he seized the opportunity afforded him for immediate action, before any embarrassing antagonism appeared on the soil. Whilst the friends of the old Episcopal Church were negotiating, entreating, and knocking at the door of the English Bishops, for the consecration of one of their Pastors, to establish the system in the New States, Wesley had sent out Dr. Coke; he, again, had consecrated Francis Asbury; and the whole machinery had been introduced, and begun vigorously to work; whilst the old Church remained without a head.

We are hence to consider the Methodist Episcopal Church as embodying the deliberate views of John Wesley on the question of primitive Episcopacy. He believed, he tells us, in the equality of Bishops and Presbyters; and, as a Presbyter, he felt that he possessed the right to ordain Bishops for the American Methodists. Here, then, we have a Presbytero-Episcopal Church resting on this equality. In the opinion of Mr. Wesley it exactly agreed with the first Churches in this particular. For many ages the extreme hierarchical principles had swallowed up

the function of the *Presbyter*, reduced it to a separate and subordinate order, and placed all the Churches of Christendom on the basis of the Episcopal office. From the supposed necessity for securing this position, nearly all the fallacies surrounding it had their rise. A first link for the distinct order of Bishops being essential, the Apostles, in their apostolical office, were converted into Bishops: these first apostolic Bishops, the founders of the order, were then held to transmit this office to their successors. Hence the dogma of the apostolical succession. But all dignitaries must have something beyond themselves as divine; and the Pope was contrived, or naturally grew out of the system, as such; and, to complete the scheme, the divinity supposed to belong to the Bishop's office was transferred to His Holiness, and he was held to be the Vicegerent of God on earth. This is the course which the doctrine took in the Western Church; and full-blown Popery is its culminating point.

IV. We must add a few words on the state of things which followed the division of the Church in 1844.

Slavery has been the plague-spot in the Methodist Body, as well as in the Republic, even from the beginning. It seems pretty clear, that the Societies were free from this leprosy up to the time of the Revolutionary War. During that time, Mr. Asbury, being shut up in Delaware, could exercise no superintendence in the South; and a number of young men, without experience, or any forethought of consequences, admitted some slaveholders into Society. This brought the Slavery leaven into the Church. But, from the commencement, the Conference took high anti-Slavery ground, denouncing the evil as sin, and promulgating rules intended to free the Church from it. These were resisted by the parties implicated, and the regulations were relaxed. Succeeding enactments followed for many years, always softening down the rigour of the past. Many consciences were hurt; and, compromises failing, a fierce conflict broke out in 1836-7, ending in a considerable secession, and the establishment of a new Body. This secession drew off the most able and resolute spirits, but failed to heal the wounds inflicted; and, though the Conference of 1840 passed through the ordeal, apparently without much damage, yet the debate continued with increased vehemence. The question now turned on a personal matter. One of the Ministers and one of the Bishops, it came to be known, were in possession of slaves, these slaves coming into their hands by marriage. The Northern men determined that, though they could not free the Church from slaveholding, yet they would not allow the Ministry to be infected with the evil.

When, in 1844, the General Conference met, these two cases came up; and, certainly, the most earnest, and, in some of its features, the most able, debate we ever read, continued for about



a fortnight. It ended in the virtual exclusion of those gentlemen from their office. Compromise was no longer possible. The South refused to be influenced by the opinions of the North, and a division became inevitable. A vote of the Conference assented to this; and the Southern portions of the Church, in due time, formed themselves into a separate Body, under the name of the "Methodist Episcopal Church, South."

This arrangement left the Southern branch of Methodism in the Slave States entirely in the hands of men living in its midst, and administering the affairs of the Church under its shadow. Our business is, to examine the course it has taken; whether it has confronted this monstrous evil, or has paid to it allegiance. We are pained to say that, from all the sources of information open to us, we are obliged to conclude, that the course has been downward. It is very clear, that the Church, as a whole, is entirely pro-Slavery; that many of the Ministers are slaveholders; and that the General Conference is fully committed to the system. The slave power in the Church has swamped the Christian power on this subject, and it now seems that the testimony so long borne against the evil has been superseded by earnest advocacy in its support.

This spirit has just received palpable demonstration. The General Conference of the Southern Church met in May last, and it was proposed to expunge from the Discipline the paragraph against Slavery, leaving the Church altogether unfettered on the question. This proposition was carried by a majority of fifty-four against forty-seven; but the rule upon the subject of any alteration of the discipline requiring two-thirds of the whole number, and the majority not amounting to this, the vote could not take effect; so that the old law, *in form*, still remains to bear, at least, a verbal testimony against the pro-Slavery tendencies of the Conference and the Church. But, being defeated in form, the majority proceed to steer their course upon another tack. The rule of the discipline forbids the "*buying and selling of men, women, and children, with the intention to enslave them:*"—the first vote, as we have seen, proposed to "strike out this rule." This having failed, a second was taken to effect the same thing, in another way; namely, by passing a declaratory law that the rule "is understood as referring exclusively to the Slave-Trade, as prohibited by the Constitution and laws of the United States." This was carried by a vote of ninety-six to ten. This Resolution permits any kind of Slave-trading which "is not prohibited by the Constitution and laws of the United States;" and as these laws only interdict the African Slave-Trade, it follows that the internal "buying and selling of men, women, and children," is now sanctioned by the Church South. Thus, the members of the Church,—officers, and Ministers,—are not only permitted to be slaveholders, but to trade in slaves. This

internal traffic is of the most disgusting and horrible nature; just as revolting as the African trade, with the exception of the Middle Passage.

The Methodist Church, South, by a legislative enactment, has thus fraternized with this pollution; broken down the barriers in law, at any rate, which kept their people apart from this infamy and sin; and now the Christian, and the "dealers" in flesh and blood, meet on equal terms. Hence, the next time any of our friends happens to pass down the Ohio or the Mississippi, and see a gang of slaves in fetters, he may conclude that the "trader," their kind-hearted owner,—for aught that the "discipline" of the Church does in the affair,—may be a Methodist of "good standing" in the Church, a Class-Leader, Local Preacher, or Steward. We know that for a long time these classes of officials have many of them been *slave-holders*; and now they may, if they please, be *slave-dealers*. Thus, at one "fell swoop," the Church has broken down all barriers between itself and the "domestic institution" so much prized in the South; and we see that the Editor of one newspaper congratulates them on their act, on the principle that they have placed their Church polity on "*scriptural ground!*"

Thus, then, the matter stands in law, on this ominous question. The Church and Slavery are one and identical; the amalgamation, after many years of struggle, is completed; the slave power has subdued the Church power; the worldly has swallowed up the spiritual; and cruelty, blood, and rapine, are all acknowledged as elements not inimical to the kingdom of God. How this conclusion has been arrived at, by men with the Bible in their hands, and, we hope, in most cases, with the faith of the Gospel in their hearts, we are at a loss to divine. With a perfect willingness to allow much for the difficulties of their position, we cannot help perceiving that the pestiferous moral miasma surrounding them has perverted their sense of the real teaching of the word of God. To hold that one man is at liberty to steal, to enslave, to employ without wages, and, as his caprice may dictate, or his passions incite, to famish, flog, "work up," at his pleasure, a fellow-man, is to brutalize himself; and, above all, to imagine that a Christian may enslave a fellow-Christian, is an outrage on the truth and principles of the New Testament.

We are aware of the plea constantly reverted to, namely, the laws of the State, and the obligation of all good citizens to conform themselves to these laws. The question here is, as to whether Church-laws, or, in other words, the rules of the Christian life, are in all cases to be conformed to the laws of the political State? We answer this question by a decided negative. Whatever may contravene the laws of Christ, must be repudiated, come from what quarter it may. This, then,

it may be said, places Christians and religious Societies in antagonism to the State. Possibly. Have modern Christians forgotten the crucifixion of their Saviour, the age of the martyrs, the "witnessing" of good men before the Cæsars of all ages, and the sufferings incurred in vindication of purity of conscience and the authority of the Bible? Is republican tyranny, cruelty, murder, to be exempted from the common rule because it is republican? If a fourth of the inhabitants of these islands were held in bondage by the State, sold and bought, flogged and imprisoned, and disposed of as goods and chattels, what would the Methodist Church, South, advise the Methodists of this country to do? We imagine that we know the course they would admonish us to follow. They would say, "Your Kings, Lords, and Commons, unite to form an unjust, cruel, and infamous despotism; and you, a Christian Church, are bound, by the laws of God, to keep yourselves clear of the sin, and, in the midst of all opposition, to bear your testimony against the wrong, and do your best to remedy the evil." This is what they would say, on the ground that we are a wicked Monarchy, backed by an equally wicked Aristocracy. "Pray, Gentlemen," let us ask, "where is the difference between injustice, tyranny, murder, or, in one word, Slavery, embedded in democracy or emanating from a throne? except, as, in the first case, it is the handy-work of all, and, in the second, only of one, it must, in the nature of things, be a thousand-fold more stern and powerful in the democratic form, than in the monarchical?" What, then, does Slavery gain by being the institution of Democracy? Does this make it just, lenient, holy, Christian? Has it come to this, that the votes of a Democracy can change a thing which, in a Monarchy, would be the quintessence of every possible evil in one, into a moral good, a godly and religious substance? This, it seems, is the notion of the Methodist Conference, South; inasmuch as they hold that it is a wrong course for a Church to oppose the State, when that State places Slavery amongst its most cherished institutions, made sacred by the suffrages of the people. That an injustice should be changed by the mode of its establishment, is impossible; and for a people to rob others of their liberty, whilst they are clamorous for their own, exhibits only one of those anomalies which are so often found in human affairs. But there is a difference. In despotic Governments, the evil finds its concentrated force in one,—as in Nicholas of Russia,—whilst despotism in a democracy shows every man to be a tyrant.

Now, if it is the duty of good men to protest against an evil, when that evil is supported by a Government the opposite of the Republican, what should prevent its being their duty to do so, when it is backed by that system? The question is not one of doubtful speculation, but of immorality,—of sin; for surely

there can be no ground for placing Slavery in any other category. Then, if the State is the abettor of sin, is the Church bound to be silent on this point? and especially when the sin is not one affecting the mere social life of the parties guilty, but the condition of four millions of people having the same rights from God as themselves? Then this abandonment of testimony against Slavery can be considered in no other light than as being at least connivance at the crime.

But this pest of the States is a source of perpetual agitation in the Northern community. An angry and able controversy has long been carried on amongst themselves, on the question of an alteration of the Discipline, so as to exclude slaveholders from the Church. Several of the Annual Conferences have adopted Resolutions in favour of this principle, for the purpose of instructing their representatives to the next General Conference, backed, we presume, by petition, to effect this change. This is opposed by the official organ of the General Conference; so that the conflict is found waged in the non-Slavery section of the country, to the great disturbance of its tranquillity. And this contest, as far as we can perceive, is likely to continue, until either the measure is carried, or a new secession takes place, as the advocates of the exclusion of slaveholders no longer rest their argument on expediency and general considerations, but upon *conscience*; and when conscience begins to be pleaded in questions of this nature, there is an end to all propositions of compromise.

The practical difficulty is found in the "Border" Conferences. These Conferences touching each other, it is found that the Churches commingle; and many persons who belong to the Northern Church, living in slaveholding States, are themselves slaveholders. Every one must see the difficulty of dealing with these men. Their case is very different from that of the Southern Church. They are bound, by the rules of the Church, not to buy or sell, except with a view to the good of the slaves themselves; and, where the law of the State admits of emancipation, to set them at liberty. The question of personal gain will, of course, have its influence, despite of the Discipline; but, in fact, the laws of the States make emancipation next to impossible. To debar all these men from communion with the Church, for a state of things which they cannot possibly remedy, seems a hard case; and especially as, their slaves coming to them, in general, from their parents with the estate itself, they might seem to have no choice in the matter. The Preachers of the Northern Church, we see, often encounter the opposition of the abettors of the "domestic institution," so dear to the Southern men, on entering their domains.

But though the division of the Church has led to this decided antagonism, it appears, from the statistics of the two branches,

that each prospers, so far as numbers are concerned, beyond all former precedent. Mr. Porter tells us that the increase since the division—a period, when he wrote, of about nine years—amounted to 450,000. Rivalry in religion, the multiplication of centres of influence, working on a limited scale, and, above all, harmony of operations amongst themselves in the two branches, seem to have led to this result.

We cannot help looking on this division of the Methodist Church in the States as pregnant with great consequences. Neither have remained, or can remain, on the ground assumed at the time of the separation. Each has receded—though, perhaps, this would be denied—from the principles of the original arrangement. The *juste-milieu* ground taken by the Northern branch, if not abandoned, is now hardly tenable. The feeling, the convictions, the conscience, of the Body, we have no doubt, are prodigiously intensified in favour of freedom, and in abhorrence of Slavery. All this is beginning to assume a form of deadly hostility to the system, and the expression of this appears in both resolutions and decided action. Old and moderate men may attempt to keep the Episcopal Church on the middle line, but we are certain they will fail: the Fugitive Slave Law, the Nebraska Bill, the action of the Southern Church,—the measures we have discussed, will facilitate the movement of the Church to an absolutely anti-Slavery position. This is inevitable; the moral weight of the Church has all along been given against Slavery; and, before long, its active energies will be brought to bear by legislation, for the purpose of removing every vestige of the evil from her own borders, and of opposing it more decidedly in all other parties. Principles are often long in working their issues; but these results are certain, notwithstanding; and the measures of 1844 embodied sentiments which, in their influence, as necessarily lead to all we have mentioned, as mathematical conditions produce their result.

In the mean time, we can have no doubt that there are tens of thousands of true Christians in the Southern Church. It is a merciful provision of God, that individual excellence can exist in the midst of general evil. The conglomerated corruption of the Southern organization has simply followed in the wake of all the organizations recorded in history: only, possessing within its bosom a more vigorous element than is ordinarily found, the decomposition has been more rapid. To what extent this individual piety may be able to control the mad career of the Church as an organization, it is impossible to foresee; but it is to be feared, the counteraction can only be slight; and, in that case, the descent must be progressive, from deep to deeper still in the abyss. One of the most painful phases of this matter is, that these abettors of Slavery have themselves become enslaved. This is no new thing in history. Ecclesiastical bodies have



often sacrificed their own freedom, and imperilled the purity of the Church, by surrendering themselves to the civil power. But then, in most cases, this has been accompanied by "pomp of circumstance," the crowned heads of the world placing some gilding upon the enslaved parties. But here we have the surrender of liberty, of manhood, of Christian rights, to the meanest and basest power that ever disgraced the world. To be the tools of crowned tyrants and of coronetted aristocrats is bad enough; but to be the menials of slaveholders is—but we want a term to describe the degradation. And this singular phenomenon always happens, that, when ecclesiastics become the vassals of despotism, they make greater proficiency than anybody else, and invariably become the most expert tyrants in the world. So that, upon this principle, the slave power has secured for itself the best assistance to be found in nature; and henceforth the pæans of Slavery will be sung, and worship will be offered to its Moloch, with an ardour and an incense such as the old god of murder and of blood never before received.

One other feat remains for Slavery. It has divided the Methodist Episcopal Church, and its next victim must be the State. This catastrophe is at no great distance. The alternative before the Free States, either to be effectually enslaved themselves, and dragged at the heels of the slave power, or to proceed to separation, is now plainly awaiting their decision. That they will accept the latter, we cannot, for a moment, doubt. They have endured long, and endeavoured to stave off the evil day, by concessions; but, as in all cases where virtue panders to vice, and truth yields to falsehood, the surrender of principle in this case only illustrates the general rule,—the audacity of the party intended to be propitiated only increases. How long will the North continue to present their honour, their justice, their religion, their liberties, as an offering on the altar of the South? We cannot tell. But the symptoms of loathing and of weariness are apparent. That the South will stop in its career, is more than we can hope. When did the lust of power ever pause by a reason of its own? The insults heaped upon the Northern States, *politically*, will in the end awaken the self-respect and retaliatory spirit of the people. They have been too slow to acknowledge the wrongs of the Negro race; but they will not always endure their own. The proscriptions of their greatest citizens from the presidential office, the ostracism of their highest statesmen, the pressure upon them of such laws as the Fugitive Slave measure and the Nebraska Bill,—measures which inflict not only a wound on their moral sensibility, but a positive material injury,—will not be borne much longer. The truckling, not to say positive corruption, of their own representatives will meet with its reward; and, though the Southern men take this as a sign of triumph, if we mistake not, it ought to



be looked upon as betokening a change. Though politically in a minority, the Free States are, in reality, a prodigious majority. They have probably trusted in their strength, instead of using it; whilst the unscrupulous minority, by combination and activity, have gained the ascendancy. This state of things might in some places go on to the overthrow of the liberties of the country; but this is not likely to be the case in America; and a reaction will certainly come. That reaction can only work in one direction. The Slave States will neither give up Slavery, nor the power which it has placed in their hands; and, as the Free States will not allow themselves to be the vassals of this power, a division is inevitable, amicably arranged by diplomacy, or else brought about by the sword.

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ART. VI.—*Copy of a Dispatch to the Government of India on the Subject of General Education in India.* Printed for the House of Commons, July 20th, 1854.

WHEN last reviewing the course and the results of British dominion in India, we freely expressed our views of the policy pursued in acquittance of the moral debt which rulers owe to subjects. On the vital question of education, while blaming the past proceedings of the East India Company, we ventured to indicate how we thought its Government might discharge the duty so clearly devolving upon it, and yet avoid, on the one hand, any infringement of the religious freedom of the natives, and, on the other, any hindrance to the peaceful growth of Christianity. Though hoping much from the spread of information, and the candour of men in power, we confess that we scarcely dared to expect that within twelve months we should welcome a measure embodying every principle involved in what we then suggested, and opening a new era in the moral history of Hindustan.

We said, "Let but the Government fix its own standard, name its own *secular* school-books, appoint its own Inspectors, and then say that every school which reaches this standard shall have such and such support. This would leave the people perfectly free to seek education where they may, and would give a universal stimulus."\* And again: "Universities founded at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, and Agra, with Colleges of Medicine, of Law, of Letters, and of Arts, regular examinations and degrees, pupils from any school being eligible for examination; a system of school-inspection organized, and all educating, according to a fixed secular standard, supported."†

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\* "London Quarterly Review," No. I., p. 272.

† *Ibid.*, p. 274.

No one can exaggerate—who can duly appreciate?—the importance of a measure directly affecting the moral glory of England, and the moral welfare of one-sixth of mankind, whom we govern in India. If no memorable record was left on the financial history of England by Sir Charles Wood's tenure of office at the Exchequer, certainly the same will never be said of the history of our Indian Government, during his incumbency at the Board of Control. However short his measure of last year might fall, in some respects, of what was desirable, it introduced changes of great magnitude, which will in perpetuity affect our Empire in the East. But in pregnancy with future results, in direct bearing on the natives of India, in experiments upon their capability of social improvement, in an appeal to the principle of self-help, and in wide comprehension, sweeping from central seats of literary honour down to the remote village-school, the measure, now noiselessly brought forward, has had few parallels in the annals of moral legislation. We do not remember any instance in history in which human beings, in equal number, have had their opportunities of mental and moral elevation so clearly improved by a spontaneous act of authority.

The measure is, in fact, one of national education for all our Indian territory, conceived on a plan remarkably suited to move both the local efforts of the natives, and the benevolent enterprise of English Christians. The Government will compel no one to be educated, nor supersede or forestall any one who is desirous to educate. On the contrary, so favourably does it regard local management, and so hopefully does it anticipate its progress, as to hold out the expectation, that even those institutions now directed by Government may become unnecessary, the ground being sufficiently occupied by others. Thus, while some in this country, who push the sensitiveness of religious liberty to eccentricity, suspect our Statesmen of conspiring, in regard to education, against the local action and the free thought of the people, with a view to centralize all movement in a Government bureau, and shape all opinion to a Government model; those very statesmen are carrying into the remote provinces of Hindustan a scheme for arousing the self-acting energy of the community, with which not a single leading Government on the Continent would venture to intrust their people.

We were happy, when last writing on India, to say, with the certainty of fact, that in freedom of person, of conscience, of the press, and of commerce, our Indian subjects were much before our European neighbours, under their hereditary rulers; and it adds to our pleasure, to be able now to point Europe to a measure in which English statesmanship, with that wise generosity which has been its traditional strength, instead of endeavouring to check inquiry and curb thought among a conquered people, appeals to their self-interest and emulation, in order to arouse a

movement of mind, and a progress in European knowledge, which bad Governments dread,—which our Government courts. Russia denies to her poor any schools whatever. The other great powers force every channel of instruction to run within rigid police embankments. England—transplanting her own habits to the soil of hereditary tyrannies—opens her hand to an Asiatic population, out of which you might draw as many millions as all the Russias can count, then as many millions as Austria can count, then as many as France can count, then as many as Prussia can count, and leave a royal residue behind; and to them she says, “Brahmans and Moolahs, Padres and Jaugamas, Parsees and Sikhs, if you will only gather the people round you, and give them those rudiments of solid instruction which will fit them to develop the resources of their glorious country, here is countenance, aid, and reward for you all!”

The Indian Government, in unfolding their plan for a new educational machinery, naturally cast some glances back upon their past proceedings. Of the allusions so made, some are amusing, some instructive. In reference to the future place which Sanscrit and Arabic may occupy in the higher departments of education, they say, as to the Professors of these classic tongues: “There will be an ample field for their labours, unconnected with any instruction in the tenets of the Hindu or Mohammedan religion. *We should refuse to sanction any such teaching, as directly opposed to the principle of religious neutrality, to which we have always adhered.*” Glad are we to hear the East India Company say, that they would refuse to sanction any such teaching. Certain are we, moreover, that, as a Government, their wisdom and duty lie in a course of religious neutrality; but it would perplex us sorely were we forced to produce, from our Indian lore, proofs that they *have always adhered* to the principle of neutrality. We should much rather, as disputants, be required to show, that they were zealous Vishnuites, zealous Shivaites, zealous Buddhists, zealous Mussulmauns, and most uncomfortable Christians. However, that, we hope, is past. Only, if neutrality in the future is to be the same as neutrality in the past, Christianity must still fight her battle against fearful odds. Has that clause, “To which we have always adhered,” not suffered in the printer’s hand? Did it not contain an additional word?—“To which we *should* have always adhered.”

Looking back on the course pursued by their own agents in reference to education, they freely admit that, on the whole, it has not answered. The idea of making Sanscrit and Persian the channels of education, soon proved itself a scholar’s whim. Those were two laborious stages, through an interesting country, but on the way to nothing. English is the learned language of the East. Let Sanscrit be their Hebrew; but English is at

once their Greek, Latin, and French,—the language of model compositions, of scientific lore, and their *Lingua Franca*. Of the political wisdom of cultivating the Mussulmaun languages, we have serious doubt. English lays open treasures such as classic Latin or Greek never opened, such as no Asiatic language can well translate,—treasures which tend, not to lead back youth from a purer atmosphere to a less pure, and from civilization to comparative barbarism; but which lead the Hindu into another air,—purer, higher, more inspiring,—redolent of better principles, and more sublime hopes.

Every English book a Hindu reads,—with the exception of infidel works which have been to some extent circulated among those whom the Government Colleges prepared for them,—is an advance on all he knew or thought before, tends toward European modes of thinking, and so far is a preparation for future progress. But in studying Sanscrit, Persian, or Arabic, the utmost he can gain, is a certain Monkish learning, combined with all sorts of queer and unprofitable superstitions. Let the Hindus first be educated; and then a due proportion of them will learn those historic languages, of which the interest to scholars can never die, though their utility as an element of national education may be plainly denied.

Another of the confessed errors in the past is, educating youths who are meant for Government offices to the utmost range of a scientific and philosophic curriculum. Once through an examination with honour, they are little disposed to come down to the moderate station in which they must begin to earn their bread; and especially when, as in several cases, they enjoyed at College a stipend far beyond what was necessary for their support. It were a poor conclusion of an education in which a Hindu had mastered Euclid and Shakespeare thoroughly, to find that, being ignorant of common writing and accounts in his own language, he was not competent to a situation worth a pound a month. Yet this is no imaginary case.

There is a point to which the Government refer tenderly, and to which their referring at all shows that they are no longer insensible to the shame charged upon them, of having driven away the Bible from all Colleges and schools. "Considerable misapprehension," they say, "appears to exist as to our views, with respect to religious instruction in the Government institutions." We do not believe this. The case was perfectly understood. If, however, they mean that the misapprehension was as to their "views," and not as to their practice, they may be right. People inferred their "views" from their practice; which was, to teach no Christianity. As they are men of sense, it is probable that their views were against this practice. True, they say, "the Bible is, *we understand*, placed in the libraries of the colleges and schools." We never heard them charged with

holding that the Bible was not to be a library book. Yet, from the above wording, *we understand* that they did not even take the pains to see that it was there.

Our present business, however, is not to animadvert on the past; but to give the public—and we believe we are the first to do it—a full view of the great measure by which the Company break away from all the trimming and petty policy bequeathed to them by tradition from their predecessors.

Going down to the lowest rank of educational effort, they propose, as far as possible, to adopt and improve the indigenous village-schools. These are found generally spread throughout the country; and a large proportion of the people can read, that is, can make out a book; for reading, in our sense,—the interpretation of letters into sounds, as fluently as if speaking from one's own impulse,—is hardly known in India. Humming and drumming, in low recitative, forward and backward, half singing, half spelling, a Brahman loiters along a page of palmyra leaf, at a pace which a very young scholar in a dame-school would not envy. This is, doubtless, much owing to the want of printing; for, however well written, a book on the leaf of a tree, is a different thing from one in type. Hindus taught in the English style can, of course, read, write, and do every thing else, as well as we.

In a village-school the apparatus is very simple,—a floor and sand are the two requisites. The master and boys equally sit on the floor. "Copies" are set in the sand with the finger. Chanting lustily, and flourishing like a fencer, the boy makes a great business of forming the vowels, or one consonant combined with all the vowels in turn, for each of which a change takes place, and then a syllable is the result. A dozen will be chanting this weary alphabet at a time, while others are chanting the rudiments of Arithmetic, and mayhap an advanced scholar is chanting a verse of Sanscrit, or a string of words from the "*Amera Kosa*," a Sanscrit Dictionary in verse, not one of which he understands. A clever boy may learn the alphabet in three months, if it be one of the languages which have the greatest number of letters. Writing on the leaf, and on paper, are two different arts; but both are partly learned in the very act of learning the alphabet. Finger first, then style, or pen, as the case may be, is the order of Hindu scribe-craft. Comparatively few, on leaving these schools, are able to keep or understand accounts.

The first attempt to turn the village-school to any better purpose was made by Missionaries. In some places, where they were unable to create better, they gave the masters a small stipend, introduced Christian books, and took the schools under their periodical inspection. But an attempt which has had

more effect on the Government, and was made on a wider scale, is due to the lamented Mr. Thomason, the first Governor of the North-West Provinces. His father, in early boyhood, was connected with the Wesleys; went, while yet in his teens, with Dr. Coke to the West Indies, as his French interpreter; and thus spent his youth amid the liveliest fires of Methodist Missionary zeal. Going to Cambridge, he became the friend of Henry Martyn, whose lamp had been kindled in Cornwall, at the same fire. On the shores of Bengal they met. The one ended a course of glorious labour in comparative youth. The other lived long and saintly, and bequeathed to India a son, whose worth the keen eye of Lord Ellenborough saw, and, placing him, though young, in the high position of Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West, gave him the opportunity of doing our Empire immense service, and of winning for himself a place in the gratitude of the people of the North, equal to that of Munro among those of the South. Lord Ellenborough was remarkable for discovering able men, and doubtless made enemies by passing over age, interest, and expectation, and pitching on what would serve the country.

Finding in his Provinces a miserable lack of education, Mr. Thomason seized upon the feeling of self-interest, to rouse the people to learn. Those who could not read, and even those who could not understand the measurement of land, were subject to frauds from the village accountants. "To enable each man to look after his own rights," he endeavoured to get them to improve; set apart a sum for the reward of deserving teachers and scholars; set up a school in each *country town* for teaching not only writing and accounts, but mensuration; making, however, the pupils pay; appointed visitors to go round the schools, and a Visitor-General to inspect all, and prepare school-books, which were sold. Thus the natives were called, urged, helped by the Governor to educate themselves, and left both to pay the schooling and buy the books. The only gratuitous education seems to have been, that when, in a village-school, a promising boy was found, he might be transferred to the country town, and receive a higher education free, as a prize for past distinction.

To the credit of our Indian Government, they describe this course of Mr. Thomason, commend it to the Presidencies, and avow their readiness to sanction its extension, as far and as speedily as circumstances will permit. This one provision alters the moral condition of the country,—not sensibly to-day or to-morrow, not sensibly for many years, but as surely as the translation of the Bible altered the moral condition of England. No school, of course, will be on the Government list, which does not provide itself with approved school-books. Thus will the old and evil books be at once supplanted. Instead of learning what will make them more ignorant than if they learned



nothing, the boys will learn truths. Instead of acquiring a love for native legends on leaf, they will acquire a love for the printed book, and for European ideas. The Bible will easily follow, even in the remotest villages, if it does not precede, as it ought to do, the Government school-books. It is hard to form an idea of a more complete revolution in a country, than is implied in a complete change of school-books.

But is it to be expected that a people so attached to their own notions, and so prone to regard all foreigners as ignorant compared with their sages, will be prevailed upon to exchange their national books for the productions of strangers? Thirty years ago, all oriental scholars, except a very few of the more sanguine Missionaries, would have answered this question with a strong negative. But a little experience corrects a great deal of theory. The point has been tried and settled. From the hand not only of foreigners, but of the avowed assailants of their gods and their rights, the open preachers of a religion which abolishes idols and levels caste, do they largely receive books. In villages buried in the recesses of the country, we have known Gospels to be adopted as reading-books in schools, simply because of the ease of reading type, and the general approbation of the "sense." In Bangalore, a School-Book Society has existed for many years, and found a ready sale among the natives for its productions in English, Tamul, and Canarese, many of which are works of real value. Now they even sell the Scriptures, and have *depôts* both in the Cantonment, and in the Pettah, or walled native town. A spirited native, incited by this example, brought a press from England, and printed a number of native works for sale. He soon found that his wares were not in demand, and had to look for help from the authorities, in order to keep up his press. When to the general desire for improvement is added the feeling on the part of the village master, that he is honoured with the notice of the *Koompani*, is to be reported of in high quarters, is, in case of merit, to have some mark of honour, and that his pupils are to have the chance of gaining such a prize as transference to a higher academy, we may count on great emulation in securing the best books. And when the parents come to know all this, they too, for their children's sake, will be alive to the importance of progress.

On the character of the books much will depend. Did ever such an opportunity occur before,—an opportunity of laying the foundation for a silent and peaceful emancipation of such immense multitudes of human minds from ruinous superstitions, and leading them into all the light we enjoy? With the one exception of language, almost every thing a Hindu learned made him more ignorant than when he began; for false notions are worse than no notions at all. It will, therefore, be introducing them to a new universe, and will tell upon all their creed and

morals, to teach Geography, Natural History, and whatever of the natural sciences can be put into simple books. We doubt not that men, capable of feeling the grandeur of their task, in turning the course of intellect in nations so populous, will devote themselves to the preparation of such works as may be worthy of adoption by the Government. Many are already prepared, we know; but perhaps in scarcely one language is all done that is desirable. Mere translations will not do. The truths of nature ought to be poured, out of minds that have revolved them, in Hindu forms of thought.

The effect of this effort of the Government to spread knowledge through the villages, will, we believe, be as happy upon their subjects, as the views under which they undertake it are worthy and generous. As Mr. Thomason wished each Ryot in his Provinces to be able to look after his own rights, so do the Government think that every where the people should be made aware of the importance of being able to check the village accountant in his returns. This officer has been hereditary in every village, his duty being to "keep the books;" and, as he was frequently the only "scholar" in the place, he has been in sore temptation. For the first time in history, the poor people will feel that their Government is anxious to put into their hands the means of their own defence against the fraud of Brahmans, and other persons more learned than themselves. That feeling alone will do much to win their confidence. The Government also feel, that the increase of European knowledge "will teach the natives of India the marvellous results of the employment of labour and capital, rouse them to emulate us in the development of the vast resources of their country, guide them in their efforts, and gradually, but certainly, confer upon them all the advantages which accompany the healthy increase of wealth and commerce."

He who would seek to improve the mind, or to regenerate the heart of men, showing, at the same time, indifference to their material happiness, is neither a philanthropist nor a philosopher. True philanthropy loves man as he is, body and spirit; and, following the only perfect example, thinks both of the hairs of the head, and of the soul, which is worth worlds. True wisdom sees that only those who have some mental or spiritual life, can feel kindness directed only to the intellect or the soul. But all can feel kindness directed to the body and the bodily interests. Such kindness wins a way to the heart, and prepares it to appreciate higher benefits.

The Hindus, however, have from time immemorial venerated learning, and looked on those who diffuse it as by that act acquiring great merit. They will regard the effort of the Company to enlighten their children as a religious virtue in their rulers, and will proportionally respect them. But when they also

discern that it is intended to improve their own temporal condition, and that of their posterity, to raise them to a share in the skill which makes their masters so powerful, this will produce a deep impression in favour of the nation and the religion whence such purposes emanate. Nor need we doubt that the results foretold by the Government will follow; that, from the increased energy and resources of the natives, England, in her commerce, will derive material advantages. We shall not lead them to one benefit that will not, in some degree, profit ourselves. Generous care of others is long-sighted preparation for our own good, and, because it is long-sighted, lies beyond the view of the greedy.

A scheme so wide as this must take some considerable time, before it can be applied to the whole surface of nations so great as those of India. But as notice is to be promulgated in all the vernacular languages, the news will soon be discussed in every village; and the various officers of Government will have eager petitioners from all quarters for the immediate application to their children of the benefits of the new law. Wonderful speeches will be made as to the *dhurma*, "charity," of the *Koompani*, and all worlds and all gods will be mercilessly taxed to adorn the rhetoric of petition and of eulogy.

If only the right man be found in each Presidency to take the chief administration, the benefits of this noble measure may spread over India with great rapidity. But if some respectable man, of great official experience, who knows every thing by long practice, and can learn nothing more; who conducts things with perfect form, and corresponds in admirable composition; who never has bold thoughts of his own, and does not much relish them in others; who likes things to go on properly; who can, in his own conception, expand a routine day's work into a great service, and a routine document into a paper fit to be read over and over again to himself and his subordinates, as a matter of high concernment;—if such a man be intrusted with the initiation of this movement in any Presidency, we know what its success will be. Heart, soul, mind, and strength are needed: get them, and the work will be done.

Above the range of the village or indigenous schools, will come all those which are conducted by masters of superior education, whether Natives or Europeans. Of these, all that will place themselves on the Government list will be put under inspection. That inspection will, in no case, take cognizance of religious teaching. The conductors will, on that point, be perfectly free; the Inspector testing only the general order and secular instruction of the school. To these institutions grants in aid will be made; not, however, as a part of the regular school-funds; but on the principle on which the Committee of

Council acts at home. The pupils *must pay* something; and from this and other resources of the local managers must come the staple support of the school. The grant in aid will go to augment the salary of Head Teachers, to supply Junior Teachers, to found scholarships as prizes to boys from inferior schools, to provide school-books, and perhaps to aid in erecting buildings. But in its appropriation much will be left to the discretion of the authorities. In Normal Schools, the grant may go directly to the ordinary expenses.

Boys who show aptness for teaching, will be taken up on the same system as that which is now in force in this country; first trained as Pupil Teachers, then forwarded to a Normal School, with a stipend while studying. The Normal School will be equally free from Government interference on religion, with any other. Besides the immense encouragement which this plan will offer to promising youths, special Colleges—some already existing—for the education of persons for State service, as, for instance, in Medicine and Engineering, will be opened as rewards to eminent talent.

In the higher schools, the instruction may either be in English, or in a vernacular language, or in both: some of the Indian classic tongues may be added. But the Government, with a wisdom that cannot be too much commended, is anxious to direct great attention to the vernacular tongues; to have them enriched with sound literature; and to spread far and wide, not a lofty education for a few, but a solid instruction for the many, that they may become "more useful members of society in every condition of life." These languages are not little dialects, lingering in back parts, like some European remnants, which are dying slowly; but vigorous tongues, spoken by tens and twenties of millions, which cannot be superseded, and must be enriched with all the truth one man has received to tell another. The English and the vernacular,—these are the languages to teach, when you can teach two; when but one, the vernacular, of course.

Such of these upper schools "as are capable of supplying a sufficiently high order of instruction in the different branches of art and science," will, if their conductors choose, be affiliated to a University at each Presidency, on the plan of the London University, which will be empowered to confer degrees. At each Presidency an Education Department will be added to the Government establishments, and a high officer placed at its head. The Universities will not be in themselves educating bodies, but Boards of Examination for degrees. These candidates will be drawn from affiliated Colleges, situated any where within the territory of the Presidency, and conducted by persons of any religion whatever. The only condition noted is one altogether praiseworthy: "If they are found to provide the requisite

course of study, and can be depended upon for the certificates of conduct which will be required."

One important departure, even from the usage of the London University, is to be introduced. A matriculation will not be compulsory; but such arrangements will be made, that any candidate who has not been able to reach the Presidency for an entrance examination, may, at the completion of his studies, present himself for a degree. This is an act of liberality which will enable many a poor student, who otherwise would abandon the hope of ever attaining his point, to keep that hope alive, and thus to mature talents which might else have sunk into indolence. Whether academic honours should be made to depend on what a man knows, or on where and how he has learnt it, is a point in morals and in government, which we are not at leisure, just now, to discuss. We once heard a *savant* of some note say, "Suppose a man really *is* learned: what is it to us, if he caught his learning from a scholar, by sleeping with him?" Certain it is, however, that, on this point, our fellow-subjects in India are to be placed on a more advantageous footing than the people of England. A Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Senate will constitute the University.

The "Dispatch" names several existing institutions,—some belonging to the Government, some conducted by natives, and some by Missionaries,—which are regarded as worthy to be at once affiliated to the Universities. Others may be added, as rapidly and as numerous as the different educating bodies will produce them.

Provision is made for the pursuit of those special lines of study which conduct to the professions of Law, Medicine, and Civil Engineering; the Government avowing its readiness, not only to sustain the Colleges already in operation for these purposes, but to found others. It is certainly wise to place Civil Engineering among the learned professions; and we hope that distinctive degrees will be awarded to it, as to the others: so that B.C.L., B.M., and B.C.E. may all, in India, stand equally as certificates of tested skill. We had this in view when we recommended Colleges of Laws, Medicine, Letters, and Arts. Sciences ought to be added; for Mathematics do not properly fall under any of these heads; nor yet the higher studies of Natural Philosophy. The French, besides the professions, have degrees in Lettres, Sciences, Arts.

The only fine art honoured by our English Universities is Music; and here it does not make much matter. But in India art has never been civilly elevated above the position of ordinary handicraft; and, consequently, notwithstanding uncommon aids from nature, and advantages in the genius of the people, it has never reached an advanced stage, and for many ages has been declining. Would it not, therefore, be wise, to set before

designers and architects, at least, as well as engineers, the opportunity of taking a place among the recognised cultivators of mind? In both these lines, we should anticipate great things from the Hindus. Designing would have a powerful influence on the commerce of the country. All know how much France is indebted to her designers for the favour her fabrics find, wherever taste is good: all equally know how backward, hitherto, the English have been in the race, though deeply feeling its mercantile importance. The Hindu, with his unrivalled colours, his exquisite delicacy, his glowing scenes of tropical nature to draw from, and his traditional title to adorn Europe with goodly apparel, would, if furnished with the facilities of art, most probably eclipse even our graceful neighbours, in the mysteries of colouring the plumage of the European fair. Manchester, instead of depending on Paris, might find Calcutta furnishing new patterns. In forms and colouring for porcelain, as well as other branches of commercial designing, they would probably excel. Dr. Hunter, of Madras, himself unskilled, has done enough to show that, under regular instruction and sufficient stimulus, much might be attained by the natives.

Chemistry is closely in connexion with this subject. It is a science to which Hindu talent would naturally turn; and, if honours and emoluments were to be obtained by eminence in its pursuit, and especially in its practical application, it might become a source of immense internal improvement and external commerce. In drugs, dyes, metals, agriculture, pottery, sugar, it is impossible to say what sources of wealth might be opened up, by a diligent prosecution of chemical studies, under the new physical conditions of the country, and the new mental conditions of Hindu intellect, with European light. In manipulation it is not to be doubted that the Hindu would outdo the most delicate of his western rivals. We would, therefore, strongly urge upon the Government the adoption of the continental plan of certifying chemists apart from surgeons; giving, however, to the examinations a direction strongly bearing on the manufacturing and agricultural, as well as the pharmaceutical, aspects of Chemistry.

Want of invention blights India. This, certainly, does not arise from barrenness of mind, but from the natural effect of the caste system, united with the worship of ancestors. The son was always of the same trade as his forefathers; and he adored them as his gods. It was their genius which had originated the craft whereby he gained his bread, which had brought it to the pitch of astonishing advancement whereat it had remained; and was he, poor modern, to presume to improve upon the work of the ancients? Until this feeling is broken up, nothing is before the Hindu but imitation; and imitation never led to any thing but littleness. He will imitate the ancients to the twist of a



chain, the curve of a nose-jewel, the shape of a plough, or the plan of a cotton-cleaner. He will imitate the English in boots or furniture, the Scotch in plaids, the Chinese in ginger, the French in cookery; but he will not invent. Cannot the present magnificent plan be extended, so as to include some College of Arts, whence honours for all useful inventions would be issued? The Hindu is, perhaps, more sensible to the honour of having "his name mentioned," than to any other; and were it known that every one who made any real improvement in machines or manufactures, would have his name published in all the newspapers of the Presidencies, and posted in his own town, or Talook, it would produce no inconsiderable effect. Add to this, annual agricultural shows, to be held in the chief place of each district, under the eye of the Collector, with prizes for stock, produce, and implements, to be awarded by native juries; and though for years the success would be little, and in many cases the issue ludicrous, yet in the end it would work a complete change. A Ryot who came back to his village with some token of the personal approbation of the "Koompani," and whose neighbours knew that his name was put into print, would make a sensation. In manufacturing districts we would adopt similar means for stimulating improvement. Besides the bearing of this on the growth of all the staple commodities of India, and the probability of its developing new branches of enterprise, not the least of its advantages would be one that would immediately begin to operate; namely, diffusing among the people a feeling that the "Koompani" really cared for their progress, and cultivating among the officers of Government a habit of taking interest in the industrial development of the people.

One benefit which the Government propose to themselves is, to "raise the moral character" of the pupils educated in the schools under inspection, and thus to supply the public service with men whose probity will be worthier of offices of trust than those now generally employed. Such a result is equally desirable for people and Governors. If the former are wronged by dishonest officials, on the latter falls the disaffection excited by their misdeeds. The tales lately told in the House of Commons, as to the application of torture in collecting revenue, are probably quite true. We have ourselves seen the fresh blood on a Ryot's fingers, and the wound out of which it had been forced by the screw, applied by underlings, serving under officers who would do honour to any Government in the world. But did the Ryot complain, though his oppressor might suffer, he knew that he and his would be ruined by one plot or another.

To raise a body of men fit to be intrusted with power, in a country where all the antecedents are those of barbarous administration, where even now, in native states, revenue is sometimes collected to the sound of cannon, is no easy task. Mere

native education has no such tendency. All classes in the country agree that the Brahmans, the best educated of all, are the most rapacious in office. They have a proverb, of which an English equivalent would be, "If others will swallow a herring end-ways, the Brahman will swallow it cross-ways."\* It is of the last importance to the Government, to train a race of officials in whose hands its intentions shall be fairly represented, and who will not both rob the people of property, and the authorities of loyalty. Let them, then, look most carefully to the moral quality of the school-books sanctioned by their authority.

The change which the new measure will make in the prospects of Christianity in India, rests chiefly in the fact, that already the Missionaries have completely gained the ear of the native community, as their educators. Though Brahmans, and all other Priests, will have every chance of turning the new movement to their own advantage, if they can,—will have the field open, and the terms equal,—yet the labours of the last forty years have already left them in the shade. Wherever a school is set up by Brahmans, and one by Missionaries, all know that the latter only will be crowded. When General Cubbon, the able Commissioner for the Mysore territory, some time ago, ordered a return of all the schools in Bangalore where English was taught, it proved, *from the report of a native*, that out of a considerable number of schools, the only one in which *Brahman* youths were found was a Wesleyan Mission-school, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Garrett, who has done much—perhaps as much as any man—to give the natives an acquaintance with natural science, which at once tends to explode their superstitions, and stimulate their inquiries. This fact shows that even Brahmans themselves are forsaking Brahman teaching; and that, if the Missionaries were *but sufficiently numerous*, they *might now take into their own hands the education of all India*.†

This is, in fact, the crisis which the new measure creates. It places before the Christian Church the opportunity of engaging *the whole population* of India to co-operate with Ministers of the Gospel in training the minds of their children. The Missionaries will not be supported by Government,—ought not to be. It is not the place of the Government to interfere for the con-

\* They roll a kind of pudding into long quids, as in stuffing a turkey; and it is to the art of swallowing these cleverly that the proverb refers.

† In an official letter respecting Education, the Commissioner thus expresses himself as to Mr. Garrett:—"The subject is one which the Commissioner has much at heart; but he would have found it difficult to have organized any working scheme, but for the aid volunteered by Mr. Garrett. In obtaining, as he has done, the zealous co-operation of this gentleman, the Commissioner cannot but deem himself eminently fortunate; for the large circle of his knowledge, the tact and energy of his character, and the eminently practical turn of his mind, have gained him such a reputation as an instructor among the native community, as the Commissioner, during his long residence in India, has never seen equalled."

version of the people. Their preaching of the Gospel should be by justice, by mercy, by useful works, by spreading a sense of security, by aiming at the comfort of the people, and the improvement of the country; so that the Ryot in his village, and the merchant in his bazaar, may feel that the religion of Christians is a good one to live under. But, if Missionaries were on the ground, to organize schools all round their preaching-stations, to train masters, to overlook the whole, to them would the people flock; to them would the new law afford aid and facilities; and, in twenty years, you might have twenty millions of Hindus and Mussulmauns every day reading the word of God, and taking their mould from servants of Christ. Without merging his office of Preacher in that of Schoolmaster, which we would by no means advocate, the Missionary might be the soul and centre of numerous schools, each of which would be to him at once a pleasing juvenile charge, and a meeting-place for adult congregations, till others were needed. With the history of the world before us, it is not necessary to say that no such opportunity has ever been placed before the Church. It remains to be seen, whether the Missionary feeling has, in this country, the strength worthy of such an emergency, and whether Missionary Societies have the breadth of view and the foresight necessary to plan and to perform, on a scale such as the opening before them demands. It is a question, not of tribes, but of nations; not of islands, but of regions. Giant thoughts, giant efforts, and giant sacrifices alone are worthy to approach such an undertaking.

As to the point whether or not the natives will pay, that is already settled. We could name schools where they are now paying. As to the other, whether they will cheerfully co-operate with Missionaries in establishing schools to enjoy the countenance of Government, we can produce evidence at once new and convincing. In the article to which we before referred, we stated that, in the city of Mysore, a petition had been signed, in nine languages, by more than three thousand persons, praying for a school, and sent home by a Missionary. That Missionary, the Rev. E. J. Hardey, while in England, obtained £200 toward the building, which would cost £400. On his return, he called upon the natives to raise the rest. The result is so novel, that we give it as reported to us by himself. We believe that our pages are the first of any publication in London to record the proceedings of a public meeting of Hindus, held in an inland native capital, for the purpose of raising money to build a school, to be under the direction of Christian Missionaries. When the Duke of Wellington, for the first time, held the reins of authority, it was over the two adjacent capital cities, Seringapatam and Mysore, with their surrounding district. Even in his latest days, he would hardly have been prepared to read of such

speeches being made by those who—they or their fathers—had lived under Hydur Ali and Tipu Sahib.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE REV. E. J. HARDEY, DATED  
"MYSORE, JUNE 29TH, 1854."

"WISHING to interest all parties in that which is of vast importance to their children, on April 22nd I called together a few native and East Indian gentlemen, to consult upon the best measures to realize the 2,000 rupees, which I had engaged to do, to meet the 2,000 rupees so kindly given by my friends in England.

"Having explained the object of the Meeting, and having solicited the aid of all present, we formed ourselves into a Committee; when it was resolved, First. 'That Meer Ahmud Sahib, Head Sheristadar, be the President;' Secondly. 'That M. R. R. Krishna Row, Naib Sheristadar, be Deputy Chairman;' Thirdly. 'That M. R. R. Chinna Swame Pillay, Magistrate, be Treasurer;' and, Fourthly. 'That the Rev. E. J. Hardey be Secretary to this Committee on Education.' It was resolved, Fifthly. 'That a Public Meeting of the East Indian and native community be convened on Friday, the 28th, to consult as to the means to be adopted to raise the 2,000 rupees required to meet the 2,000 rupees raised in England by Mr. Hardey.' Accordingly, the following notice was published throughout the city in Hindustanee and Canarese:—

"This is to certify that a Public Meeting will be held at the house of Chinniah Chettygára on Friday evening, April 28th, to take into consideration the best means of erecting a school for the education of the East Indian, Mussulman, and Hindu population in the city of Mysore. The attendance of all who feel a lively interest in this subject is earnestly requested. The Chair to be taken by the President, Ameer Ahmud Sahib, Head Sheristadar, at six o'clock precisely.'

"On Friday evening I repaired to the house of the above-named gentleman, and was ushered into a large room, well carpeted, and in which were 24 English lamps, 1 lustre, 14 pairs of wall-shades, 4 large looking-glasses, 150 arm-chairs, 4 couches, and numerous pictures. The whole of the lamps were lighted; and the room had a very brilliant appearance. As soon as the room was pretty well filled, the President rose, and delivered the following speech in Hindustanee, which was afterwards read in Canarese, and has since been forwarded to me in English:—

"Gentlemen,—I am proud in being called to occupy so prominent a position this evening; but it is the cause of our children that I bring before you. Our city is large; and thousands of its inhabitants are rich. But what are riches without education? We, as fathers, feel our disadvantages; but we have it in our power to confer blessings upon our children. The time has

come when we must give our children a good education. The gentlemen are here; and all they ask of you is, to give them money to build a large school for our children. Shall we not help them? We will help them! and I have great joy in giving towards this object 100 rupees. But you are well aware that an extensive English, Sanscrit, Canarese, and Hindustanee school cannot be kept up in efficiency without large means. Therefore I beg to submit to you the following Petition to the Commissioner, which, I am sure, will meet with your entire approbation; and you will oblige me by affixing your signatures thereto.'"

[The Petition prayed for aid toward the school, out of a fund which has been accumulating *from the proceeds of lands belonging to decayed temples.*]

"I was next called upon to explain more particularly the object of our assembling together. I felt it a trial to stand before more than a hundred of the most respectable gentlemen in Mysore. I was a solitary Missionary in the midst of all these Heathen, a witness for my Lord and Saviour.

"Narasymáchari, a clever man in the Superintendent's Cutcherry, next spoke very effectively in Canarese. After him the Treasurer, M. R. R. Chinna Swáme Pillay, spoke; and he has furnished me with a translation, which is as follows:—

"I rejoice to find the Mussulman and Hindu gentlemen assembled here this evening, to take into consideration the best means of promoting knowledge; and the more so, to observe that, as far as I have known and heard of you, you can both afford, and are willing, to help so good an undertaking, calculated as it is to effect the attainment of both earthly and heavenly advantages. Gentlemen, amongst other circumstances, the more I think of the substantial advantages which are to be derived from the English, Hindustanee, Sanscrit, and Canarese institutions, to be established in connexion with your exertions and aid, the more I feel it beyond my power to express my gratification.

"Ameer Ahmud Sahib, the President, and the Rev. Edward J. Hardey, have already dwelt largely upon the beneficial results of education; and I think it needless for me to add more upon this subject. But I will avail myself of this opportunity of soliciting your permission to bring particularly to your recollection one or two points connected therewith.

"Of the several languages above referred to, the English is the language spoken by our rulers; and the advancement, therefore, of the political condition of our children depends upon the degree of knowledge they may attain in that language. Moreover, under recent Acts, none, but those who have acquired a thorough knowledge of the English language, can aspire after or attain such important and responsible appointments as are held

out by the Charter. Is it not, then, incumbent upon us, to use such exertions, and to spend as much of our money, as our means will admit, towards the intellectual improvement of our children?

“Gentlemen, if you need evidence that the performance on our part of this duty will not prove fruitless, look at the rising generations of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. Numbers of the children educated at the large schools established in those Presidencies by the liberal contributions of native gentlemen, hold high appointments; and the Government, seeing the deep interest thus evinced by Hindus and Mussulmans in the spread of knowledge, have also been pleased to patronize such institutions. Therefore, Gentlemen, does not the literary inferiority of our children to those of the above-named Presidencies affect our honour? Does it not throw a shadow, deep, and up to this time permanent, over the intellectual advancement of our children? Albeit, God has given us the means to avoid such disadvantages; and is it not uncharitable not to use it? In fine, I hope and trust, Gentlemen, that you will not dissent from me, when I urge that the establishment of a large seminary in this city, when we are in want of even such vernacular schools as are capable of imparting a sound knowledge, is absolutely necessary. And I trust, also, that a conviction of the substantial benefits to be derived therefrom will prompt you to contribute of the means God has given you, towards the education of your children, and more especially those of destitute parents. In conclusion, that you may not suffer the favourable opportunity now offered to us by the kindness of the Rev. Edward J. Hardey to pass unimproved, is the sincerest prayer of your faithful friend.”

“The Deputy Chairman, M. R. R. P. Krishna Row, next spoke in Canarese, and then read the following speech in English:—

“Gentlemen and friends,—You have already heard from the Chairman, the Secretary, and the Treasurer, the object of this evening’s Meeting; and I doubt not that their able speeches have convinced you of the necessity of lending your aid to this laudable undertaking. The subject is therefore exhausted, and nothing left for me to state. To contribute towards the establishment and maintenance of educational institutions of the description which I am now advocating, is, in my humble opinion, superior to all kinds of charity. The food administered to the hungry, and money given to the poor, are apt to be forgotten,—the former after digestion, and the other after expenditure. But not so the education bestowed upon children, nor any share taken in the bestowment of education upon children. These will live as long as the institutions themselves. Nor are the benefits resulting from this conferred upon one individual only, or upon any fixed number of individuals; but they are as



general as lasting. Many a poor family, which could not afford to pay for the education of its members, will for ever bless those whose bounty led to the establishment of the institution from which their children derived the knowledge which otherwise they would never have received. I need not, Gentlemen, acquaint you, that want of education is, in fact, moral blindness, just as the want of eyes occasions physical blindness; and every effort to dispel the one is as laudable as the other. The uneducated man—shut out as he is from the light contained in those repositories of the wisdom of ages and nations, those companions of solitude, sorrow, and adversity, and those unerring guides in the slippery path we have to tread, in our passage through this world—is little better than the brute creation, which is made to obey its own instincts. It is therefore the first duty of every Government to provide for the education of its subjects,—not to speak of Governments that have passed away: I mean those of Greece and Rome, those mistresses of the world, and those fruitful nurseries of the fathers of the arts and sciences. The existing Governments of Europe, and especially that of England, are standing memorials of a strict observance of the measures to which I allude. How many thousands upon thousands of schools, both those maintained by the State, and those maintained by the bounty of liberal-minded gentlemen, like those assembled here, are there to be seen! And how many millions of pupils are under instruction at this moment! But why go to distant regions? Let us look to India itself, in which we live. Leaving out the schools established by Government, Missionaries—those indefatigable ministers of good—have established, from funds raised by private contributions, 1,440 vernacular schools, containing 49,918 boys; 126 superior English schools, containing 14,562 boys and young men; 449 girls' schools, containing 14,298 girls: thus making an aggregate of 2,015 schools, and 78,778 children. Observe, these are all the sons and daughters of India! But to whom are they indebted for their education? Not to us who are closely allied to them by identity of country, race, manners, customs, complexions, and, in no few cases, by creed; but to those who, separated from us by a distance of sixteen thousand miles, are still more so in manners, customs, modes of thinking, and physical appearance, and who have nothing in common with us but humanity. So much are these foreigners interested in our welfare, that, even in the present instance, more than half of the required sum has already been contributed by ladies and gentlemen in England, leaving for us less than half to be contributed, and *all for our own advantage.*

“Will not the liberal-minded gentlemen assembled here come forward, and show that they can compete with English men and women in judicious liberality? I am sure they will!

If not, we shall exhibit an instance of people blind to their interest, and little able to appreciate and value that which every civilized man ought to value. Turn your eyes to Madras, look at Bombay, and cast your glance upon Calcutta, and see how proud they are with their institutions raised by private persons. Have we any thing like them to show? No, not a single monument of our bounty; and this, too, in a capital extensively populated, and replete with respectable men. Awake, then, Gentlemen, from your lethargy, and vindicate at once the character of the Mysoreans! May God persuade you to do so!’

“As soon as the last speech was delivered, the subscription list was handed round, and, in ten minutes, more than 600 rupees were subscribed. But, at this point, a rich merchant, but a great enemy to Christianity, rose and objected to the introduction of the Bible into the school. He was supported by several other rich merchants. I now felt as though the entire affair would fall to the ground. Several of my friends wished me to make a compromise; but I told the Meeting that though 600 rupees had already been subscribed, I would not touch a farthing of it *without a clear and distinct understanding that the school should be conducted as all other Missionary schools*. The discussion grew hotter and hotter, and I had to stand up many times to maintain my ground. The merchant at last threw out a bait, at which he thought both I and the Meeting would catch. He said, ‘I will give you 4,000 rupees (£400) if you will exclude the Bible.’ Immediately several Brahmans replied, ‘Yes, you may give your 4,000 rupees, and build your school; but where are your teachers to come from? How will you support your school?’ Although I trembled for my subscription list, and the thought passed through my mind, ‘How shall I account to my friends in England for this failure?’ still I was glad the discussion had been raised, as it enabled me to make reference to Dr. Duff’s and Mr. Anderson’s schools, from which so many good English scholars have proceeded, and in which the Bible was *the book* most used. I asked the merchant if he had ever known the Missionaries spoil any of their children. He immediately brought forward several cases in Madras, where young men had become Christians. I then said, ‘If the Holy Ghost makes them Christians, who dares to object?’ This I repeated several times, and no one replied. The merchant, thus defeated, left the room, and, of course, kept his 4,000 rupees. His companions thus baffled, one of them came forward to the table, and begged pardon for thus interrupting the Meeting; and declared that he had been urged by his friends in the Pettah to raise this discussion against the Bible. He then put down his name for 100 rupees, took the paper round, and became the active man in procuring subscriptions. At the close of

the Meeting, more than 1,200 rupees (£120) were subscribed. This was subsequently increased to 1,600 rupees."

Within the last twelvemonth, more than one noteworthy event has occurred in India. The Ganges Canal has been opened; and, along more than eight hundred miles of newly flowing waters, grateful Hindus have blessed their rulers. The news, that this grand work was inaugurated, flew all the way to Calcutta by telegraph, and the Governor-General's congratulations were back in the North-West Provinces, in less time than has often been taken for a communication from Leadenhall-Street to Cannon-Row. The railway-train is now daily rushing before the eye of the immovable Hindu. A system of uniform postage, lighter than our own, is established for all India: thus, over fifteen hundred miles and more, Hindus can communicate for less than Frenchmen pay between Boulogne and Calais. The land-tax question is, doubtless, under careful review; and, altogether, that friend of India would be more greedy than grateful, who would not heartily commend, thank, and cheer on the Government in their career of improvement. Of their benevolent and enlightened views we do not doubt. They know that only by making the people prosperous and happy can they maintain the stability of the empire, or earn for it an historic glory.

It is not much to say, that no other Asiatic population can boast of a telegraph flashing messages, a post rushing at three farthings a letter from frontier to frontier, a railway in play and others forming, two recent canals of amazing magnitude, and other river works, as those at the Godavery, in progress, and an equal system of education offered to all. Yet, for a foreign Government to carry blessings with it, is a thing to be noted. And those who would only censure our authorities for their faults, and give them no credit for liberal efforts; who will even set them below Native and Mogul Princes; will do well to read the Parts, just out, of Montgomery Martin's new "History of the Colonies," which give a fuller, more connected, and more carefully compiled account of the Native and Mohammedan eras of Indian history, and of the doings of our European predecessors, than has been before put within reach of the ordinary reading public. Then it will be seen to what a heritage of governmental abominations the East-India Company succeeded; and how much they had to undo, before they could frame a well administered Government for the whole country.

On the other hand, if the Company claim to have done wonders, and to be deserving of endless credit and no blame, we most widely differ from them. They were neither Rajahs nor Nabobs, and had no business to compare themselves, or permit themselves to be compared, with either. They were Englishmen

and Christians; and, for such, have not been above moderate merit. A great deal of the good is purely owing to the national character; and it has often experienced from the Company unwarrantable opposition. Even yet they are but awaking. The magnitude of their calling, as the benefactors of India, is but dimly showing through the windows of the India House. Grand schemes of internal improvement are looming on their view; but whether they will dissolve into cloud, or not, remains to be seen.

Surely the new phase of Indian history, which we have now dwelt upon, will move the energies of all those who have the spread of the Gospel at heart. Here is an opening, an opportunity, and a call, to their hearts' content. How many scores of men will they send? What Society will take the lead? For China, much sympathy has been raised; but the opening there has never yet been at all equal to that now offered in India. A movement to send a million New Testaments to China has been successful. Why not form at once a fund of £20,000, to send the same gift all over India? Let that money be raised; let a man be found to organize a system of Colporteurs; send these wherever Missionaries can oversee their movements; slowly perfect the machinery, yearly gather strength and funds, and never stay till the word of God is in every house in India, where there is one who can read it. "Too great a work!" you say. Yes, far too great; but it must be done. Is it to be tolerated that men shall be born, grow up, and die, under the British flag, and never see a Bible?

ART. VII.—*The Roman State, from 1815 to 1850.* By LUIGI CARLO FARINI. Translated from the Italian by the RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. Four Vols. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1851-54.

OUR readers can scarcely have forgotten the excitement produced by the announcement of a "Reforming Pope." The very words seemed contradictory. That a proposition should be made to adapt the time-worn system of the Papacy to the requirements of the age, was certainly *not* beyond the range of probability. Some dreamy German Professor, or some imaginative French publicist, in his Parisian garret, might amuse himself with such a problem, and yet produce no great sensation; it is their function to labour in the region of the impracticable. But that the head of that gigantic system, built up with so much labour through so many ages, and apparently guaranteed and buttressed against change by the petrifying dogma of infallibility, —that *he* should prove the iconoclast,—that, indeed, was marvellous! Day by day the ears of Europe were startled by the plaudits of the bystanders, as they surveyed the work of demo-

lition. Will the edifice endure the means of renovation, or will it perish under the process? Dutiful sons of the Church stood in amazement, shaken by contending emotions, and uncertain whether to give utterance to a blessing or a curse. Protestants gazed with wonder at a sight which seemed to give the lie to their oft-repeated assertions. It appeared as though the Papacy was not the effete and palsied thing that had been asserted, since she exhibited an impulse within herself which betokened life; an impulse which, though now manifested in reference to temporal matters, might (could the process, in this instance, be successfully carried out) be hereafter directed to her higher spiritual interests. Events rapidly followed each other. The shouts of jubilation which rose throughout the peninsula, from the Alps to Calabria, from Genoa to the Adriatic, were shortly followed by the murmured sounds of dissension,—and then *the fabric fell!* We say it *fell*; for whatever be the distinction drawn by Romanists between the temporal and spiritual power, and whatever ingenuity they may expend, to prove the unimportant and unessential character of the former, we believe it can never again be what it was. An abstract Papacy may be supposed, constructed on other principles; but the historical Papacy, of which we speak, cannot be said to exist where the temporal power is not. And if it be objected that the Pope still governs from the Vatican, as well as blesses from the balcony of St. Peter's, we would answer by the inquiry, Can that be said to *stand*, which has never yet (since it fell) been able to appear again erect, unless supported by foreign bayonets? Former forced absences of the Pope from Rome cannot serve as parallels, because they arose from external foes, while the recent flight was from his own subjects; and we have reason to think that a similar collision would again take place, were the external pressure removed. If the experiment of the co-existence of the Papal system with civil and religious liberty has been fairly and honestly tried, under the highest auspices and the purest motives, then the result has been similar to that fabled and subtle essence, which shivered to atoms the glass into which it was poured, at the moment of commingling.

Rome *has* had a modern history, as remarkable in its circumstances as unexpected in its advent. For ages, the active world has paid little attention to the condition of that portion of Central Italy, which was the birthplace and training-ground of the most energetic race of antiquity. Its localities, indeed, were full of interest; but that interest centred in a race and a period long gone by. Its existing condition, as a political power, was contemptible. The Capitol, whence radiated the commands which distant provinces must obey, had become politically, as in actual fact, a museum of curiosities. The City, once Imperial, as the Mistress of almost innumerable provinces, lay prostrate in the dust; nor could the most sanguine traveller,

who saw her condition, discern any reasonable prospect of a change. He surveyed her splendid ruins, but thought of their builders, rather as of another race, than as the ancestors of the beings who idly sauntered at their feet. He looked with delight upon the paintings and sculptures of a later age, but did not inquire for, because he did not hope to find, a modern school of art. Debasing superstition and political bondage had rendered the Papal States the Pariah caste of European countries.

Mr. Gladstone deserves the acknowledgments of his countrymen for introducing this work to their notice. The difficulty of procuring trustworthy information respecting contemporary events is notorious; and this applies with especial force to the political movements of late years on the Continent. The occurrences in Italy, as described by Nicolini and others on the republican side, and by the advocates of Austria in the interests of despotism, afford a striking instance, how differently the same object may be painted, when seen from opposite points of view. Dr. Farini represents that moderately progressive section of Italian politicians, with whom Englishmen, from their natural habits of thought, and the past experience of their own country, instinctively sympathize. A sincere Romanist, he avoids those extreme views which strike at the foundations, equally, of religious and social life. Connected with the Government, both before and after the short-lived republic, he has had access to all requisite sources of information; whilst his thoughtful mind, meditating, in exile, upon the causes of a catastrophe that has again plunged his country into a state of gloom, from which there is at present no promise of recovery, seeks to learn and to teach the lessons of reproof and warning, with which these events are pregnant. He speaks with considerable bitterness of Mazzini and his adherents, who, by giving an undue impetus to the progress of reform, by exciting the populace to take the work into their own hands, and by disseminating republican theories, (in conjunction, as we think, with the Pope's own vacillating and deceitful conduct,) drove the state machine beyond the point of safety, and ultimately lost for Italy the advantages already secured. We make these admissions as to the general character of the work, although, as will be seen in the sequel, we take serious exception to some of its parts. We shall attempt a rapid sketch of the Roman Government, as it existed during the latter years and at the death of Gregory XVI., the immediate predecessor of the present Pope. We shall use the past tense in thus describing the state of the Papal Government in June, 1846; but beg to remind our readers, that we depict its normal state for ages past, and such as it continued, till interrupted, but not subverted, by that revolutionary crisis of which we shall have to speak.

There was a Prelate at the head of the household, and this office was always filled by a Cardinal. There were Prelates



Clerks of the Chamber, and Prelates Grooms of the Privy Chamber. The *Guardia Nobile* and the Swiss Halberdiers,—the latter clothed in the picturesque dresses said to have been designed by Raphael,—served at once for ornament and security. Then we have a Secretary for Memorials, a Cardinal Secretary for Briefs, a Cardinal for Patronage, a Cardinal of the Exchequer, a Cardinal of the Archives of Holy Church; a Prelate Private Secretary to the Pope, a Prelate Secretary for the Latin Correspondence, a Prelate for the Wardrobe, and Prelates in other minor offices.

The Sacred College of Cardinals, although containing some men of great erudition, against whose course of life little could be charged, consisted chiefly of aged persons, possessing few claims to legislative or executive talent, and rarely exhibiting any interest in the welfare of those they governed. The Prelature, mixed up with politics, and constantly in attendance upon the Court, was composed of men neither clerical nor lay; being too clerical for laymen, and too laical for clergymen; and was neither remarkable for learning nor respectable for strictness of life, while it was hated by the people, as it intercepted the sunbeams of Court favour, and engrossed the monopoly of all lucrative offices.

The finances were administered by a Prelate as Treasurer, who was entitled, on quitting his office, to be appointed Cardinal. To none was he bound to render account, save to the Pope alone. His accounts were not audited; and, indeed, there is reason to believe, that such were the badness and intricacy of the system, that any effectual audit was utterly impossible. The public taxes were raised in two forms; one direct, the other indirect. To the former belonged the taxes on real property and on successions, producing about three millions of crowns a year: the latter comprised the customs' duties, the monopolies of salt and tobacco, of the stamps and registry, of the post, the lottery, the excise upon corn grown in some provinces, and upon the consumption of it in others; these produced about six millions of crowns a year. The cost of collecting these taxes was, for the direct taxes, about twenty-three *per cent.*; for the excise, eleven; for stamps and registry, sixteen; for the post-office, sixty; for the lottery, sixty-nine; on the average, about a fourth of the gross income. The expenditure has exceeded the revenue in the Papal States for a long time past, and recourse is constantly had to loans and debts. So long ago as the time of Clement VII., (1523-34,) the future income of the State had been pledged by debentures called "*luoghi di monti.*" This easy mode of raising money had been adopted so often, that, in the time of Sixtus V., (1585-90,) eleven of them could be named, in which almost the entire income of the State and the Church was mortgaged. In 1801, the debt of the Pontifical Govern-

ment, between *vacabili, luoghi di monti*, and debts taken over from the municipalities, amounted to seventy-four millions of crowns; and the income never reached the expenditure. During the reign of Gregory, (1831-46,) foreign interventions, the enrolment and establishment of the Swiss troops, the military commissions, and the Police, cost enormous sums; ruinous loans were contracted,—one of them with Rothschild at sixty-five *per cent.*; and although the taxes were increased, yet arrears had so accumulated, that in his reign the debt was augmented twenty-seven millions of crowns. The administration of the incompetent Treasurer Tosti had brought every thing to confusion; the treasury was impoverished; while a few, by public farming and speculation, had amassed excessive wealth.

The Cardinal of the Exchequer of Holy Church had his ecclesiastical mind burdened by the charge of commerce and industry; and, could we suppose any thing capable of disturbing his serene temper, it must surely have been the details of tariffs, premiums, monopolies, and privileges. Organized bands of smugglers existed, whose profits were derived from a wholesale evasion of Government duties, and whose defence consisted of a militia of captains, guides, and escorts. Custom-officers and other *employés* were ill paid, and therefore helped themselves. The lust of money, so difficult of procurement by legitimate means, led to gambling, and was not confined to the legal form provided by the lottery. As a specimen of the prevailing political economy, we quote the following remarks of Farini:—

“Such was the happy result of the tariffs, which, moreover, were barbarous even in their details, and with reference simply to the purpose of protection. By way of example, I will mention that, while premiums are granted for the construction of large merchant vessels, in order to favour the growth of the mercantile marine, timber for building purposes is subject to an export duty scarcely greater than that of wood unhewn; from which cause the large export that has been made to England for many years has doubled its price in the country. And if we wish to know the effect of premiums, we shall find that the cloths of the State which enjoys them are not only bad, but dearer than good foreign ones, and that the Government, to encourage the manufacture, besides giving the premium, purchases all that the troops require. In regard to monopolies and exceptions, I will set down this fact, that, in order to protect, as is professed, the trade of refining sugar, it has been made, for twenty-five years, a monopoly for a sole manufacturer and a single refinery, which is able to produce scarcely a tenth part of the quantity necessary for consumption; while, in the mean time, foreign sugar is loaded with a tax of forty *per cent.*”—Vol. i., pp. 147, 148.

To conclude our mercantile survey, we may remark, that, at the period we are depicting, (and the chief features are yet unaltered,) a transit commerce scarcely existed; the home trade

was small ; the foreign trade amounted to about twenty millions of crowns a year ; and the Government had neither a steamer nor a ship of war, upon either of the seas that wash the country. The Secretaryship of State for Foreign Affairs, both ecclesiastical and lay, was held by a Cardinal, with a Prelate for his deputy : both the ecclesiastical and the secular diplomacy at foreign Courts were conducted by Prelates called "Apostolic Nuncios," or else by *Chargés d'Affaires*. The department of State for Home Affairs was likewise under a Cardinal, with a Prelate for his deputy.

The population of the Papal States, consisting of about three millions of souls, was divided into twenty-one provinces. The four Legations, as they are called,—Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, and Forlì,—and the united provinces of Urbino and Pesaro, were each governed by a Cardinal Legate ; each of the rest by a Prelate, who must also be Monsignore. The Cardinal Dean was President of Velletri, with a Prelate as Vice-Legate. A Cardinal was President of Rome and Comarca.

The Cardinal Legates held a Pontifical Brief, defining their powers : they directed the police of the province, commanded the armed force, took charge of the provincial and municipal administrations, and had power to imprison, to release, and to pardon, within certain limits. Each Cardinal or Prelate had four lay Councillors, named by the Sovereign Pontiff. The Provincial Council was thus formed : the Municipal Councils met and named the electors ; these assembled in the capital of the district, and submitted to the Sovereign a list of three for each place to be filled.

The foundation of national liberty is in municipal governments. These form the best schools for freemen ; and no country can be considered helplessly enslaved where they have any true existence. How were they constituted in the Papal States ? The Sovereign named, in the first instance, all the members from the classes of Nobles, proprietors, members of the liberal professions, and chief persons in the respective trades. The Council was renewed by one-third at a time, and filled its own vacancies. The Mayor, (*Gonfalonière*), Aldermen, (*Priori*), and Common-Councilmen, were chosen by the Government, out of a list sent by the Council. The Congregation *del Buon Governo*, having a Cardinal as President, had the management of the municipalities in the neighbourhood of Rome.

In every district, consisting of one or more municipalities, resided a lay Governor, who had the management of the police, of espionage, arrests, and inquisitions,—of course, under the authority of the Legate or Prelate of the province. They acted as criminal Judges for offences not subject to any penalty exceeding three years of labour on the public works ; but, in the particular case of theft, they might give sentence of ten years to the gal-

leys. The supreme administration of the police lay with a Cardinal, who was Governor of Rome.

Every sovereign power must have an army, and the war department must have a head. This office, also, was held by a Cardinal. It is not difficult to imagine what must be the condition of the public force, when controlled by such a "President of Arms," in times remote from those when a Pope or a Bishop could lead his troops to battle. The officers were ignorant, careless, and devoid of any professional pride, being appointed for their rank, or their servility. The men were undisciplined, ill-conditioned, and ragged. The effective troops consisted of the Carabineers, and the two Swiss regiments: these were privileged in pay, and wore handsome uniforms.

Public Education was under the control of the Congregation of Studies, composed of Cardinals and Prelates. A Cardinal Bishop was Arch-Chancellor of the greater Universities of Rome and Bologna; while a Bishop presided over the Universities of Macerata, Urbino, Perugia, Ferrara, and Camarino. None were allowed to teach, publicly or privately, without the licence of the Sacred Congregation, or the approval of the Bishop: ecclesiastics were always preferred to laymen. In Rome, education was restricted to the Jesuits, and elsewhere they had the preference. The methods of instruction were either inadequate, or radically bad. It was forbidden to teach Political Economy. Professors of eminence—as Buffalini, Matteucci, Mamiani, Salvolini, and Malaguti—either had been proscribed, or had accepted foreign appointments.

The numerous and wealthy charitable foundations were ill-managed under the absolute government of the Clergy; and the Press was subject to the threefold censorship of the Holy Office, the Bishop, and the Government.

The arrangements for public justice were so complex, that it is not easy to give an intelligible account of them. They may be divided into the ordinary and the extraordinary tribunals. With respect to judicial independence, it was recognised in the codes; but our readers may judge how little it was worth, by the following words from the Edict of July 5th, 1831: "The Legate, or Delegate, if and whenever he wishes it, may preside at the sittings of the Courts which try criminal causes, but without a voice." Thus the Judge and the Court are liable to be influenced by the presence and language of the Cardinal Legate, whenever the latter may think proper. The Collegiate Court in each province administered justice in both criminal and civil causes. Public discussion was allowed in the latter, but forbidden in the former. The trials were generally protracted. There were two tribunals of appeal in the provinces,—one at Bologna, the other at Macerata.

The Sacred Rota of Rome was composed of twelve Prelates,

called "*Uditori*," presided over by a Cardinal. Each Prelate *Uditore* had his *Ajutante di Studio*, whose trifling pay was eked out by presents from the successful litigant, proportioned to the importance of his case. To each of the latter officers two private secretaries were attached, who, though laymen, were obliged to wear the sacerdotal dress; and into their hands the judicial work generally fell. No discussion was permitted before this tribunal: the disputants, with their Proctors, repaired to the residence of the *Uditore* for discussion. No written code of law for the Rota existed. The decision of this Court was in the nature of an opinion, rather than a definitive sentence. After ten decisions, a new trial might be granted; and the cause was not at an end, until the word "*Expediatur*" was pronounced.

The Supreme Tribunal, called the "*Segnatura*," was composed of one Cardinal Prelate, seven Prelates with deliberative voice, one Prelate *Uditore*, and one *Uditore* of the long robe. Its functions appear to have been those of a sort of Chancery-Court; not passing definitive sentence as a Court of Cassation, but remitting to the Rota.

The *Sacra Consulta* was a Court ruled by a Cardinal Prefect, and Prelates Relators, of indeterminate number. This Court had charge of political offences; it granted no claim to review, except in capital cases; and its appointments were generally given to young Prelates.

Of the exceptional Courts, the first was formed by a modification of the *Sacra Consulta*, which took charge of State offences. It was not permitted to confront the witnesses with the accused. The judgment was by majority of votes, and, in most cases, without appeal; or in those instances where an appeal was allowed, the accused had to appear before a moiety of the Judges who had already committed themselves in the Court below.

The Court of the *Holy Inquisition*, or Holy Office, consisted of Cardinals, Inquisitors General, Vicars, and licensed attendants: of its functions it is said, "It spies, inquires, incarcerates, and sentences, secretly and without appeal, in matters of dogma and belief." Farini admits that this famous tribunal never achieved the same fearful pre-eminence in cruelty as did the Spanish Inquisition, but that, notwithstanding, it "was constantly warning, or worrying, or condemning some layman or ecclesiastic." Its proceedings in the case of Achilli and others are sufficient proof that its functions have not been in abeyance in recent times.

The Cardinal Vicar of Rome presided over a Court which tried both civil and criminal causes. He was at the head of the police, over morals, and inquired into every matter connected therewith. He and his deputies and assessors were brought into contact with the depraved and polluted of both sexes: they virtually possessed power over the honour of fami-

lies; and appear to have mainly relied, in a certain class of cases, upon the *formula*, "*Aut dotet, aut nubat, aut ad triremes.*"

The Bishops had power to imprison, fine, or otherwise punish, for blasphemy, and disobedience of orders respecting fastings and holidays. In criminal cases the Clerk had the advantage of going into the Church Courts; in civil causes he could make his opponent follow him into either the Civil or the Ecclesiastical Court.

The criminal codes, although reciting every possible offence and crime, left a large margin of undefined power in the hands of the various Judges, since, after detailing the punishment to be inflicted for any crime, it ends thus: "*ed altre maggiori pene, secondo il nostro arbitrio*;" "and other greater punishments, according to our free will."

From the above description of the machinery of Government, —ever obtruding itself upon its victims, marking every action, and scrutinizing every thought,—the condition of the people may be readily imagined. Confession brought the Priest into contact with the secrets of all classes; and these passed along an invisible chain, which led to the Supreme Conclave. Little or no encouragement was given to trade; smuggling was organized, and stronger than the Government; while such liberal movements as the increasing intelligence of the people and the example of other countries produced, were quelled by the aid of the infamous Military Commissions. Material prosperity was impeded by excessive burdens; intellectual progress was sternly repressed; while all moral elevation was over-weighted by a creed which pandered to every vice, by providing the means to clear away the sin.

With respect to the feelings and bearing of the community under their heavy and deeply-felt burdens, Farini remarks:—

"The higher nobility of Rome, its Dukes and Princes, revered the Papacy, as an institution to which they owed their fortune, rank, and ancient privileges; but they were not friendly to the absolute sway of the sacerdotal caste, distinguished neither for diligence, learning, nor virtue. The provincial nobility were either disinclined or positively hostile to the Papal Government, or else indifferent about it. In the provinces not a few Nobles had joined in plots.

"The burgher class, independent in fortune and circumstances, were limited at Rome, and not attached to the Government: the clients and retainers of Cardinals and Prelates were numerous; so were the traffickers in abuses.....The artisans and lower class in Rome were perhaps attached to the Pontiff, but little to the Prince, and to the Government not at all; they were proud of the Roman name, uncivilized, and quarrelsome. In the provincial towns, the populace had mingled in the sects, and were daring partisans. The country people were every where peaceful, devoted to the head of their religion, reverent to the priesthood, only discontented at paying too much..... In a word, the Government was far from strong in the attachment of its subjects, or in public opinion."—Vol. i., pp. 166, 167.



Such were the circumstances of gloom and depression—the public mind alternately stagnant with despair, or roused by occasional outbreaks of hasty Liberals—when the death of Gregory XVI. took place, June 1st, 1846. A pause ensued; a general conviction was abroad that things were at the worst; and the warm glow of hope began to spread through every breast. Every one felt that Italy could sink no lower; and that, according to the rules of Providence, she had a right to look to the future for brighter days.

When the Conclave is sitting, it is customary every evening to burn the papers used in scrutinies that have had no result. The smoke thus issuing from the chimneys when the tickets are burned, is watched with intense interest by the crowds assembled in the Piazza of the Quirinal, since it tells that on that day no election has been made. This *fumata*, as it is called, was never looked for by more eager eyes than on the present occasion; and when its absence on the second evening told of a decision so important, there were many panting hearts.

After two days' Conclave, the Cardinal Giovanni Mastai Ferretti was elected Pope, and took the name of Pius IX. For a time the populace were kept in suspense. The new Pope was little known as an administrator. His mild and amiable character, his non-interference in recent arbitrary proceedings, and the fact of his having friends and relatives among the Liberal party, suggested the happiest prognostications. These were speedily confirmed by his putting a check upon the lavish expenditure of the Court, and by announcing his intention to grant audiences on the Thursday of each week. On the 16th of July, exactly one month after his accession to the Papal throne, he roused the enthusiasm of his subjects, by proclaiming a general amnesty for political offences. We must understand the fiery nature of the inhabitants of the South, and remember that there was scarcely a respectable family that had not one of its members in prison, if we would imagine the burst of joy that spread through all classes of society: expressions of exultation and of gratitude resounded every where. Every form of eulogium was exhausted; the Pontiff became the idol of the Italian world; and tributes of admiration and respect came even from England and America. Rome was one continued scene of festivity: the Pope was always accompanied by a crowd of grateful worshippers; and the world at large began to think it possible that Popery and freedom could exist together. It is right, however, to state, that from this amnesty were excluded persons proscribed on account of religion. This exclusion naturally tended to keep up the power and action of the Roman Inquisition.

This prospect of an altered policy was not pleasing to the abettors of abuse, the *Centurioni*, and other reactionary sects, afterwards named Gregorians. They did all in their power to

render nugatory the Pope's proceedings; and it is even stated, that they conspired against his authority, questioning his honesty, and challenging the regularity of his election. Some retired from the Court in discontent, and, for a short time, the Pope was surrounded by liberal and honest Councillors. The Pontiff, however, was strong in the affections of the people, and appears to have been deeply affected by the homage they rendered to his person.

Farini remarks:—

"There was a kind of plot to make soft speeches and keep holiday, in which all were implicated. Perhaps the very Prince, too, was self-deceived, and exulted in the universal exultation, with the reverent homage that was paid him by his subjects, by all Italy, and by strangers. Louis Philippe, King of the French, sent his son, the Prince de Joinville, to congratulate and pay compliments; men of the first distinction came from far to see him and to admire him; all the journals sang as it were one chorus of his praises; every man that did not do the like, and join in the general rejoicing, was pointed at with the finger."—Vol. i., pp. 189, 190.

Thus a system of mutual self-deception was carried on between the Sovereign and his subjects. Plaudits in anticipation were given, which should have been reserved for political changes actually effected.

The restoration to freedom of many thousand political prisoners, the return of some hundreds of exiles, greater moderation in the exercise of judicial power, and a diminution of the extravagance and luxury of the Court, were the net gains so far. But the gratitude thus loudly expressed was rather for what was to come, than for the favours yet received. Such a change of the Government as would confine the ecclesiastical element to Church matters alone, and leave the secular departments to the management of laymen, was absolutely necessary to satisfy their excited hopes. Clamours for real and substantial reforms rose from every part of the Papal States. In Rome, especially, the people were clamorous. Thousands collected together, and marched with flags and torches to the Quirinal, stating their wishes, and asking the Pope's blessing. His Holiness, though flattered by their praises, began to hesitate in granting their requests.

The Scientific Congress for Italy met that year at Genoa, and became unconsciously the occasion of a great movement. The most aspiring minds of the Peninsula were brought into contact. The differences between Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, and the Austrians, revived the deep-seated antipathy to the German strangers; while the amnesty and other acts of Pius IX. had encouraged hopes of freedom. From these sprang the idea of Italian independence. For a long time past the conviction had been felt, that Italy could never right herself, whatever might be

the dispositions of her Princes, whilst the Austrians were on her soil. Her previous heavings after freedom had been stilled by the heavy heel of Austria. In the Papal States, particularly, this antipathy existed, owing to the presence of the hated Germans in Ferrara and the Romagna.

Meanwhile, the Pope appointed several Commissions, in which were sprinklings of laymen. The censorship of the press was modified, and the whole Government manifested a spirit of toleration previously unknown.

But the Liberal party now began to separate into two sections; and thence arose those contests and recriminations, which are so fatal to a people seeking freedom, and which seem to justify our doubts as to its preparedness for that great boon. The Moderate party wished to reform the State without violence, and to introduce a representative system by degrees: the other desired a republic, and considered other reforms as merely preparatory to this. The Moderates desired concord between the Prince and people, hoping thus to establish a league of Italian Sovereigns, whereby the expulsion of the Austrians might be achieved: the Republicans endeavoured to excite the passions of the populace against their governors, and aimed at driving away the strangers without their help. The latter party, under the leadership of Mazzini, were undoubtedly the most active. Farini asserts, that at this time the Moderate party was by far the most numerous, and attributes the influence acquired by the Republicans to the use of secret and surreptitious means, to which their more scrupulous opponents would not resort.

A year had elapsed since the accession of Pius, and the state of parties became more complicated and alarming. The extreme Liberals were angry that the Government moved so slowly: the retrograde party, relying upon the expected intervention of Austria, excited disturbances at Faenza, Cesena, and elsewhere. Lord Ponsonby, writing to Lord Palmerston in July, (1847,) states, that the Pope had become alarmed, and desired the Austrian Government to be prepared to render aid, if called upon. On the ground of the above disturbances, and of the fear of Austrian intervention, the people of Rome called for the establishment of a Civic Guard; and this was granted by the Pope, though opposed by his Ministers. Cardinal Gizzi, liberal in his tendencies, but resolved to retain the power in the hands of the Ecclesiastics, and offended by the Pope's readiness to concede what he considered full of danger, resigned two days after. Rossi, the French Ambassador, and Mr. Petre, the English Agent, recommended decision and perseverance in accommodating the political system to the demands of the period. Cardinal Ferretti, the Pope's cousin, a man well disposed, but inexperienced, was appointed Secretary of State and President of the Council of Ministers. He called to his assistance his brother Pietro, long connected

with the Liberal party, and possessing the confidence of the public. Rumours of conspiracies against the Pope, on the part of the Gregorians, now began to spread, and a serious riot occurred in Rome, during which several of the more obnoxious of the retrograde party escaped with difficulty; and presently the alarming news was received, that the Austrians had entered and taken possession of the town of Ferrara.\* This aroused both Government and people. Cardinal Ciacchi energetically protested against the usurpation, and his protest was approved in the official Gazette of Rome. The Civic Guards were everywhere enrolled, and regulations were promulgated, modelling them on the plan of the French National Guards.

All now went "merry as a marriage-bell." The intrusion of the Austrians into the town of Ferrara, and the recital of cruelties inflicted upon the Lombards for shouting the praises of Pio Nono, had raised the public enthusiasm to the highest point. The names of the Pope and of Italy were joined together; and it appeared as if a noble country, uncorrupted by ages of oppression, was about to awaken to a sense of its dignity, and drive the oppressors from its soil. The love for fatherland was kindled in every breast, and extinguished every other passion. Still, delusion and self-deception prevailed on all hands. The difficulties inherent in the Papal system were overlooked. All this jubilation was premature. The foundations of civil liberty had not yet been laid.

The reforming movement proceeded apace. In October, the Pope established, by a *Motu Proprio*, the Council of State, which included many excellent names, and gave general satisfaction. Tuscany and Sardinia modified the most arbitrary of their institutions, and joined in the general enthusiasm. Charles Albert, fired with a sincere desire for Italian independence, offered himself as the champion of the Pope, and commenced that career of opposition to Austria, which recalls the age of chivalry, and the termination of which had in it more of pathos, than any other episode in the modern history of royal personages.

About this time occurred that celebrated journey of Lord Minto, respecting which so much has been said. The honourable character and known talents of his Lordship are guarantees that his mission was creditable in its design, and ably carried into effect. He recommended to the Sovereigns of Italy those political modifications, and that good faith, which would have given security to their Governments, and to their subjects the moderation that might have led to the establishment of liberty. The former were advised to pursue a system of progressive improvement, and gradually to re-model the ancient institutions

\* By the Treaty of Vienna, the Austrians were allowed to garrison the citadel of Ferrara,—the town remaining under the authority of the Pope.

of their country, so as to render them in harmony with the increased intelligence of the times. The views of the British Government, with regard to the objects of this mission, may be gathered from a portion of Lord Palmerston's instructions:—

"The present Pope has begun to enter upon a system of administrative improvement in his dominions; and it appears to Her Majesty's Government, that his proceedings in those matters are, upon general principles, highly praiseworthy, and deserving encouragement from all who take an interest in the welfare of the people of Italy.

"But in 1831 and 1832, a peculiar combination of political circumstances induced the Governments of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, most earnestly to advise the then reigning Pope to make great changes and improvements, both administrative and organic, in his dominions; and the principal improvements thus recommended were detailed in a paper which was presented to the Roman Government by Count Lutzow, the Austrian Ambassador at Rome, and by him, in the name of the five Powers, strongly pressed upon the Papal Government. These recommendations, however, produced no result, and were put by, unattended to by the Government of the late Pope. Her Majesty's Government have not learned as yet, that the reforms and improvements, effected or announced by the present Pope, have reached the full extent of what was recommended in the memorandum of 1832; and Her Majesty's Government therefore conceive that all the Powers who were parties to that memorandum are bound to encourage and to assist the Pope, as far as he may require encouragement or assistance from them, in carrying out, to their full extent, the recommendations given by the five Powers to his predecessors. Such a course the British Government is prepared to pursue; and you are authorized to give an assurance to this effect to the Roman Government, and to say that Her Majesty's Government would not see with indifference any aggression committed upon the Roman territories, with a view to prevent the Papal Government from carrying into effect those internal improvements which it may think proper to adopt."—Vol. i., pp. 309, 310.

It is not a matter of surprise, that, when the flame of revolution had been quenched, and things had returned to their former state, grave accusations were made against Lord Minto and his proceedings. The dominant party attributed to him the confusion and strife that had occurred; whilst the defeated Liberals heaped upon him censures due to their own imprudent and violent conduct. An impulsive and ill-informed people like the Italians, naturally disposed to be suspicious, are ever willing to lay the fault of failure upon others, and to overlook their own want of caution, of courage, or of prudence.

In the existing state of public feeling, that the populace should consider the Jesuits as enemies to the freedom they sought, was perfectly natural. Their whole history, and their well-known principles, as well as the experience of recent troubles, would lead instinctively to this conclusion. The publica-

tion of the "*Gesuita Moderno*" of Gioberti, whose writings had done much to stir the thoughtful minds of Italy, gave intensity to the feeling, and led to popular demonstrations against these enemies to free institutions. The events occurring in Switzerland, where the Sonderbund was organized and in arms, to thwart the liberal institutions of the Federation, roused still further the anger of the people. It was during the popular demonstrations against the Jesuits, that the first collision took place between the people and the Pope. Whatever the Prince might feel, the Pontiff was annoyed, that a religious fraternity should be attacked; and perhaps began to apprehend an attempt upon his supreme spiritual authority.

The organization of the Civic Guard, both in Rome and in the provinces, had already taken place. The Pope now began to carry into effect the sagacious plan of an Italian Customs' League,—a plan which, had it been fairly carried out, would have been the commencement and the means of effecting a political league. Sardinia and Tuscany readily gave in their adhesion; but Modena refused, under the influence of Austria. The antagonism of the latter power to the Pope's proceedings was now most violent. Farini has rendered good service to this portion of modern history, by giving in detail all the events and documents connected with the unjustifiable entry of Austrian troops into Ferrara. Austria figures, in the correspondence, in the combined character of special pleader and bully; whilst the Papal Government, in this instance, exhibits the dignity and straightforwardness due to the cause of truth. We revert to the subject of the forcible occupation of Ferrara, since we believe that act to have intensified the feeling, already excited to a high degree, with which the Pope's proceedings were regarded by the Liberal party throughout Italy. The attempt of Austria to intimidate the Pope against further reforms, by violence and the distorted interpretation of treaties, only the more roused the populace in defence of his independence and authority. All the municipalities of the State formally tendered aid to the Pontiff, swore to devote their lives and property in his defence, purchased arms, and presented them to the Government; and some even urged that the thunderbolt of excommunication should be hurled against the enemy.

The year 1848 opened, and found Italy in excitement from north to south. The aggressive designs of Austria were no longer a secret. Claiming the right to occupy with her troops any State to which she might be invited, without the consent of the other Italian Governments, she had already entered Modena and Parma, and still refused to remove her Croats from Ferrara. In Lombardy the cruelties already referred to were continued. The King of Naples answered every appeal by imprisonment and exile. The Court of Vienna continued to



put new regiments in motion for Italy, placed the army on the war establishment, and made every preparation to take the field. The Roman *Consulta* reported upon the alarming aspect of affairs, and the Government applied to the King of Sardinia for some officer experienced in military organization. Prince Gabrielli was appointed Minister of War, and was the first layman who sat in the Pope's Cabinet.

By the end of January came the news of the movements in Sicily and Naples, which completed the list of Italian revolutions. Then followed more hymns, illuminations, and merry-making. This time, however, the attitude of the populace was somewhat more threatening, and cries against the tardy movements of the Ministers were mingled with sounds of rejoicing. Rome was agitated, discontented, sullen; and on the 10th of February, the Pope issued a Proclamation, in which he stated that he was engaged in considering the best mode of perfecting the civil institutions; that he was re-organizing the army; that he was about to call more laymen to his councils; and concluded by earnestly entreating the people to restrain themselves, and to avoid making demands incompatible with the sanctity of the Church. On the 12th the Ministry was changed, and Count Pasolini, Sturbinetti, Gaetani, and other laymen entered upon office. A Commission was also appointed, consisting exclusively of Ecclesiastics, to consider the means of extending reforms, conformably to the nature of the Papal Government and the times.

The news of the French Revolution of February came, to complicate existing relations, excite fiercer passions, and add to the extreme confusion. The friends of Mazzini now spoke more plainly as to their ulterior views, and increased in their influence over the people; whilst the Government had to use the hitherto unwonted language of warning and rebuke.

On the 14th of March the Pope proclaimed the Constitution, or Fundamental Statute for the Civil Government of the Papal States. We quote the first six clauses of its general provisions:—

"ART. I. The Sacred College of the Cardinals, who choose the Supreme Pontiff, constitutes a Senate inseparable from his person.

"II. Two deliberative Councils for the formation of laws are instituted: to wit, the High Council, and the Council of Deputies.

"III. Although the Sovereign is the fountain of justice, and it is administered in his name, the judicial bench is, notwithstanding, independent in the application of the laws to particular cases, saving always, in the Sovereign aforesaid, the prerogative of mercy. The Judges of the Collegiate Courts become irremovable, when they shall have held office in them for three years from the promulgation of the present Statute. They may, however, be transferred from one Court to another of equal or superior rank.

"IV. There shall be no appointment of tribunals or commissions extraordinary. Every person, as well in civil as in criminal cases,

shall go before the tribunal expressly appointed by the law, in the sight of which all persons are equal.

"V. The Civic Guard holds the rank of one of the institutions of the State, and will continue organized on the basis of the law of July 5th, 1847, and of the regulations of the 30th of the same month.

"VI. No restraint may be placed upon personal freedom, except in the cases and forms prescribed by the laws. And accordingly no one may be arrested, except by virtue of a warrant proceeding from the proper authority. Cases of *flagrante delicto* are excepted; in these, the person arrested must be given in charge to the proper authority within twenty-four hours."—Vol. i., p. 372.

In subsequent clauses property is guaranteed; all individuals and bodies corporate, ecclesiastical, or otherwise, are made to bear their share of the public burdens; the political censorship is removed; and the communal and provincial administrations are left in the hands of their inhabitants, respectively. Then follow regulations respecting the election and mode of procedure of the High Council and the Council of Deputies; also, respecting the Ministers, the Council of State, and other matters. Twenty days before the opening of the Councils, the existing *Consulta di Stato* is to determine; and, finally, the Councils are to meet on the first Monday in June.

The chief features of the Fundamental Statute correspond with the modern Constitutions of lay States: some important differences, however, it may be well to point out. The Article on the Sacred Consistory runs thus:—

"LII. When both the Councils shall have affirmed any project of law, it will be presented to the Supreme Pontiff, and submitted to the Sacred Consistory. The Pontiff, after hearing the judgments of the Cardinals, gives or withholds his assent."

This was to provide that every law carried in Parliament should be submitted to a Consistory of Cardinals, whereby it would possess the authority of a political Senate. This body would have the power of a *veto* over the proceedings of the other two Councils, and moreover was to vote in secret, thus being privileged with political irresponsibility. Again, the prohibition to open or continue the Parliamentary Session during the vacancy of the See might involve this result,—that the State should frequently, and for long periods, be in an exceptional condition.

Still, the concession was a mighty one, and vast was the excitement it produced. As was the custom, processions were seen on all sides; the usual rendezvous took place in the Piazza of the Quirinal; the usual blessing followed from the balcony; and the people crowded together to sing "Glory to God" in the Churches. What was more important, acts followed these manifestations. The Ministry removed from office the more odious of the Judges, who had been members of the Political

Commissions under Gregory ; it called into Council the Piedmontese General Durando ; it dispatched Captain Lopez to Naples, in search of arms and ammunition ; it caused the troops to march for Pesaro ; and, on the 20th of March, it ordered that the Papal banners should be decorated with pennons of the Italian tricolor.

The state of feeling in Rome, when the tidings came of the Revolution of Venice, can best be shown by an extract from our author :—

“The public excitement now knew no bounds. Every bell in the city pealed for joy ; from palace and from hovel, from magazine and workshop, the townspeople poured in throngs into the streets and squares ; some took to letting off fire-arms, some to strewing flowers, some hoisted flags on the towers, some decked with them their balconies ; every body was shouting, ‘Italia ! Italia !’ and cursing the Empire. In an access of fury, the Austrian arms were torn down, dashed to pieces, and befouled, amidst the applause of the crowd, and in spite of the dissuasion of the public functionaries and of prudent persons. Trains of the populace, headed by Ciceruacchio and by townsmen of every class, together with Priests, Friars, and women, started from the Piazza del Popolo and marched to the palace of the Austrian Embassy, which bears the name of Venice, once its mistress : some inscribed the walls with the name of the Diet of Italy. At length, after much carolling and mad merriment, the multitude ascended to the Capitol, and sang their hymn of thanks to the Lord in the Church of Ara Cœli. They then repaired to the Colosseum, where Father Gavazzi and Doctor Masi fired their patriotism with sermons and verses. When, at length, it was evening, they illuminated ; and the rejoicing ended with the Carnival frolic called that of the *mocalletti*, which the Romans had denied themselves on the last day of Carnival, in token of mourning for the bloody events of Milan.”—Vol. ii., pp. 7, 8.

The excitement of the inhabitants of Rome, above depicted, was not confined to a day or two, but became chronic, from the rapid succession of startling events passing around them. On the 22nd of March, after five days of fearful struggle, the brave Milanese drove Radetzky and his troops from the capital of Lombardy. Nor was it at Milan alone that the townspeople were triumphant ; for at Monza an Austrian battalion was captured, at Como the garrison was compelled to surrender, in Brescia to capitulate, and at Bergamo to retire. On the same day that the Austrians left Milan, the Venetians achieved their bloodless triumph,—a triumph which lasted for seventeen months, and was wrested from them only by a struggle which will place the siege of Venice in the front rank of the glories of Italy. With such events passing around them, their country’s prospects brilliant with the promise of a glorious future, the proud oppressor struck as by the finger of God, who can wonder that the Romans should yield themselves up to the delirium of their joy ?

By the end of March, the Papal troops, under the command of Durando, had marched towards the Po. The Pope also sent a Legate to communicate with Charles Albert, and remain as his representative at the camp.

It is easy to perceive, in the records of this period, the progress of those difficulties which the spiritual character of the Pope could not fail to produce, in the progress of civil changes; difficulties, which ultimately brought on an inevitable collision between the two functions. The popular outcry against the Jesuits had gained such strength, that the Pope was obliged to consent to their dispersion; but that consent was given with obvious reluctance. He had yielded to the marching of the troops towards the Po, but again his position was a difficult one. The soldiers placed a cross upon their breasts, and called themselves "Crusaders," at the instigation of their General, Durando: this cross, indeed, was prominent upon the breast of Gavazzi, when he received the Pontiff's blessing as Chaplain-General to the army: but could the Pope allow a Holy War to be proclaimed by a subordinate, or permit his troops to engage in actual conflict with a Christian enemy? and that enemy an old and faithful adherent of the Papal See? As an ordinary Sovereign, political considerations might alone have been allowed to weigh; but, in his actual position, he was to consider its bearing upon the entire Roman Catholic world. Thus an opposition was established between the eagerness of the people and the troops to proceed, and the hesitation of the supreme authority; an opposition which not only led to the inaction and ultimate recall of the troops, but gave rise to mutual suspicions and recriminations between the Pope and his subjects. The character of the people, also, now began to exhibit signs of deterioration, such as are common in periods of prolonged political excitement. Professional agitators governed in the streets and the Clubs, and seemed to thrive upon the trade. Numberless applications for place and pensions poured in upon the Ministers; and, most fatal of all, the emissaries of Republicanism, from their head-quarters in Paris, gave an interpretation to "Italian Independence," alarming both to the Pope and to the friends of Constitutional Monarchy. It is right, too, that we should mention, in order to explain still further the causes of the coming collision, that about this time the Pope's mind became disturbed by the rumours of a threatened schism among the German Bishops, who adhered to the cause of Austria. Some of the Ecclesiastics, still connected with the Court, thus alarmed the conscience of the Pope; others incited the jealousy of both Prince and Court against the rising fortune of Charles Albert.

On the 29th of April the Pope published an Allocution, in which he finally refused to declare war with Austria, and warned

his subjects against the growing idea of "some sort of novel Republic of the whole Italian people." The next day the Ministry, who had advised the declaration of war, resigned. The public agitation increased. It was thought that its effect would be, to place their kinsmen, now on the frontier, beyond those laws of fair war, which civilization has established. The Civic Guard partook of the popular sentiment, and rather helped to rouse than to still the commotion. The Pope was uneasy; he spoke of the ingratitude of the people, of the criminal activity of the seditious; and is said to have exclaimed, that if they tormented him more, he might one day quit Rome, and leave it a prey to the violence of its passions. On the 4th of May was formed the Cabinet which takes its name from Mamiani, a Liberal of long standing, and distrusted by the Court: he was its Minister, not its adviser. Cardinal Ciacchi became President of the Council in the place of Cardinal Antonelli; all the other Ministers were laymen. In order to moderate the annoyance produced by his Allocution, the Pope made known a letter that he had written to the Emperor of Austria, in which he appeals to his piety and devotion, to withdraw his arms from the contest, which, without any possibility of again subduing the spirit of the Lombards and Venetians, was drawing with it the fatal series of calamities which are wont to attend on war. He appeals also to the generous German nation, to lay aside resentment, and invites them to convert into beneficial relations of friendly neighbourhood, a domination which could never prosper, while it depended solely on the sword. Some little commendation was awarded to the letter; but the Pontiff never afterwards regained the public confidence or applause, which he had hitherto enjoyed. The Clubs, the War Committees, and journals, daily acquired new vigour; the Government daily became weaker. Mamiani governed in the name of Pius IX., who either let him have his own way, or, first resigning himself and approving, afterwards murmured: the clerical politicians conspired against Mamiani, and the party of subversion against the Pope.

The treacherous conduct of the King of Naples, in recalling his troops from the seat of war, was the first fatal blow to National Independence and Constitutional Monarchy. It gave an immense advantage to the advocates of a Republic, since it confirmed their invectives against the trustworthiness of Princes. The Pope, who hesitated to advance, and the King, who traitorously drew back, were texts on which they well knew how to enlarge; and ardent minds poured that contempt upon the Popedom and on monarchy, which they felt for the Pope and the Monarch. Opposite opinions, as to ulterior proceedings in Italy, began now to prevail with greater violence than ever. The fusion of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces with Sardinia, which had been strongly advocated by Gioberti and others, was com-

bated by Mazzini and his adherents, who naturally deprecated that any Prince should acquire additional strength, since they hoped to accomplish the downfall of all. They poured upon Charles Albert every species of abuse; and, by their intrigues with an ill-informed and excited populace, hastened the fall of the only man, and the only army, on which the hopes of Italy were built.

The morning which ushered in the 5th of June, which was to witness the opening of the Parliament of Pius IX.,—the presumed inheritor of the glories of the ancient Senate,—showed the love for display which characterizes the descendants of those whose cry was, "*Panem et Circenses.*" The long line of the Corso was decked with hangings, and surmounted by flags. The Deputies and Lords of the High Council, decorated with tri-color scarves, assembled in the Piazza del Popolo, whence they were drawn in state carriages, with bands of music, to the Palace of the *Cancellaria*. Here they were met by the Pope's Delegate, Cardinal Altieri, who pronounced a short speech in behalf of his master. On the 9th, Mamiani delivered an elaborate oration, in which he gave utterance to many political generalities, and detailed the intentions of Ministers. We shall not attempt to recite the various discussions which ensued, nor the eccentric vagaries of the Prince of Canino, who, from the outset, indulged his pugnaciousness and loquacity. Its earlier eloquence seems to have been spent in criticisms upon the conduct of the war. We believe the Parliament to have been both moderate and honest, but are sure that it was too inexperienced, and too puerile in its conduct, to rule the minds of the public during a period of such fierce and unruly passions.

Pelegrino Rossi was a distinguished Italian, who had long been in the service of France, and at the time of the Revolution of February was Louis Philippe's representative at Rome. By that catastrophe he lost all his employments, and continued to reside in the city as a private person. Of liberal principles, and retaining the strongest desire for the welfare of Italy, he freely gave his advice to the Ministry, and to all who desired it. To him the Pope now turned for help in his difficulties; and Rossi, not without some hesitation, set about the formation of a Ministry. He strove to collect around him men of liberal, though temperate, opinions, to carry into effect the Fundamental Statute with the forms and usages of constitutional government, and to restore the finances and re-organize the army. But the lovers of disorder dreaded his strictness, and thwarted his endeavours. He resigned; and Mamiani, now more thoroughly identified with the advanced party, was re-instated. Had Mamiani been more energetic, and surrounded by less urgent circumstances, he might have steered the bark of the State to a safe anchorage. He was a man of undoubted talent and honesty;



popular with the masses, but unable to restrain their ardour; the Minister of the Pope, but suspected by him. Dispassionate inquiries and solid reforms were not the fashion of the times, which required something more stirring; and, consequently, his Ministry accomplished but little. The disasters of Charles Albert, which now added bitterness to the public feeling, already sufficiently wild, increased his difficulties, and impaired his power.

The Austrians now followed up the advantages they had gained in Lombardy, by entering the Papal States and attacking Bologna. Rome was kept uneasy by the agitators, and murmured against the Ministers who had succeeded Mamiani, for being, as they said, too servile to the Court. The Parliament (Council of Deputies) now shaped itself into the usual parties, and continued to exhaust itself upon extraneous matters, instead of consolidating the internal condition of the State. To speak in the modern phrase, the Right was headed by Simonetti, Bevilacqua, and Montanari; the Left by Mamiani. These led the more moderate politicians: beyond them, on the right, stood Orioli; on the left, Canino and Sterbini. In the Upper House, or High Council, the Members were not prominent, and their proceedings were of little interest.

In September, the Pope recalled Rossi to the Cabinet, as Minister of the Interior. He resumed once more, with vigour, his efforts to infuse order into the various departments of the State, to correct abuses, and discourage riotous proceedings. But he was an object of suspicion to two classes,—the Clergy, who remembered him as the proscribed of 1815,—and the Republicans, who saw in him a fit instrument to defeat their views. He re-established the financial credit of the State, and, amongst other things, endeavoured to make a contract for the formation of railways. Under the able management of Zucchi, the military organization proceeded satisfactorily. The Parliament was to meet on November 15th; and, fearing disturbance, the Government took care to have the Carabineers at hand. Gloomy countenances and suspicious glances were noted in the crowd. At mid-day Rossi's carriage entered the court of the palace. He descended, and walked briskly towards the staircase. The crowd surrounded him, and gave utterance to its dislike. He turned upon it a look of scorn and defiance. In a moment, a dagger was struck into his neck; and he fell to the ground streaming with blood. He was borne, amid his death-struggles, to the apartments of Cardinal Gazzoli, and there breathed his last. In the Council, when the news arrived, not a word of indignant protest was heard; and the members gradually departed. In the streets were seen faces lurid with fierce delight, or pallid with alarm. The Pope was thunderstruck; and the friends of Italy despaired. A series of calamities and

sorrows had commenced, of which the end is not yet. The following day a fearful riot took place, the principal scene being the Palace of the Quirinal. A crowd collected, and demanded a change of Ministry from the Pope, who refused to listen to the mob. During the struggle at the gates, musket-shots were fired on both sides; and a general cry arose, "To arms!" Fresh bodies of insurgents poured in; rumours spread, that the Swiss were murdering the people; a momentary pause took place, during which weapons were procured; and a fierce attack was made on the palace. Within the building all was confusion and dismay. Contradictory counsels were given, and canvassed, and dismissed. Monsignor Palma, who is said to have directed the first firing, fell dead by the window of his apartment. The Pope turned to the diplomatic body who surrounded him. "Look," he says, "where we stand. There is no hope in resistance. Already a Prelate is slain in my very palace: shots are aimed at it; artillery levelled. We are pressed and besieged by the insurgents. To avoid fruitless bloodshed and increased enormities, we give way; but, as you see, Gentlemen, it is only to force: so we protest. Let the Courts, let your Governments, know it. We give way to violence alone: all we concede is invalid, is null, is void." Having spoken thus, he called Cardinal Soglia, and at once ordered him to agree with Galetti about the formation of a new Ministry.\* The list was drawn out at once, consisting of Mamiani, Galetti, Sterbini, and others, with the respected Rosmini at its head. It was announced to the multitude, that the Pope had named a democratic Ministry; and the insurgents marched away, firing their muskets in token of their joy.

But His Holiness had suffered an unpardonable indignity. His mind was afflicted by the ingratitude of his subjects. His future safety was a matter of doubt; and he resolved to remove secretly from the city. Three members of the diplomatic body—the Duc d'Harcourt, Minister of France; Martinez de la Rosa, Minister of Spain; and Count Spaur, Minister of Bavaria—were the chief agents of his escape. In the evening of November 24th, Madame Spaur proceeded in a travelling-carriage a short distance outside the walls, and presently received the Pope, Monsignor Stella, and Cardinal Antonelli, all in disguise. They mounted; and the carriage took the route by Terracina to Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples. Thus terminated the grand, but impracticable, experiment. Thus he went into banishment from that city which, in the circle of nine-and-twenty months, had worshipped, scorned, and assaulted him.

We can by no means agree with Farini, when he attributes

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\* Some accounts state that this protest was not made till after the consent to the popular demand.

the entire blame of the Pope's flight to the misconduct of the extreme revolutionary party. They had hitherto committed no outrage, as a body; and there is every reason to believe, that the murder of Rossi was the isolated act of a ruffian, excited, at the moment, by Rossi's own imprudent bearing. The desire for a Republic was expressed by a mere handful of persons, and never became general, till the Pope's reactionary efforts were obvious to all. His conduct, in regard to the war against the Austrians, was marked, not only by vacillation, but by treachery. To his Ministers he presented a double face, countermining and thwarting their attempts to make the constitutional machine work fairly and honestly. Mamiani, in particular, was the object of his suspicion, the Pope knowing that, though firmly opposed to Republicanism, he was fully resolved to effect the separation of the religious and civil functions. So far was this want of confidence carried, that an intercepted letter, written by Cardinal Soglia, the President of the Ministry, proved to be a missive, forbidding diplomatic agents to pay any attention to the Ministers' orders, or to what the Pope was constrained to say in public. There is little doubt that, latterly, an understanding had been come to with the Austrians, with a view to their interference, the intervention of the French being then equally unforeseen and undesired. The fact is, that the Pope had long since turned his back upon the principles which influenced him during the early part of his reign. He had found, as in the instance of the Jesuits, that a consistent carrying out of political reforms would interfere with his supposed duties as a Churchman; and to this extent he was not disposed to go. Can it, then, be wondered at, that a revulsion of feeling should take place in the minds of a populace who thus found all their hopes dissipated? or that the violent means used to restrain their remonstrances should have produced the still more violent and riotous conduct, which now served as an excuse for the departure from Rome? From the time when the Allocution of April 29th appeared, the current of public opinion entirely changed its direction, and a general resentment was felt against the Pope and his secret advisers. This became more widely extended and more intense, until, the Pontiff exhibiting increased vexation and suspicion, and persisting in reactionary courses, the inevitable, but deplorable, collision at last took place.

The departure of the Sovereign from his capital, in the hurried manner above related, produced an astounding effect upon the whole city. The news fell like a thunderbolt upon the people; while the Ministry were no less taken by surprise. The following note was left, to be delivered to Galetti after the flight:—

"We have thought proper to acquaint the Minister, Galetti, of our departure, entreating him, with the other Ministers, not only to spare

the palace, but to protect and save the several persons in service of it, who are totally ignorant of our resolution. In addition to the strong recommendation we give for their protection, we also entreat the said Ministers that due regard be had to the quiet and protection of the city.

“ P. P. IX.”

In the mean time, the new Government endeavoured to keep down any thing like a popular movement. All possible military precautions were taken; and, for the purpose of quieting the public mind, the following Proclamation was issued:—

“ Romans! the Pontiff left Rome last night, yielding to deplorable advice. In this solemn moment, the Ministry will not be wanting to the duties, which the safety of the country and the confidence of the people impose on it. All dispositions are taken in order that tranquillity may be preserved, and the lives and properties of the citizens secured. A Commission shall be instantly named, whose sittings shall be permanent, to punish with all the rigour of the law whoever dare to infringe good order, or attack the lives of the citizens. All the troops, all the Civic Guards, are under arms in their respective quarters, ready to succour those who may require their aid. The Ministry, united with the Chamber of the Representatives of the People, and the Senators of Rome, will take such ulterior measures as circumstances require. Rome! confide in us, prove yourselves worthy of the name you bear, and reply with greatness of soul to the calumnies of your enemies.

(Signed)

“ MUZZARELLI, *President*, STERBINI,  
GALETTI, CAMPELLO,  
LUNATI, SERENI.”

Soon after the Pope's arrival at Gaeta, he sent instructions, appointing Cardinal Castracane and six others, including Bevilacqua and Zucchi, to act for him; but with little or no result, since some declined to act, and those who accepted did nothing but issue one or two Proclamations. About the same time, a deputation to his Holiness was on its way to Gaeta. On arriving at the Neapolitan frontier, they were forbidden to proceed further, and returned to Rome in great depression. The Council of Deputies met on the 8th of December. Dr. Pantaleone proposed the appointment of a Committee of five, which should devise means to meet the difficulties occasioned by the absence of the Sovereign; and this was agreed upon. But now came the first faint rumour of a movement, external to Rome and the Roman people, but destined to exercise a mighty influence upon the fortunes of both. General Cavaignac, then at the head of the French Republic, had announced to the National Assembly, that, on hearing of the events in Rome, he had sent instructions for the disembarkation of 3,500 men at Civita Vecchia, to guard the person and liberty of the Pope. The Council of Ministers at Rome thereupon published a Declaration, setting forth the injustice of the act, arguing the case

with equal moderation and cogency, and announcing a determination to resist the invasion.

The intervention of France in the affairs of the Roman State will ever remain a blot upon her political history, and will continue to excite the indignation of posterity, by its astounding exhibition of inconsistency and selfishness. Having recently achieved her own political liberty, ostentatiously emblazoning upon her banner respect for all peoples striving for independence, and threatening to prevent any interference of others with nations thus engaged, she yet allowed herself, in order to increase her own influence and to check that of Austria, to act the bully against a weak and struggling state, whose conduct hitherto had been far more moderate than her own. This selfish desire to maintain and increase her own influence in Italy was not, however, the only motive for the proceeding. The election of President of the French Republic was impending, and General Cavaignac could not resist the temptation to acquire the support of the Clergy and the Catholic party, by thus acting in contradiction to his own sincere convictions. Against these interested motives, personal and governmental, all feeling of consistency, all sympathy with public liberty, all generous consideration for the weak, were as nought. But history is full of retributions. The Government which sanctioned the injustice, fell by an act of treachery; the Dictator who conceived it, has experienced the ingratitude of a people whom he saved; and the General whose sword was first employed to carry it out, after having, by his mode of so doing, damaged his military reputation, is now himself a forgotten and unpitied exile.

The political arguments used in defence of the intervention, are in the utmost degree feeble, and, indeed, have never been much relied upon by its defenders. The entry of an armed body upon a foreign territory, without the assent of its inhabitants or actual Governors, is of itself a clear violation of the law of nations; and, surely, of all Governments in the world, the French Republic should have been the last to interfere with the right of any nation to become the arbiter and master of its own destinies. The argument relied upon is, that, the Pope being the head of Catholicism, all the Catholic powers were interested in maintaining his independence. But the quarrel between the Pope and his subjects was not a religious, but a strictly political, quarrel. His spiritual authority was neither hampered nor resisted in its operations. The Church remained intact in her rights, in her appurtenances, and in her functions;—unless she included in these so much as to exclude from the people all rights whatever. And, again, where can be found a justification of the interference of one Catholic power by herself? If the King of France had formerly been called "Most Christian," had not the Emperor of Austria the title of "Apostolic," and the

Kings of Spain and Portugal those of "Catholic" and "Most Faithful?"

The course of events in the city of the Cæsars now became more and more headlong. Deserted by its Sovereign, the inevitable evils attending such desertion followed, in the increased weakness of the now headless Government, and in the exaggerated hopes, and equally exaggerated fears, of the populace. Numbers of those *esprits forts*, who are always found in revolutionary times, and whom the recent circumstances of the different Italian States were admirably fitted to engender, now poured into the city. Beaten down by the Austrians in Northern Italy, deceived and fusiladed by the King of Naples, they clustered round the Capitol, as the last remaining stronghold of Italian freedom. Their influence was felt by the Government, which they embarrassed, and by the populace, which they excited. On the 14th of December, the Ministers, no longer able otherwise to satisfy the public clamour, named a Provisional Government, and called to Rome a Constituent Assembly.

The short-lived Parliament of Rome deserves a word of characterization. We believe it to have acted, throughout its short existence, upon the whole, with moderation and honesty. Some troublesome, loquacious members it had; but more northern Assemblies could be found, to keep it in countenance in this particular. Its conduct, with respect to the war, was consistent, and only wanted the honest co-operation of its Sovereign, to have afforded effectual support in its prosecution. It made provision, to the best of its power, for this purpose. Considering its steady efforts in favour of constitutional liberty, while that was possible, and its general calmness and moderation of tone in a time of unusual difficulty, we can readily agree to the verdict of Farini,—that "the Parliament of Rome has not, indeed, left a splendid memory; nor had it the means; but neither has it left a disgraceful one." The current of actual circumstances was too strong for it. In more favourable times, and under a consistent Sovereign, it would have worked out the welfare of the State.

On surveying the state of Rome, from the flight of the Pope till the meeting of the Constituent Assembly in February, 1849, we cannot refuse to award the meed of praise for moderation, which the conduct of the Romans certainly demands. During that period they can scarcely be said to have had any Government, since the Ministers were disowned by the Pope, in whose name they acted; and the secondary authorities were in doubt which to obey,—the Pope, or the Ministers. Yet no scene of violence took place. The people had suffered many wrongs, and some of their oppressors were in their power; but no act of lawless revenge sullied their triumph. A second and a third deputation were sent to Gaeta with offers of concessions; but no audience was



granted. Is it, then, remarkable, that the original idea of a limited Constitutional Monarchy should, at last, appear to them an impossibility; and that the deposition of the Pope from his temporal power should come to be the determined wish of the subjects he had first deceived, and then deserted? And is it not fair to conclude, that the Pope himself did more to change the Romans into Republicans, than the few active and noisy men who had always professed such views?

But, if a Republic was inevitable, it was right that the able and active Mazzini should inaugurate the grand idea to which his life had been devoted; and events soon rapidly prepared the way for his appearance on the scene. On February 6th, the Constituent Assembly met; and a discussion upon the form of government commenced. After a vain opposition to the proposition of a Republic, Mamiani resigned. Two days after, the temporal power of the Pope was formally abolished; the Assembly began to frame a Constitution; and a Triumvirate was named, consisting of Armellini, Salicetti, and Montecchi. Mazzini arrived in Rome on the 22nd, and was received with extraordinary marks of enthusiasm. In order to make room for him, the Triumvirate was modified, and made to consist of Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi. From the end of March to the entry of the French troops, Mazzini was the actual ruler of Rome. Active, eloquent, not without a tincture of mysticism, he held absolute sway, both in the Legislative Assembly and amongst the people. The Roman Revolution had now reached its culminating point. Just as the news of the disastrous defeat of the Piedmontese at Novara extinguished the hopes of the Constitutionalists, their more successful opponents had gained the object for which they had long and earnestly laboured. Henceforth the *formula* was, "God and the people."

The events of a period of revolution, tumultuously following each other as they must do, are seldom pleasant to look back upon. The passions are too much excited in a struggle which each party considers to be one of life or death. The natural exaggeration of the moment continues to survive, in the accounts which each party subsequently places on record. Thus, one who has taken a part in the strife, though possessing some advantage, from the fact of his personal share and interest in it, is, to some degree, disqualified for writing contemporary history. He is apt to attribute to his opponents the blame of all that goes amiss; while he claims for his friends, not only the virtuous deeds exhibited, but the absence of greater evils, which might have occurred, but did not. He is a poor artist who cannot so arrange his light and shade, as to suit his particular design; and few political partisans are destitute of this necessary tact.

We consider that Farini has overstepped the truth of history, in his relation of the alleged misdeeds of the Republican party,

during the period of their power. Amongst other things, he exclaims against their irreligion; still more against their latitudinarianism; and, most of all, against their semi-Protestant designs to reform, or, which is much the same, to destroy, the Roman Catholic faith. Anxious, above all things, for the integrity of the National Church, he would persuade his political opponents, that even the extreme and Utopian changes which they propose may all be more readily achieved in connexion with the existing faith, than in despite of it, or by its absolute subversion. Why this enmity to the religion of your fathers? Will it aid you? Very far from it. Republican,—that is folly; anti-Catholic,—that is madness.

"Italy (for this is the point of my argument) is Catholic; those in Italy who have any creed at all, have the Catholic creed. Men who by their words, their writings, and their actions, impair the faith of the masses, are unbelievers, or imbecile, because they waver ever in disbelief; or they are resentful against the Priests, and they sham irreligion out of spite; or they Protestantize from fashion, or the spirit of sect. Meanwhile, not one of them would lay down his life for a new creed, or a new religion, far less for Protestantism, which is superannuated and going to pieces. Yet look at Mazzini: he is not satisfied with the unity of Italy,—a scheme contested, an aim, in my opinion, not good, nor grand, and at all events unattainable in these times: he is not satisfied with the destruction of monarchy,—a pestilent idea, as I think, for the modern European society; at any rate, one yet more contested than the former, and an end little likely to be gained; nor yet, with pure democracy,—a phrase of equivocal meaning, a term itself indeterminate, if we construe it in the sense of certain persons; no, nor yet, with the destruction of the Pope's temporal power,—an undertaking, as is plain, vastly difficult: all this is too little; Mazzini thinks it a light matter to destroy, in Italy, Roman Catholicism to boot. It is an historical and political absurdity: it is the delirium of a school-boy. Italy, I repeat, is Catholic; and there is no Catholicism but the Roman. The Liberals ought, if not out of belief, yet out of prudence, to discard their Voltairean and anti-religious mien; they ought to think and study a little more, and they will find that men may be Liberals and Italians, and yet remain Catholics; that they may even wish for and design the extinction of the Pope's temporal power, without renouncing the faith of their fathers, and becoming Protestant. They should reflect that, if the accomplishment of their plans be now opposed by perjured Kings, slavish Ministers, potent armies, barbarous strangers, worldly-minded Priests; when they come to assail the Catholic religion, they will have against them the masses, who will brook, perhaps, any and every oppression, except that which tramples on religious conscience."—Vol. iii., p. 361.

At this interesting point, the question naturally arises, how far liberal institutions are compatible with the prevalence of the Roman Catholic religion. Let it not be forgotten, that the prevalence of that religion involves its predominance; or, if it be possible—as the example of Belgium would seem to show—that

a country mainly Roman Catholic, in its religious profession, may yet be susceptible of constitutional laws and comparative liberty, this will, we believe, be due rather to the religious scepticism, or indifference, of the political leaders of the nation. Where Romanism is living, active, and consistent, all the machinery in its power will be employed to maintain its arrogant pretensions, increase its intolerant power, and depress the expansive tendencies of religious liberty and free inquiry. Hence, to a true Catholic, the liberality of sceptical independence is as hateful as that of Protestant conviction; and those who are not for Rome are counted against her. Dr. Farini is not likely to concur with us as to the true statement of the case, which we believe to be this,—that freedom, political and religious, can never co-exist with any form of Romanism, in which the real nature and peculiar claims of the latter are not either externally restrained, or virtually abandoned.

But can Popery be reformed? We fear not. As a form of religion, its reformation would be its destruction. The basis of the present Roman State is seen to be the priestly element. Setting aside all abstractions on the subject, and considering the question of fact alone, we are led to the conclusion, that the reformation of such a system, by the infusion of any thing like an efficient working lay-element, is simply impossible. A dual power, on equal terms, and with similar rights and functions of Government, can never be realized. The admission of a contemporaneous lay-influence with that of the clerical, would neutralize both; and the necessary effect would be such a collision between the two, as would stop the machine. But it is apparent enough from the case, as brought out in this book, that it never entered into the designs of Pius IX. to change the Popish State, either by placing it on a secular foundation, or by the admission of a co-ordinate lay-power. The supremacy of the priestly order is the cardinal principle found in all the reformatory projects of the Pope. This leaves the State an ecclesiastical State intact, still subject to the supreme domination of the priesthood. Then, if neither a change of predominant principles is to be expected, nor an amalgamation of the laity with the priesthood on equal terms is possible, what can any reform amount to? For aught that we can see, the schemes of the Pope, had they been accomplished, would have failed of ultimate success. All that could have been done, would have been, to draw to the Papacy a greater amount of lay-labour and a larger income, whilst the life to be thus fed would have still been the old sacerdotal life. The failure of the project is, in fact, damaging to the Roman State, inasmuch as it leaves it in its old decrepitude, without the invigorating influences which success would have insured. What Pius aimed to have, was the homage, the labour, the intelligence, the wealth of the laity, for the support

of the power of the Papal throne. He saw that, in order to effect any thing, their hands must be to some extent untied; and his policy was, so far to set them at liberty as to enable them to work, not for themselves, but for him, or, in other words, for the ecclesiastical State. Thus purified, the Papacy would have been strengthened, but not reformed: so long, indeed, as the theocratic or hierarchical principle is maintained, no changes which may be effected can be considered a reformation.

That this principle will be abandoned, is more than can be looked for. The Priests of Rome are the last men in the world to abandon their claims; and as the Pope is only the central figure in the system, in fact, the mere puppet and slave of his order, he could not, if he were so disposed, secularize the Patrimony of St. Peter. Fenced around by the European powers, the system may hold out for a season. The bungling Priests may go on, governing, commanding the military force, presiding in the tribunals, farming the revenue, directing the police, watching, with Argus' eyes, the movements of the people and the progress of the world, and, as heretofore, raising a cry of distress; but they are alike incapable of arresting the progress of events, or of saving themselves.

The Papacy entirely mistakes the enemy it has to do battle against. It is sending out its missives against Bible Societies and Protestant Missions; whereas its real foes are secular government, scientific illumination, economical principles, commercial boards, railroad companies, political combinations, and all the characteristic growths of western civilization. It is true enough that Protestant principles have put these things in motion; and now, in addition to Protestant dogmas, the Priests have to stem the torrent of the secular influences, which have every where been elevated to assert their rights. This, as we believe, is the real danger of Popery. It matters not much, whether the idea of secular rights takes possession of a people under the authority of a Romanist Government: the issue is the same,—the expulsion of the priestly power, and the inauguration of the laical. This has obtained largely in recent times in Popish States, and the pressure is getting nearer and nearer to the Eternal City itself. The Kingdom of Sardinia has been secularized. The priestly power is no longer dominant, nor are Ecclesiastics alone the great officers of State; and hitherto the voice of the people has been more potent than the voice of the Vatican. The Pope may fail to recognise the difference between the secular and spiritual powers, and, in his own State, may endeavour to blend them into one vast medley; but the truth is now patent to most of the nations; and though, as might be expected, it will take longer to secularize Rome than other States, yet, most assuredly, this will one day be achieved. For ages and ages the Papacy has been able to bar out the theology, the literature, the

science, the freedom of Protestant nations; but it will not be able to close its avenues against the more palpable power of national interests. Less scrupulous than the apostles of evangelical doctrine, the new apostles of civilization will never be satisfied till they see Italy, including Rome, teem with steam-engines, ships, commerce, and "free trade;" and then, in the presence of these new gods, the old idolatry will stand but a poor chance. The spiritual gew-gaws will have to give way to the Crystal Palaces of the new creation; and the High Priests of the coming "Bourse" of the capital will, in the end, put to flight the venerable High Priests of the ancient mysteries.

This is the revolution now going on; and more parties are concerned in it than Popish Priests. How will the true, the scriptural, spiritual doctrines fare in the midst of this growing secularity? What will be the position of moral truth in the midst of these material interests? How will the fine chivalrous sentiments of past times find a place in the midst of tariffs and commercial treaties? Where will the abstract sciences—metaphysics and recondite philosophical speculations—find a place? The Papacy has, through the centuries of its eventful history, maintained a spiritual idea: this idea has all along been the government of human affairs, by the force and influence of religion. The system emanating from this principle has often, and for long, been bad; but still the idea has been true. The new material schools seem practically to repudiate this idea, and desire to build the destinies of the world on secular combinations. Whether the secularity of this system will be more successful in the development of the higher faculties of our nature, and especially in perpetuating the blessings of religion, time will determine.

Notwithstanding Farini's dislike to the Republican party, he is compelled to admit the general wisdom and moderation of their proceedings. From independent testimony, and from the public documents of the period, this clearly appears. We have conversed in Rome with both Englishmen and Italians, who were present during the whole existence of the Republic, and they assert that nothing like terror reigned at any time. There was much folly, as might be expected, in its earlier stages, much wordy declamation, much school-boy reference to ancient patriotism, much southern loquacity; but, as the situation became more serious, and the attack upon Rome more imminent,—and especially during the siege,—the feeling of the people was deepened; all differences were merged into one concentrated burst of indignation against the French and the Pope; and every soul within the walls of Rome became a Republican in thought and affection. Looking to the future of Italy, with the natural preference of Englishmen for Constitutional Monarchy, we consider it an unfortunate complication, that the

short history of the Republic has sanctified the principle in the minds of millions, who see, in its brief career, the noblest and purest page of modern Roman history.

In reviewing the acts of the Republic, we may first mention, that no life was sacrificed to political revenge. The finances were skilfully and honestly managed. The forms of religion were respected, and the working Parish Priests treated with kindness. The Constitution of the Republic was published in April (1849). Its fundamental principles were, that sovereignty resides in the people by imprescriptible right; that all citizens are free and equal; that every nationality is to be held sacred; and that the Catholic religion is the religion of the State. One chapter sets forth the rights and duties of citizens generally: that their persons and property are inviolable; the punishments of death and confiscation are abolished; the press and right of association free; the public debt guaranteed. The people are to act through their representatives; every citizen of full age to be an elector, and qualified for a seat, and eligible, at thirty, for the Consulate and Tribunate. There were to be two Consuls and twelve Tribunes: the former were to be elected for two years, one going out annually; the latter were to hold office for five years. The Council of State, comprising fifteen members selected from the various provinces, was to form a Consultative Board, and to present candidates for office. The judicial body was to be independent and irremovable; the Judges to be appointed by the Consuls, on the presentation of the Council of State; and the Jury to be judges of fact in criminal causes.

The Pope's conduct during his residence at Gaeta, and subsequently at Portici, was most vacillating, and strikingly exemplifies the false position in which he had placed himself. Some expressions of tenderness for his people would occasionally escape him, alternating with maledictions upon the opponents of his rule. At one time, he said it would not be disagreeable to him, if the Court of Sardinia would interfere to arrange matters. Then Antonelli was instructed to deny this; and attempted to get out of the difficulty, by interpreting a phrase admitted to have been used, as "only acquiescing in the proposals of others, not as authority to them to proceed." This discrepancy, however, was of little importance, since affairs had come to a point beyond the reach of mediation. His Holiness protested, on the 14th of February, against the decree of the Constituent. The Cardinals in Consistory had determined on asking aid from the Catholic powers. After the Consistory, Neapolitan troops marched towards the Roman frontier.

Cardinal Antonelli's Note, of February 18th, to the European powers, is untruthful in its remarks upon the conduct of the ruling party in Rome, and is otherwise remarkable for its clear assertion that the temporal power is "indispensable" to the



supreme head of the Church. Such liberally-disposed Romanists as imagine that the temporal and spiritual powers may be separated, without injury to the Papal system, would do well to peruse this document.

We hasten briefly to recall to our readers' recollection the events attending the intervention of the French. Louis Napoleon, on his election as President, feeling the necessity for conciliating the older powers, and desirous of obtaining the support of the Church, adopted the policy of his predecessor, to which we have already referred. Our space forbids any detailed account of the diplomatic correspondence which ensued. It is, as might have been expected, extremely contradictory; for even the talents of M. Drouyn de Lhuys fail to give the appearance of consistency to a crooked policy. That the true motives were fear of Austria, and a desire to maintain and increase the influence of France in the Peninsula, there can be no doubt. "Daughter of a people's Revolution, the French Republic could not, without dishonour, share in bringing under the yoke an independent nationality." These are the words of a Committee of the Assembly; and strangely they sound, after the event.

The French troops, under the command of General Oudinot, landed on the evening of the 24th of April in Civita Vecchia. This is a small town on the Mediterranean, about fifty-six miles from Rome, to which it serves as the sea-port; its harbour is just as Trajan left it, and its means of defence are trifling. The General's intentions were expressed with ambiguity: at one time he assured the authorities that he came as a friend; and, at another, confessed his object to be the restoration of the Pope. Deputations from the Government at Rome soon compelled him, however, to throw aside his assumed character of "friend." The strongest resentment fired the minds of the Romans, and the determination to resist became general. Hitherto the Republic had done nothing to dignify, while it must be confessed that it had not disgraced, its career. It was now to create for itself the respect of Europe, by its gallantry during an unequal strife.

The resolution to defend Rome was followed by the union of all parties in the means requisite to make the defence efficient. When it was put to the National Guards, if they would permit a few thousand foreigners to invade their territory, and dictate laws in the city, a chorus of voices answered, "No!" When told that the Government had determined to maintain the liberties and institutions of the people at the cost of their blood, and asked, if they would have it so, a similar chorus answered, "Yes! yes!" Parapets and ramparts were raised, and loop-holes made in the walls: in every *rione*, or district, of Rome, a Deputy of the Assembly, and a Captain of the people, were appointed to take command of the multitude, and summon them to arms,

when the bells of the Capitol and Monte Citorio should sound the alarm. The covered way leading from the Vatican to the Castle of St. Angelo was destroyed; the pay of the soldiers was raised; benevolent ladies, with the Princess Belgioioso at their head, went about preparing succour for the wounded; while the Nuns were requested to divide their time between prayer and the preparation of linen bandages.

On the north of Rome, outside the wall of Honorius, is some high ground, extending from St. Peter's and Monte Mario on the left, to the Aventine Hill on the far right. The termination of the road from Civita Vecchia divides, a short distance from the city, into two branches, the one entering by the Porta Pancrazio, the other by the Porta Cavalleggeri. Between these, on the 29th of April, was posted the division of Garibaldi, consisting of three thousand men, supported by considerable bodies of infantry, and some battalions of the National Guard. The arrival of the French was announced, at eleven in the forenoon, by the pealing bells of the Capitol and of Monte Citorio; and the struggle commenced. The combat lasted six hours, and ended by inflicting a severe rebuke to the presumption of the French Commander, who had utterly miscalculated the amount of opposition he should meet with, and neglected to acquire the requisite knowledge of the localities. The enemy fell back in bad order on the road to Civita Vecchia, leaving three hundred prisoners to grace Garibaldi's triumphal entry into the city, amid the acclamations of the people. The problem had been solved: Italians *did* fight. We cannot but sympathize with the jeering remarks of the Committee next day. "People, yesterday the entrance of the French into Rome began. They entered by the Porta San Pancrazio; they were brought in as prisoners. To us, the people of Rome, this is no great wonder; but it must, nevertheless, cause a curious sensation at Paris."

Our space quite precludes any detailed account of the later stages of this memorable siege. We can only cursorily refer to the enthusiasm and sacrifices of the people; the splendid obsequies performed in memory of the deceased, and the provisions made for the bereaved; the seemingly ubiquitous movements and chivalric achievements of the picturesque Garibaldi; the care with which every comfort was afforded to the French prisoners; and the unflagging zeal with which the Roman females tendered their efficient aid. After a long series of diplomatic negotiations between M. Lesseps, the French Envoy, General Oudinot, and the Triumvirs, in which the two former, equally the representatives of the French Republic, advocated two different lines of policy, the impossibility of an accommodation became apparent; and hostilities re-commenced in the beginning of June. In spite of the heroism of the defenders, the French army, now re-inforced to thirty-five thousand men,

gained one position after another; the bombardment became fiercer every day; and, after continuing uninterruptedly, day and night, for nearly a month, the breach became practicable; and the French entered on the third day of July.

We need not dwell upon the reactionary measures which followed the re-establishment of the Pope upon the throne, to which his way was thus prepared over the dead bodies of his subjects. There is no pleasure in recording the victims of sacerdotal vengeance, the return to mediæval customs, the anguish of minds disappointed in their dearest aspirations, and the darkness of a future uncheered by a single ray of hope. To say that the same principles which had heretofore guided the Government, previous to the recent movement, were again called into play; that the same class, by the same means, once more began to roll the same stone up the same everlasting hill; and that the moral and material progress of the country once more suffered retardation and decay; is but to re-affirm the unchangeableness of Popery when dominant. We will content ourselves with confirming our previous statement,—that the main features of the Roman State-policy of former times still exists,—by a quotation from a letter which has just appeared, as we bring this article to a close, in the “Times” newspaper. The letter is dated from Turin, September 1st, 1854, and thus concludes:—

“For the current year the income is estimated at 11,104,832 scudi, and the expenditure, including interest of debt, at 18,392,020 scudi, leaving an excess of expenditure over income of 7,287,188 scudi. For this ruinous state of affairs no sort of remedy suggests itself to the mind of Government, beyond increasing the taxation, which already amounts to nearly four scudi a head *per annum*, while there is not a mile of railway in operation, agriculture is not encouraged, and commerce and manufactures are positively repressed by restrictive tariffs. The Commissioners named by the Government, and composed of Priests and laymen together, to inquire into, and report on, the disorganized condition of the Exchequer, do their duty conscientiously, and propose changes of financial policy, reductions in the expenditure, and comment strongly and manfully on the corruptions of the system; but their suggestions are over-ruled by the Ministers in the Private Council, and their remarks unheeded. No wonder, then, if moderate and reflecting men, like the writer in the *Cimento*, see no hopes of improvement in the state of Central Italy, without a thorough change of Government.”

But though Central and Southern Italy again lies prostrate beneath the yoke of her old oppressors, Providence has good things in store for her, and that, probably, at no distant period. History teaches that political convulsions have always either preceded or accompanied great religious movements; and Italy will be no exception to the rule. Her recent internal throes are not only evidence of the decadence of Papal influence upon the

minds of the people; they are the wild struggles of a blinded giant towards the light. The glorious light of Gospel-truth has been carefully and systematically guarded from their view, but already its rays begin to pierce the gloom. The political contrivances which shut out those rays will be riven asunder, and the obscure and distorting twilight will brighten into a glorious and splendid noonday. Meantime, the sympathies and prayers of Christians will attend their career. Every true Christian is a patriot, and a lover of his kind; and the preferences which the association of ideas begets, are instincts of the soul. A country whose inhabitants possess in a pre-eminent degree some of the finest characteristics of humanity, and whose history can claim the records of two civilizations, can never be viewed with indifference by the rest of the world.

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ART. VIII.—*An Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland.* By J. J. A. WORSAAE. London: Murray.

RAPID, startlingly rapid, has been the progress of intellect in these latter days; for men still living can recall the embryonic struggles of arts that now seem perfect; while it needs not the years of a Patriarch to remember the birth of new sciences, of which our fathers dreamed not. In nothing, perhaps, is this marvellous advancement so evident, as in the mastery we have gained, and are still gaining, over the past,—a dominion which, paradoxical though the statement may appear, will day by day increase as time rolls on. Even now the geologist can portray the transition phases which our world passed through in its gradual development, and the palæontologist can people its varying surface with the strange occupants peculiar to each stage, thus forming a picture, which, we may assume, presents probably a clearer view of the earth's history, than was possessed even by the primeval antediluvian on whom God bestowed the fair heritage, when its wonderful transformations were scarce completed. Inestimable was the boon conferred upon mankind by the inspiration accorded to the sacred writers, whose records, never to be sufficiently valued, our ardent curiosity might wish to have been somewhat fuller in detail. But in carrying out the beneficent designs of Providence, it did not seem necessary to furnish more than glimpses of the infancy of our species, and the inquisitiveness of the human mind was forced to rely on its own unaided efforts. But here, again, have moderns succeeded in retrieving long-lost facts; for the archæologist can tell the social condition and progressive civilization of our earliest progenitors, and the ethnologist can indicate the relation they bore,

as races, one to another, thereby enabling us to surpass, in knowledge of mankind's rudest ages, even those who lived still less removed from them than we by many a century. Far more surprising is it, that written history itself, which might be deemed perfect and unchangeable, is now receiving a greater amount of certainty and precision than ever it possessed before; and the fact is no less singular than gratifying, that the history of the ninth or tenth century by a writer of the nineteenth, is more satisfactory and more accurate than that by a contemporary chronicler. In short, to quote the language of one who has himself done much to elucidate the earlier annals of our nation, "we are raised upon the shoulders of the times gone by, and cast a calm and easy view over the country which our forefathers wandered through in fear and trembling."\* Let us take care, however, lest, while rejoicing in those evidences of our intellectual progress, we be not imbued with the same spirit as the detractors of Accursius, the famous glosser, who "reproached his work with the ignorance inevitable in his age, and seemed to think the chance of birth which had thrown them into more enlightened times, a part of their personal merit."

In the struggle against time's prerogative, oblivion, to which we have adverted, few names are more distinguished than that of the Chevalier Worsaae, who has earned for himself no inconsiderable reputation, both in this country and on the Continent, by his shrewd and lucid expositions of Northern and German Archæology. Hitherto, with the single and slight exception of his having issued a *brochure*† during the late Schleswig-Holstein war, in which the territorial question that formed the *casus belli* is historically reviewed with much penetration, perseverance, and research, his labours, so far as we know, have been entirely devoted to the interesting field of pre-historic antiquities: but his recent work, whose title we have inscribed at the head of this Article, referring as it does to an age strictly *within* the pale of history, being necessarily, in a great degree, dependent on written authorities, and being consecutive in design, may be said to approximate far more closely to the province of the annalist than of the antiquary. It is much to be regretted, however, that he has not adopted the careful system of reference so indispensable to historians, and that, in his great anxiety to avoid every appearance of pedantry, he has drawn too largely on the faith of his readers. For our part, we must say, we would rather see each page bristling with foot-notes, than be compelled to accept an author's character as a guarantee for statements, whose accuracy can only be tested by drudgery the most tiresome, and perhaps profitless.

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\* Kemble's "Saxons in England," vol. i., p. 435.

† *Danewirke, der alte Gränzwall Dänemarks gegen Süden.* Copenhagen, 1848.

As we have already observed, in more general terms, there is no period in the history of this country of which our knowledge has not been indefinitely extended within the last fifty years; but, if we were asked to specify one period more than another to which so gratifying a remark would pre-eminently apply, we could scarcely fail to indicate the *Anglo-Saxon*. For not only have its political events been more truthfully recorded in our own day, and their causes, operation, and results, philosophically portrayed, but its arts, its laws, its manners, its language, and its literature,—of all which even scholars of the last century were comparatively ignorant,—have been subjected to careful research, and now, we may almost say, for the first time, are in any material degree understood and appreciated. Nor need we be surprised to find that so many have been stimulated to aid in dispelling the obscurity, and that so much light has been thrown on the various characteristics of that period, since, in many points of view, it is of surpassing interest. In it was accomplished the mighty ethnological revolution which gave to this country a new and dominant race, whose vigour, energy, and perseverance, we are accustomed to regard as the noble inheritance whence springs the prosperity of Britain and America: in it we must look mainly for the origin of our native literature, and the fresh beginnings of our native history; for the Romans had long ceased to chronicle the deeds of what had been the *Britannic Province*: in it, too, we trace the progress of a people from barbarism towards refinement; for, Roman luxury having been all but overwhelmed, its uneradicated seeds had again to germinate and combine with other influences, to produce a more enduring civilization: and in it, likewise, a still greater change was effected; for the wild and warlike Paganism of the Saxon gave place to that religion whose essence is peace, and the least of whose fruits is social advancement.

In the history of that period, not the least important episodes are connected with Scandinavian invasion and conquest. More than one hundred years ago, Pontoppidan attempted this branch of the subject in the second volume of his "*Gesta Danorum extra Daniam*;" but many of his details are apocryphal, and the ideas of ethnology prevalent in his age were of the loosest description. He brought together, however, a considerable mass of materials; but we were surprised to remark, that his labours are not once named, or himself alluded to, by his countryman and successor in the same field, Mr. Worsaae. This last author, in accordance with the spirit of modern improvement, has accomplished his work in a much more satisfactory and comprehensive manner; and if it be any recommendation in his own land, his *amor patriæ* is not one whit less strongly developed than was that of his predecessor. But, indeed, the study of the early mediæval history of Western Europe, and particularly of England, is a labour of love to Danes, as their incitement to undertake it is



the avowed wish to exhibit the former power of their country, and "nourish the hope of a new and equally glorious era again."\* In short, although they have by no means the same necessity to borrow the reflected lustre of antiquity, they are like those Italians who cultivated classical learning and style so assiduously, that "they might thereby go back to the memory of past ages for consolation in their declining fortunes, and conquer their barbarian masters of the North, in imagination, with Cæsar and Marius."† But if the Danes, and their neighbours the Norwegians, have a peculiar and somewhat melancholy interest in resuscitating (so to say) the deeds of their ancestors on the soil of Britain, certainly such an inquiry is to the full as important to the people of this country, to whose population those invaders formed a permanent addition; and, therefore, we conceive no apology is necessary for considering in a few pages the extent and character of Scandinavian intercourse.

The peculiar position of our island enables us to trace its vicissitudes of population with greater precision than is attainable in any continental country, where the boundaries between divers races or nations were necessarily imaginary, and not fixed or definable. Still this very advantage has, from wrong appreciation, tended to produce fallacies, which, in other circumstances, might never have appeared. The insular situation of Britain was often held to preclude the operation of causes acknowledged as efficacious on the main-land of Europe; and, as it was not conceived that any of the various branches of her population could be gradually infused, distinct epochs were determined for the intrusion of each. It might be unfair, from their singular style, to bring forward a few of the Welsh Triads as illustrative of this remark: the case of the Anglo-Saxons will be more pertinent, and, at the same time, more intelligible. The impression was—perhaps is—general, that Hengist and his comrades were the first Teutons who acquired a permanent footing in England; and, though conclusive evidence forbids this belief, the desire of ascribing a fixed period or date to an event so important in itself, will, we doubt not, long preserve to Hengist his vulgar honours. It has been shown, however, in the most satisfactory manner, that the Gothic element was early introduced through various channels, and must have attained no mean importance, ere Vortigern's supposed compact with the Jutish rovers. In fact, so deeply has Mr. Kemble been impressed with this invaluable truth, that, in his admirable exposition of the Saxon polity, he almost ventures to abjure allegiance to the alleged founders of the Anglo-Saxon monarchies, regarding them merely as the creatures of tradition.

\* Worsaae's "Antiquities of Ireland and Denmark," p. 7.

† Hallam's "Literature of Europe," vol. i., p. 445.

We may in like manner assume, that it is equally unsafe to limit the first appearance of the Danes in England to the year 787, when our annalists mention the landing of a marauding party; for this supposition would be somewhat inconsistent with our knowledge of the maritime skill displayed by Jutes and Angles, full three centuries before; and, besides, the *Sagas* allude to northern intercourse and conquest long prior to this date, so characteristically chosen for the commencement of a new order of things. If, however, a tincture of Danish population had been previously infused, no essential or immediate change was produced by it, since it blended apparently with the other cognate Gothic elements, and any influence it may have exerted was latent, and only called forth by after events. Perhaps, then, the arrival of three ships in Dorsetshire, in 787, should be viewed not as the first advent of the Danes, but as their first antagonistic demonstration resulting from the wild piratical spirit,—half chivalrous, half mercenary,—which, at that very period, excited the North. "Piracy," to use the words of Gibbon, "was then the exercise, the trade, the glory, and the virtue of the Scandinavian youth." Nay, more, their future happiness in Walhalla, we are told by the Swedish historian Geijer, depended on the success of their nefarious enterprises: "For so much wealth as a man brought with him to the funeral pile, or was buried in the earth, the like pleasure he enjoyed in a future life; and no inherited, but only acquired, treasures were allowed to accompany the dead man to his grave."\* Ambition, thirst for glory, advantages of situation, and the promptings of indolence and avarice, combined, in that warlike age, to render popular the *Viking's* infamous profession; and the vilest of all species of robbery became as honourable in the North as, Thucydides informs us, it had been among the early Greeks, when *λῆστές* was a word not of reproachful, but decent, import.

In the natural course of events it might be expected that the redundant population of Scandinavia would seize and colonize those territories, which a long series of roving expeditions had rendered familiar to them, and induced them to regard as their legitimate prey. But the climax was hastened by intestine revolutions at home causing the expatriation of the most dauntless and daring spirits which even the rude North could produce. The numerous petty kingdoms and principalities were

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\* We fear this explanation of Geijer's (p. 32) is a shade too philosophical; and we suspect it to be merely a refinement of the idea suggested to Arngrim and Bartholiti from perusal of a passage in the "*Vatzdala Saga*," where it is mentioned as the practice of fathers to have their treasures buried along with them, that their children might be forced to embrace the *Viking's* profession.—*Vide Bartholinum De Causis contemplata a Danis Mortis*, p. 438. It is fair to add, that Geijer's statement is countenanced by a passage in Snorro.

annihilated, almost simultaneously, in the three Scandinavian countries; and Erik, Harald Haarfagre, and Gorm reared sovereignties, and consolidated their power, by securing the forced submission of some, and driving into exile the recusant Princes who courageously stood out for their rights, refusing to do homage and become the tributaries of self-created superiors. Though these political convulsions operated powerfully in directing the stream of conquest and colonization, it had fairly set in before their influence could be felt; for, as an instance, the sacred duty of avenging a father's death had, some years previously, led the sons of Lodbrog to England, where continued successes invited them to remain.

Norwegian colonization, strictly so termed, however, dates no higher than the governmental changes to which we have alluded. Iceland was then peopled; and it was Harald Haarfagre himself who first established the Norwegian rule in Scotland, by seizing the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and investing with the *Jarldom* of them his favourite counsellor Rognvald, whose brother shortly extended his dominion to Caithness and the adjoining Sutherland. It was then, too, that Rolf, for plundering, against the royal command, within the bounds of the kingdom, was driven from Norway, a homeless outlaw, compelled to derive a precarious subsistence at the point of the sword, until the fairest province of France was forced to receive him as its lord; and thus, while his relative, the first Orkney Jarl, whose lot he probably at one time envied, is forgotten and unknown, he himself lives in our remembrance as the founder of that dynasty, of which William of Normandy was the representative, and whose name is associated with the brave band who won for themselves a kingdom in Sicily, and claim the honour, if honour it be, of administering the *coup de grâce* to Byzantine domination in Italy.

We turn from this short digression to the actions of the Danes in England, reserving for after-consideration the deeds of the Norsemen in Scotland and Ireland. Eighty years had elapsed from the first hostile visit of the Danes recorded by the Saxon Chronicle, ere any regular settlement was effected in England by those daring adventurers. During this long interval, they hovered around the more defenceless coasts, landing from their ships whenever favourable opportunities presented themselves; and, occasionally, they even passed the winter on shore, issuing from their fortified camps to devastate the doomed and wretched country. Some more ambitious expeditions were, indeed, attempted; but the force was always too trifling to gain more than transient success, until the sons of Ragnar Lodbrog and their allies began the struggle in earnest, with an armament in some degree commensurate with the undertaking. They found the strength of England divided and weakened by the

petty jealousies of rival states, which cared more for the downfall of each other, than the ruin of the common enemy; and thus, though some resistance was offered, kingdom after kingdom fell before them, till all Saxondom was subdued, and Alfred of Wessex, the last to yield, became a fugitive deserted by his subjects. Dreadful were the cruelties perpetrated by the Pagan conquerors, and scenes of the most heart-rending description kindled the dullest annalists into eloquence. "A burning country, the highways strewed with the victims of massacre, violated women, the husband expiring on his own threshold near his wife, the infant torn from its mother's bosom, and slain before her eyes, to increase her screams,"—is the picture of the Danish march, sketched by a writer of the succeeding generation. At length the genius of Alfred was aroused. By a series of well-executed manœuvres, he gathered round him a gallant army, and, by one decisive battle, wrested the disputed dominion from the grasp of his formidable foes. They had, however, gained a footing in the country, which he, whether from policy or necessity, was forced to confirm; and East Anglia was ceded to Gorm, and thenceforth, along with Northumbria, was occupied by Danes.

Scarcely had Alfred saved his country from a foreign yoke, when he was again called to renew the contest with another and no less dangerous opponent, likewise a Dane. For three years did Hastings, by land and sea, strive for the sovereignty of England; but he strove in vain against the efforts of Alfred, who forced him to retire, baffled and dispirited. But it needed talent and energy to cope with the ambitious Viking, and, above all, to keep in subjection his restless countrymen, who at that time held one-third of England. While Alfred lived, and the vigour of his administration was felt, their aspect was, on the whole, peaceful; but his death was the signal for an outbreak. The claims of his son Edward to the throne were disputed by Ethelwold, whose cause was espoused by the Danish colonists; and thus commenced a war which raged during the entire reign of Edward, and until his successor Athelstane broke the power of his enemies, and annexed their territory to his own.

This consolidation of England under one Monarch ended with the life of Athelstane, who had first constructed it; and his brother Edmund, yielding to the successes of the Danes under Anlaf, surrendered the counties Gorm had held from Alfred, and accepted the humiliating condition of Anlaf, that the longer liver of the two should inherit the kingdom of the other. The Dane died in the following year; and Edmund set himself to establish the supremacy which so opportunely—and, we may add, undeservedly—fell to his lot. After this event, he and the four succeeding Kings experienced little difficulty in ruling the northern part of their dominions, as no extraneous

assistance from their fatherland encouraged the Danes to open revolt, and occasional or partial rebellions were easily quelled.

At length, after half a century's respite, the "northern locusts" again lighted on the shores of England, when her King and her people were little prepared or disposed to resist. Internal dissensions and treachery of the deepest dye racked the counsels of Ethelred; rapine prevailed throughout the land; and the true defenders of a nation's liberty—A FREE PEOPLE—had ceased to exist; for the growing power of the Nobles and the Clergy had swallowed up the independence of that class who once cultivated the soil as freemen, partaking in political and legislative privileges. A system of policy, as hollow as it was base, excited the marauders to further aggression; but its infatuated—perhaps perfidious—inventors still strove to accomplish by bribery what valour only could achieve. Ransom after ransom failed to secure the wished-for repose; and terror dictated an atrocity, to borrow the language of Mr. Turner,\* "as useless as imbecility could devise, and as sanguinary as cowardice could perpetrate." A secret order was issued for a general massacre of the Danes then resident in England; and faithfully, though reluctantly, the command was obeyed. But scarce was this infamous act completed, when just retribution followed in its wake. A new invasion drove Ethelred from his throne, to which he was recalled with his kingdom diminished by one-half; and thus did it descend to his son Edmund, whose short reign was one continued struggle against the genius and the power of Knute.

The death of Edmund delivered to his rival the sovereignty of all England, which, during three reigns, was perpetuated in the Danish line, despite opposition on the part of the Anglo-Saxons, displayed, at least, in the case of Harald Harefoot. It is very plain, from this circumstance, that the Danes must have acquired no inconsiderable weight in the deliberations of the State; and that such should have been the case, is not difficult to understand. The descendants of those whom Alfred had allowed peacefully to colonize East Anglia, having become naturalized Englishmen, would scarcely be included in the general massacre† ordered by Ethelred, and they doubtless would rejoice to be governed by a King of their own lineage; while the fresh influx introduced by Swend and Knute, would engage still more actively as partisans in a national cause. This ascendancy, it would seem, however, was only temporary; for the monarchy reverted to the Anglo-Saxons in the person of Edward

\* "History of the Anglo-Saxons."

† Mr. Worsaae affirms that the massacre, "as is well known, did not extend to North England." (P. 139.) One might naturally surmise so; but we are not aware that there is any express authority for the fact. Mr. Worsaae has probably assumed as accurate the assertion of the French historian Thierry, *Hist. de la Conquête*, liv. ii.

the Confessor, and, it may be said, remained with them until William of Normandy bore off the prize.

An intercourse so continuous, and an amalgamation so extensive, with the aggressive Danes, could not fail to exert a powerful influence on the Anglo-Saxons, and on England, though the older writers were sometimes not disposed to admit its importance to the full extent. Too often the northern invaders were looked upon as ignorant savages; and nothing but unmitigated evil was believed to be the result of their visitations. More accurate views have of late been entertained; and Mr. Laing, who regards Scandinavia with an affection almost Quixotic, has done much—especially in his “Residence in Norway,” and in the Preliminary Dissertation to his translation of the “*Heimskringla*”—to remove the stigma of gross barbarism from his favourites, and has thus prepared the popular mind to receive juster impressions as to the effects of their inroads on Britain. Of course we mention him only as a prominent and familiar example; for others, both before and since, have worthily taken up the theme. Altogether, the subject has been exciting much attention, and Mr. Worsaae’s work has appeared most opportunely, to throw still clearer light on the inquiry. He has shown, by an examination of the topographical nomenclature of the more northern counties, and by analyses of many provincial expressions and words, how prevalent the Danish language must have been in those districts. But, like Dr. Jamieson, the Scottish lexicographer, he has sometimes gone to the Norse for derivations, which the Anglo-Saxon could have furnished. By diligent research, chiefly among the valuable, but dry and repulsive, charters which Thorpe, Kemble, and others have so praiseworthy published, he has been able to prove, from the comparison of names, how Danes, in considerable numbers, held rank and dignity in both Church and State. The revelations of numismatics have also been subservient to his purpose; and some curious specimens of coinage are produced, to establish the fact, that Danish Princes and Jarls, settled in England, had, at an early period, so far cultivated the peaceful arts, as to recognise the advantages of a regular circulating medium for mercantile transactions. In our limited space we cannot even indicate the various items so industriously collected by Mr. Worsaae, as illustrating the extent and character of Scandinavian influence. There is one only, and that perhaps the most important of them all, to which we will shortly advert,—the allegation that England is indebted to the Danish Colonists for the introduction of Trial by Jury, “that first fruit of liberty, and its last survivor,” as a northern scholar, Mr. Repp, has not inaptly termed it, in his elaborate treatise on similar institutions in Scandinavia.

The law of Ethelred—“That the twelve senior Thanes in each Wapentak shall go out, and the Reeve with them, and swear to



accuse no innocent man, nor conceal any crime"—has, from internal evidence, been supposed, and perhaps justly, by Mr. Thorpe, and afterwards by Mr. Worsaae, to have related only to the Danish districts. In this enactment, and in another by the same King, referring to disputes between the English and the Welsh, which were to be settled by six of each nation, Mr. Worsaae conceives "a Jury is spoken of beyond all doubt," of the same nature as the *Nævn*, a tribunal of great antiquity in Denmark. It is plain, however, that, though there are undeniable points of resemblance between them, there are also discrepancies of the most palpable character. While, in Denmark, the cause was decided by a simple majority, Ethelred decrees that, ere judgment be given, the votes must be in the proportion of eight to four,—a distinction which Mr. Worsaae has not observed. Again, the whole tribunal was more aristocratic in England, and did not spring so much from the people as in Denmark; for, by the Danish codes, the so-called Jurors were chosen from all the inhabitants of a district;\* while, in England, the twelve oldest Thanes seem to have constituted a species of standing administrative commission. This material discrepancy is not happily explained away by Mr. Worsaae, when he tells us that the Danes, being strangers in a foreign land, could not appoint, as Jurors, native Anglo-Saxons unacquainted with their laws, and therefore chose, from among themselves, men of consideration versed in their forms of process. We cannot accept this hypothesis as sufficient to account for the *organic* difference we have specified, namely, the total absence of the right of election in the formation of the Anglo-Saxon Court,—that right which is the peculiar characteristic of the Danish *Nævn*; and, in fact, the resemblance between the two Courts is not greater than between each or both of them and similar tribunals described in the old German codes, and in those for Iceland and the various provinces of Norway and Sweden.

There cannot be a doubt that judicial institutions of this nature are of high antiquity in the North; and their origin, like all other good gifts, has been ascribed to him—

"Whom farthest Thule, to the frozen Rha,  
Confess'd as King, as conqueror, and god;"†—

which sufficiently guarantees their venerable age. Now, as Jutes, Angles, and Saxons continued to arrive in England, from those regions, up to the end of the fifth century, they surely did not forget to import the peculiar and favourite Courts—composed of twelve, or some multiple of that number—which must have then existed in their fatherland. That they did leave this "palladium of liberty" behind, no reasonable man will be disposed

\* Repp's "Treatise on Forensic Institutions formerly in Use in Scandinavia," p. 121.

† Sir W. Drummond's "Odin."

to affirm; and the differences in constitution and functions, observable between the old English, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, and Icelandic twelve-men Courts, indicate that time and circumstances had, in each country, produced modifications in the original institution, which may have been nothing more than the "wager of law," or swearing by compurgators. We cannot, therefore, agree with Mr. Worsaae, that the Danes were the first to introduce the tribunal in question into England; and still less can we coincide in his opinion, if we understand him aright, that in it we are to perceive a Jury, properly so called, according to the modern definition of the term. Hallam long ago remarked,\* that the somewhat fanciful number, twelve, had misled many into finding analogies, which existed only in that particular; but others have gone astray, as Mr. Forsyth, a recent and acute writer on the subject, has observed, by not sufficiently considering the distinctive characteristics of Jury trial. "The Jury" he justly defines as "a body of men, taken from the community at large, summoned to find the truth of disputed facts, who are quite distinct from the Judges, or the Court. Their office is to decide upon the effect of evidence, and thus inform the Court truly upon the question at issue, in order that the latter may be enabled to pronounce a right judgment. But they are not the Court itself, nor do they form part of it; and they have nothing to do with the sentence which follows the delivery of their verdict. Moreover, they are not members of any class or corporation, on whom, as distinct from the rest of their fellow-citizens, is imposed the task of taking part in judicial inquiries. They are called upon to serve as the particular occasion arises, and then return to their usual avocations and pursuits, so as to be absolutely free from any professional bias or prejudice."† Now, tried by this standard, the northern tribunals, the Danish Nævn, and the twelve Thanes of Ethelred, will all be found wanting; and though in them we may discover the embryo, or rather the elements, of the system, still the true English trial by Jury was not engrafted by Saxon, Dane, or Norman, but, as we think Mr. Forsyth has demonstrated, is of indigenous growth, and dates no further back than the time of the Plantagenets.

We regret that we cannot now allude at greater length to the multifarious, yet interesting, details, in this department of Mr. Worsaae's really valuable work. We would just observe, that he attributes too much to the Danes alone; for it must not be forgotten, that the ethnological distinctions between them and the Anglo-Saxons were, to borrow an illustration from Natural History, not those of *genera*, but of *species*. It is even

\* "History of the Middle Ages," vol. ii., p. 78.

† Forsyth's "History of Trial by Jury," p. 8.

a question, if we consider the antecedents of each band incorporated in the general name, "Anglo-Saxons," whether so well-defined a line could justly be drawn; and facts and probability are entirely in favour of assuming that, in mental capacity and psychological characteristics, those peoples were the same. It is true, after having been settled in England, the rude spirit of the Anglo-Saxons was subdued by the kindly influence of Christianity; and their personal independence was crippled, if not destroyed, by various causes, when the Danes came in among them, "fresh in their barbarian vigour." But they, too, were, in their turn, mollified by religion; while the extension of the feudal system by-and-by reduced them, as well as their Norman kinsmen, to a state closely allied to Anglo-Saxon serfdom. If, then, the same influences, operating on similar subjects, produce like results, we may imagine that, after those changes were completed, the Danish element presented only the same features as the Anglo-Saxon; and it is, therefore, unwarrantable to ascribe the grandeur of England to the magical effects of Danish, or even Norman, blood. It certainly was well to have such material to work upon, as the various branches of the Gothic family settled in our country; but after all, the true source of England's greatness is to be sought in her advantageous position, and especially in her progressive systems of government. A glance at the history of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, will help to prove the truth of this last observation. Since the earlier of the Middle Ages, the northern nations have, as it were, retired within themselves, unless we except the brilliant displays of Sweden, like meteoric flashes, under Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII., which were, indeed, but the products of individual ambition. But then, the Scandinavian countries passed through the struggles of constitutional formation more unhappily than most nations, certainly more so than England. In them,—particularly in Sweden and Denmark,—an oppressive Oligarchy, upreared by the Nobles, an absolute Monarchy, which curtailed their power, and a tolerably free and liberal Constitution, extorted by the people, alternated with each other again and again. All the older Governments, in attaining maturity, have undergone trials such as these; but in England the throes were neither so violent, frequent, nor sudden: and this has helped her to her glorious pre-eminence, more than the infusion of that Scandinavian energy, which, in its native home, expended itself too often in the contentions of faction.

We certainly are not among those who *unconditionally* attribute a nation's prosperity, or the opposite, to the fact that its people are of such or such a race. It is true, we admit, as an ethnological axiom, the psychical diversity of the various families of mankind; but, bearing in mind the number of modifying influences which are incessantly operating, we are slow to acknow-

ledge the so-called characteristics of races, as the sole explanation of certain facts that exist, or of events recorded by history. How widely, then, must we differ from Mr. Worsaae, when he asks us broadly to distinguish between the influence exerted on the future of England by the infusion of Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian blood,—streams from the same Gothic fountain,—and when he patriotically ascribes to the latter the credit of having produced all that renders our country famous among the sister kingdoms! We must, indeed, protest against a system such as this, which is, as we conceive, not only opposed to all true principles of Ethnology, but directly contradicted, as we have already hinted, by the more recent history of the Scandinavian countries themselves.

Like her neighbours, England and Ireland, Scotland early suffered from the inroads of northern pirates, who, from her relative position to Norway, were mainly Norsemen. According to their custom, their ravages were periodically renewed; and the "Caledonian luminary," amid whose crumbling walls the piety of Dr. Johnson was stimulated to warmth, they marked as their peculiar prey:—

" They lighted the island with ruin's torch ;  
And the holy men of Iona's Church,  
In the temple of God, lay slain."

But the little flock bent before each blast; they wept over the bodies of their murdered brethren, filled up their thinned ranks with worthy recruits, and devotedly returned to their beloved home, inherited from their founder Columba. Again and again fresh visitations tested their zeal, but could not, for ages, drive them from their post; and many a sainted name was added to the martyrologies by the swords of the merciless Pagans. The forbearing spirit and holy fervour of the Monks of Iona, combined with their devotion to literature, present a striking contrast to the rude manners of their age, and enlist our sympathies even now on their behalf, though nine hundred years have all but obliterated the records of their long-suffering endurance. Who, that has read aught of their trials and persecutions, can restrain his indignation? and, sanguinary though the thought may be, few would be disappointed could history or tradition tell us that the ruthless robbers occasionally paid the penalty of sacrilege, even in that ignominious manner which superior power inflicted on some of their fellows in England.\* It is, indeed, unfortunate for the popular fame of the Scandinavian invaders, that their name is associated throughout Great Britain with outrages the most heartless and cruel, which, apart from

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\* See Mr. Albert Way's curious Paper in the "Archæological Journal," vol. v., p. 185, in which traditions of Danes having been slayed for sacrilege, are verified in the most singular manner.

other considerations, would induce us unreservedly to execrate their memory. But, as Mr. Worsaae justly observes, "to dismember general history into a number of unconnected events, and then pass judgment upon these separately, according to our moral feelings, would be an infamous act, and more difficult to defend before the tribunal of morality, than perhaps all the expeditions of the heathen Danish Vikings put together."

The shores of Scotland were already familiar to the northern rovers, when the selfish designs of Harald Haarfagre drove many of the petty chiefs "to seek new realms upon the waves." The maritime facilities of the Orkney and Shetland Islands were not disregarded by those princely pirates; and, fixing their headquarters there, they not only harassed the southern countries, but gave vent to their vindictive feelings, by plundering their native land. At first the exasperated Harald, while his rule was yet insecure, was forced to be content with chasing them to the open sea; but when his power became firmly established, he determined to track them to their lairs. A fleet was assembled; and, commanding it in person, he sailed on his mission of chastisement. Every Viking he captured in the bays of Shetland or Orkney was refused quarter, and summary punishment testified his hatred of the robber's profession. But success extended his views, and conquest became the aim of the victorious Monarch. He steered his course southwards; and, like the two northern groups, the Hebrides and Man yielded to his power. A garrison was left in the latter island, which thenceforth became a kingdom, sometimes independent, and sometimes tributary to the Norwegian Crown, but always ruled by Norsemen up to the year 1270, when Scotland asserted the right ceded by King Magnus Hakonson, and obtained the sovereignty. The Western Isles were never so thoroughly subservient to the invaders, though, with few intervals, we find them lords paramount until after the battle of Largs.

The chief strongholds of the Norsemen were Orkney and Shetland; and no wonder, if reliance can be placed on a diploma\* of the fourteenth century, which plainly states that their first work was to exterminate the original inhabitants, and thus remove all chance of opposition. But, be that as it may, the position they gained was fixed and enduring; and thus holding, as it were, the key to the Scottish mainland, they were not the men to neglect the advantages arising from this circumstance. Sigurd,—really the first, though nominally the second, Orkney Jarl,—associating with himself Thorstein, an Hebridean Chief, carried the Norwegian yoke as far south as the province of

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\* "Genealogical Deduction of the Orkney Earls, by Bishop Thomas." Printed in Wallace's "Orkney," and in the Appendices to Barry's "History of Orkney," and the "Orkneyinga Saga."

Moray; but six years terminated the phantom supremacy; for the native *Maormors* collected their forces, and drove their oppressors beyond the Pentland Firth. A matrimonial alliance, however, or perhaps the nature of the country, restored to them the level "Dales of Caithness;" and these they peacefully continued to occupy for many years. But soon the spark was kindled, and again offensive operations were commenced by the second Sigurd. A war ensued, which lasted, with variable success and occasional lulls, until Thorfin Sigurdson extended his sway, if we may trust the *Sagas*, to the county of Fife. Though the *skjald* Arnor may exaggerate, when he sings,—

"From Thurso Skerry to Dublin,  
All people hold with good Thorfin,"\*—

there cannot be a doubt that his possessions were large, and his power kingly. It was in his time that Shakspeare's "peerless Macbeth," the *Maormor* of Moray, owing to a disputed succession, appropriated the Scottish crown; and Mr. Skene,† whose opinion is entitled to credit, finds reason to believe that the usurper owed his exaltation to the sanction and assistance of the Caithness Jarl. But these were the palmy days of Norwegian rule, which, by the abilities of Thorfin, acquired and sustained for thirty years a dignity altogether fictitious. The spell was broken by his death in 1064; and the Caithness jarldom, at once and for ever, shrank to its natural limits. Never again did it exert material influence on the destinies of Scotland; and a series of divisions of territory produced intestine commotions, which effectually weakened and wasted its energies in family feuds. Nevertheless, it long maintained a sort of independence, like its insular neighbour, Orkney; though a nominal submission, alternately to the Scottish and Norwegian Courts, was extorted or volunteered, as necessity required, or policy dictated. Even up to the reign of Alexander III., its loyalty was so dubious, that hostages were secured for its fealty, in expectation of Hako's threatened invasion. Yet, despite this precaution, when the armament of Norway arrived, the Caithnessians submitted—more, however, from terror than inclination—to a tribute imposed by the northern King.‡ This was the last display of Norwegian power which our country had to witness; and a decisive victory at Largs constrained Magnus Hakonson to accept pacific terms of accommodation. All feudatory claims over Man and the Western Islands were ceded, in consideration of an annual payment; but Shetland and the Orkneys remained tributary to the Northern Crown until 1469, when Scotland received them

\* Laing's "*Heimskringla*," vol. ii., p. 145.

† Skene's "*Highlanders of Scotland*," vol. i., p. 116.

‡ "Norse Account of Hako's Expedition," p. 45.



in pledge for the dowry of its Sovereign's wife, the daughter of Christian of Denmark.

It is thus apparent that the history of Scandinavian domination in Scotland Proper is, in reality, little more than the history of the Caithness jarldom. The policy of the various Jarls having been always aggressive, superior talent or superior power did occasionally obtain enlarged dominion; but the natural features of the country effectually rendered all such supremacy transient. The Highland mountains, impenetrable to invading forces, were the cherished homes of warlike clans; and they, on the least symptom of weakness, poured down upon their enemies, and regained their rights. In fact, the flat, open districts of Caithness, the narrow strip on the east coast of Sutherland, bounded by the hills and the sea, and a few places in the more accessible glens, are all that topography shows to have been permanently possessed by the Norsemen. There are a few names on the more southern shores, and in the counties adjoining England, derivable from the northern tongue; the former owing their existence to piratical descents, and the latter to immigrations, it would seem, from Cumberland, "which was early remarkable for a Scandinavian population."

A little reflection will therefore show how difficult it is, to estimate the precise effects of northern invasion on Scotland as a whole. The Hebrides, we know, contained some Norsemen, the Orkneys and Caithness were teeming with them, and intermarriages, which took place, in some instances, even with the royal blood of Scotland, were not unfrequent. If we consider, too, that besides the mere introduction of new manners and customs, there was a commingling of divers races, the one of which must have transmitted ethnological peculiarities to the other, our difficulty will be enhanced, and the task of determining the exact amount of influence directly or indirectly traceable to Norwegian colonization, becomes utterly hopeless. To this it must also be added, that another Gothic stem—the Anglo-Saxon—was rapidly blending with the Celtic Scots, thus rendering our researches infinitely more complex, and, at the same time, diminishing the claims of the "children of Odin."

Although we had proposed to direct attention to the Norse conquests in Ireland, we almost hesitate to break ground, as the most superficial outline is all we can now venture to attempt. The "host of Lochlin" did not permit the sister island to enjoy immunity from the terrible scourges of pagan fury; and her very sanctity, far from mitigating, only stimulated the rancour of persecuting Heathens. But these rude shocks were like the first breaking of the wave, which gradually expends its strength quietly and gently on the sandy beach; and the barbarous ravages of the Northmen were the harsh preliminaries to colonization. Dublin, the present capital, they

early subdued; and, for nearly three hundred years, it, and Limerick, and Waterford, were ruled, with occasional interruptions, by resident Norwegian Kings. These towns, however, and a few other smaller settlements on the coasts and rivers, were the only fixed possessions they acquired, as their inroads on the interior, recorded in the Irish annals, were never for any long period successful. It is in their permanent abodes, therefore, that traces of their presence are more particularly to be sought. These are not wanting, and many have been skilfully collected by Mr. Worsaae, and arranged so effectively as to furnish what a writer in the "*Transactions of the Northern Antiquaries*," fifteen years ago, desired,—a tolerably "minute account of the sojourn of the Eastmen in Ireland, and its consequences to that country."\* He has shown, also, that the battle of Clontarf in 1014, which had often been supposed to mark the final overthrow of Scandinavian rule, was by no means so conclusive in its results; for Norse Kings of Dublin are mentioned after that event; and, besides, the English conquerors, a century and a half later, were strenuously resisted by the "Ostmen" in the same city.

As it may be expected that, in conclusion, we should express in distinct terms our opinion of the work before us, we would just remark that, although the intrinsic value of its materials has been considerably obscured by the unsubdued spirit of national partisanship which pervades it, still, containing as it does much curious information, it is entitled to be regarded as an important accession to antiquarian literature.

ART. IX.—*Guide Books to the Crystal Palace.* London: Bradbury and Evans. 1854.

NEVER did the sun shine more kindly on the Surrey Hills than on Saturday, June the 10th, 1854. Never, since dry land first rose from chaos, did hill-top offer to the sun a fairer sight than was then spread on the height of Penge. Before reaching our shores, he had glanced on many a building familiar to ancient fame. Newly risen from the Eastern Sea, he saw the tower of Nankin, its porcelain walls glistening, and its pendent bells sounding, for the pleasure of new rulers; then the stupendous Wall, telling of struggles not yet ended: then, in India, the Chillumbrum Pagoda and the Kottub Minaar, commemorating Brahman and Moslem; at Ghuzni, the site where the "Celestial Bride" no longer glitters in his beams: at Nineveh, the rifled grave of an empire; at Petra, the cenotaph of a nation; at

\* Petersen "On the old Northern Accounts of Ireland."

Mecca, the Kaaba reigning awfully over the city of Mohammed; at Jerusalem, the Mosque of Omar exulting yet over both Christian and Jew; at Moscow, the capricious towers and green cupolas of the Kremlin; in Egypt, the Pyramids oftener seen by him than any thing above the surface of the earth; at Rome, the proud Church of the Fisherman; and, near our own shores, the palace of "all the glories of France." But what is this, from which his beams flash back, as if they had fallen on a hill of gems? It is no place for Alpine glacier, or oriental brilliants; no Herod has been covering a temple with plates of gold; no fire-worshipper rearing an altar that should not pale, but brighten, in the presence of his god: yet, from this plain English hill, such a joyous light replies to his rising, as he never saw in the brightest city of the East.

Stretching along a space greater than a building could be supposed to fill, up rises a mass, whereof the form is, at first, hidden amid flashes, waves, and stars of light. Yet it evidently has a body, though, like that of the sun, concealed in brightness. Is it a "mountain of light," a "sea of glass," a *mirage*, or a dream? Gradually pale blue, air-coloured tints form themselves into bands, fringed with white, and widely spaced with plates of glass. By these, helped by the gentle shade which here and there they throw, the eye traces the material centre of this solar glory. Through grounds where the mammoths of Geology, the *finesse* of an Italian garden, and the vistas of an English park unite, by a walk, ninety-two feet wide, you approach a terrace faced with noble stone-work, and unsparingly adorned with statuary. Before you, about one-third of a mile apart, rise two towers, each in the form of a Greek cross, bulkier than a donjon keep, lighter than a lantern spire. Inward from these, for more than a furlong, run two parallel wings, flanking, with crystal, a terrace-promenade, as much surpassing that of Versailles, as it surpasses others. Then, from a fringe of green sward,—such sward as, out of our own isles, you find not,—stretching all the way between the two wings, up rises one long, lofty, translucent vault, thrice intersected by transverse arches, the centre one towering majestically above the whole structure. Hitherto you were accustomed to look on Napoleon's *Arc de Triomphe* as the lord of arches; but the porch of this transept would receive that with a tall oak growing on the top, and the transept itself would enclose York Minster bodily.

But, the moment you begin to compare this with other buildings, the mind resents the attempt. Leave them to their own glory. This is not as they: bulbs are not compared with flowers, quadrupeds with birds, or snow-wreaths with rainbows. This leaves to both nature and art all the beauty they had before, but rises up to rejoice you with a new joy. As it stands there, inside and out displayed together,—wings, *façade*, towers,

domes, terraces, and flags; the far ends of transepts showing through the shiny walls; without, sheen; within, lightsome columns, crossing arches, statues, spiral staircases, moving human forms, networks of pillars and girders,—the impression of the immense, the beautiful, and the new, is perfectly overwhelming. How apt are artificial magnitudes to disappoint our anticipations! For once, and only once, when before the Palace in Hyde Park, we enjoyed the luxury of seeing proportions which exceeded our previous ideal. And here, at Sydenham, few will fail to be dazzled with the double effect of delicacy and magnitude. Before seeing this incredible pile, a knowledge of the details rather amuses than impresses; but, when it stands before you, a splendid meaning is seen in such quantities as 10,000 tons of iron, 16 miles' length of pillars, 240 miles' length of glass panes, 170 tons of bolts and rivets, 100 tons of nails, 15,000 cubic yards of brickwork, and 50 miles of hot-water pipes.

Entering the building, you have a confused idea, that objects of interest cover the floor; but you are lost in a revel of the imagination, excited by loftiness, sunniness, and width; primitive colours,—red, blue, and yellow,—all faint, but combining, with the white, which scientifically divides them, with the blue air, and the golden light, to create a soft mystery of tints; pillars, slender as spars, tall as minarets; the distance of the far-stretching nave; and fairy galleries, hung against the sky. You advance, capable only of feeling,—reflection impossible, and perception intoxicated. Presently you just recognise the prism glances of your fair favourite of Hyde Park, Osler's crystal fountain, now larger and lovelier; but on you pass, till, under the vault of the central transept, with its five galleries, the sun on the east front, a dark cloud on the west, the park visible below, the naves, aisles, groups, fountains, and shrubs around, you could turn child again, and both clap hands and cry.

Presently the cloud lowers. Its shadows fall darkly through the building, and, crossing the joyous sunbeams, form a combination of light and shade more bewitching and mysterious than the tinted light of Rheims, or any other marvel of Middle-Age art; and, if the charm of history is absent, that of novelty takes its place. The cloud bursts; but the sun shines still. On the roof streams rain; on the floor, sunbeams. A statue of Victory has her figure in deep shadow; but the crown in her outstretched hand glows in a merry light. Over your head a torrent is falling: you watch it fall, and are safe. Other walls, even those of the fragile tent, in sheltering us, shut out from view the heavens above,—those constant heavens, always so near, which, even when the spots we love on earth could not be seen without journeys, perhaps perils, ever remain within eyesight. But these walls, in shutting out the storm, permit

the sunbeams to course through them, as through the open sky. Yet they are of the same material, originally, as stone walls, on which sunbeams fall dead. From stone to sand is but a work of time; from sand to glass, of fire and skill. These crystal panes are but transformed stones. They shelter us well, yet permit us to see skies above and gardens around.

This spectacle makes the soul exult within the "walls of her clay tenement." In it she feels as if in a house with two small windows, whence she sees beauties that make her long to be abroad, but cannot survey the scope of the universe; and a light, which makes her feel that the sun, of all things, must be glorious, yet she cannot behold His face, or catch more than narrow glimpses of the heaven where He shines. And even these windows are to be darkened, and the tenement to fall. But, looking on this roof, once stone-dark, now radiant, the soul makes her clay-house thrill with hope: out of its dust shall its Builder raise another and fairer, whence she may look out on all sides, and in which, as we do here, she will see the storms of the universe shut out, while its sunshine is admitted.

You find yourself thus musing your way up to the galleries on the sunny east side of the transept. You stop for a moment at the corner where the nave intersects, and think of the old scenes in Hyde Park, where so many banners waved, and so many forms of man and woman flitted beneath them. Here is more beauty of form, less dazzle of colour; more of majesty, less of life. As up and up you rise, each new gallery changes the view; till, at the highest, you pass out upon a flat roof, and look forth on the landscape. At your feet is the Park, on the further edge of which the geological monsters stand, while immediately beyond them comes, in full career, as if mocking their impotence, the *megatherium* of the nineteenth century, blowing like a whale, snorting like a wild horse, and making the welkin resound with the thunder of his train. Beyond the white vein of steam which he leaves, the spire of Penge church shoots up high and fair on the foreground of a wide champaign. That of Beckenham gleams beyond it. A nobleman's seat, a distant mill, pea-green lawns, velvet meadows, hedge-rows, corn-fields, and upland groves, carry on the eye to a distant horizon. On the left rises Shooter's-Hill, covered with dark wood, as if with riflemen. Blackheath leads the eye to the two cupolas of Greenwich Hospital. Beyond lies a space of air, through which dashes a line of black smoke, reminding you that, below, the wealthiest stream in the world is rolling, not on golden sands, but under golden stores. The horizon closes upon the heights of Epping Forest. It is a fair south English scene, with all the charms which placid grace and wealth can give.

Passing to the opposite front of the building, Dulwich Wood draws your eye on to Brixton, which leads across villas and

spires to a dim and formless region, where chaos seems climbing toward the sky. Presently, on the left flank of this gloom, you recognise the towers of Westminster Abbey, and the new Houses of Parliament. Over its centre soars the dome of St. Paul's. At other points an occasional spire struggles into sight; and on the extreme right a grand mass of æriform coal is just chequered by the light steam-column of a railway. Looking right before you, Norwood is at your feet, with its villages, dells, mansions, and cemetery; then Streatham, Clapham, Wimbledon, away to the heights of Richmond. The Thames hides himself amid the beauties which line his shores. The scenery might easily be grander, but not easily richer, or more beautiful. Could we place Derwentwater in the vale beyond Penge, Mangerton on Shooter's-Hill, open Dovedale from Sydenham, send Airy Force thundering down at Anerley, pour the Shannon through Norwood, and place Ben Lomond for Richmond Hill; then, indeed, it would be another scene. But, taken as it stands, without mountain, lake, moor, crag, or river, from what people's palace have you a scene equal to it?

After feasting your eyes on the distant prospect, you by degrees begin to pay more attention to the strange spectacle lying close under the eastern front. A tract of park-land is over-run with all sorts of metamorphic processes. Here you have delicate young swards, scarcely yet hiding the soil; there, a new-born hillock, still unclad and earthy; yonder, a festoon drapery of dark brown soil, with a pattern of various flowers, curiously imitating art in nature, yet showing art where her source lies; further on, the frames of basins in which water has yet to come, and fountains to rise; to the left, a raw tract of clay, half covered with garden mould, half waiting for a covering from mounds lying close by; to the right, a most peculiar structure,—a rotunda, formed of a series of highly ornamental iron arches, standing on a knoll, and promising, when clad, as it is to be, in roses, to present one of the most bewitching objects that ever adorned a garden; then cedars, araucarias, pines, all the rare and familiar specimens of vegetable architecture, structures to which even the Crystal Palace must yield in point of delicacy and life; then vast preparations for a great central terrace-walk, with two cascades running parallel;—all this suggesting marvels of labour already done, and of Elysian effects yet to be produced, when it shall fully answer to the author's ideal. For a moment, the magnitude of the changes going forward makes you think with some concern of the shareholders. Surely Paxton is a leviathan, who needs a deep pond to float in: but then you also feel that every trait, while adding to the outlay, will add to the attraction.

After wandering over all the nascent beauties of the park, half wishing you had it complete before you, yet on the whole better



pleased to witness it in the actual process of transformation from ordinary beauty to a world's enchantment, your eye at last rests on a strange beast which seems browsing on barren islands, down at the end of the grounds. You have seen the red deer in his own glens, the elephant in his fatherland, have visited the family seats of tiger and lion, have seen both alligator and whale at home, and the camel under his load. Though your new acquaintances remind you, by turns, of several of your old ones, they plainly are members of another family, almost, it would seem, of another nation. When you first followed Buckland from his coal-fire, where he begins, to the mysterious realms through which he travels, you became gradually familiar with huge limbs and unshapely crania, that built themselves up in your notions into very unmanageable and monstrous forms. When you traced Mantell's "Medals" and "Wonders," your brain swarmed with images of muddy magnates, whose appearance would scare every child that plays on the Kentish wolds. In the British Museum, and in similar fairy-books of real giants and under-ground powers, you learned to balance a few conceptions, which, in spite of your best endeavours, had been constantly breaking up into jaws, paws, and back-bones, or floundering shapeless in worlds of mud. You had yourself none of the art by which Cuvier, from a single bone, could describe a creature he had never seen. Indeed, though you could not disbelieve the fact, it was precisely one of those facts which you think so nearly miraculous, that belief keeps close by a desire for sensible proof. It was easy to believe that any hostler at Tattersall's would, from a horse's ear, give you a very probable report of his breed and build; that any cabman would, from a shaft, at once infer Brougham, dray, dog-cart, or Hansom; that a muzzle would inform a dog-fancier as to the tail; and a horn satisfy a farmer as to the udder. These, however, were common things; and it is so different, believing wonders you have always seen, and wonders you never saw. By degrees, however, Owen has trained you, till it is now as easy to think of a naturalist building up a skeleton from one bone, as to think of a cartwright building a wheel if you give him a felly. Before the Professor had ever seen the great wingless bird of New Zealand, he, from a bone of a few inches long, constructed its skeleton so correctly, that, when all the bones arrived, the correspondence between them and their conjectural portraits was exact. Just so the planet Neptune, when traced by actual observation, answered to the calculations made by Adams and Leverrier before he had been seen. Strange being, man! thus able to describe the unseen, both in the heights of heaven and the depths of earth, yet unable to explain the nail of his own little finger, or breathe an inspiration of genius into his child.

Mantell's wife finds a fossil tooth; her husband wonders, and

inquires; Cuvier guesses that it is a herb-eating reptile, as yet unknown; some Kentish quarrymen dig up what seems petrified timber, but soon is found to be bones; part is added to part, till at last science sees a whole, and calls it *Iguanodon*. Mantell returns to the dust, whence he had drawn such secrets. The idea of showing the English people, within one enclosure, as far as possible, the results of human study, is formed. The *Iguanodon* is to be set up in full stature. Owen traces every muscle of the præ-Adamite beast, as Landseer would of a Highland sheltie; and Waterhouse Hawkins, the builder in this strange architecture, constructs the frame. When it is ready to be covered in, these two, with nineteen other *savans*, meet in the chamber formed within the sides.

What a true and deep solemnity! A conclave of sages convened within walls, which, to our ear, even before we enter, seem to echo, like some enchanted shell, the roar of ancient seas; which tell us of the immensity of time; help us to think upwards toward the Creator's past eternity; show us His power, and, not less, the frailty of the strongest thing made of earth! We are entering a mausoleum to the memory of ruined worlds; and that in the track of men, who, though like us, tremulous stones in the crumbling wall of time, are yet manifestly hewn from the rock of eternity. Once inside this mystery-chamber, the echoes we heard before change to an overwhelming rush. It is a cataract of ages! Precipitating empires, down they fall,—by millions down,—from heights unseen to depths unsounded, with a volume that tells of a source inexhaustible, and a force under which the ground we stand on quivers, fore-feeling its own departure with the stream. Slowly we turn from the voices of eternity, and ask, "Sages, wherefore have we come hither, under the eye of past and future worlds?" The sages reply, "To dine!"

Potentates of the Wealden and the Oolite! Saurians and Pterodactyles all! dreamed ye ever, in your ancient festivities, of a race to come, dwelling above your tombs, who would not only dine over subjects as pathetic as hospitals and orphans, as dry as corporation accounts, as pleasant as a Queen's birthday, as comfortless as a war with Russia, as renowned as Waterloo, as commonplace as a turnpike, as sacred as a Bishop's visitation, as profane as a horse-race; but would even vent their rage for dining on your ghosts, called from the deep by their sorcerers? Other wizards trembled before the forms which answered to their incantations; these greet them with a bumper. Owen is seated within the jaws, Forbes in the utmost stern. Along a table, widening and narrowing as the form of the *side-walls* requires, are ranged their philosophic brethren. Over the banquet wave banners bearing the names of Buckland, Mantell, Conybeare, and other Knights of the Geological Chivalry. They drink to the dead, they drink to the deranged, they drink to the

living. Owen gives the toasts, Forbes writes a ballad, and the sages all sing, rap, roar, and create—of all creations—after-dinner speeches. When next some learned foreigner writes upon the character of that unknown people, the English, he will, doubtless, contend that it was not one of our light, but one of our sacred, poets who wrote:—

“How can a man,  
In his life of a span,  
Do any thing better than dine?”

But now the tramp of steeds calls you away from thoughts of geological worlds to the scenes of the day. Up from Dulwich, from Sydenham, from Norwood, from Anerley, they are crowding,—hearty trudgers on foot, fair ladies in equipages, and mixed multitudes teeming out of the trains, as lively as boys on holiday. The sun glances on the polished roofs of carriages, as far as you can see, and horse-heads toss, and walkers fill the side-ways. In hot, but pleasant, haste, some enter the building without waiting for a glance at its outside. Others patiently range themselves in front, content to see the outside alone. Yet they have come as far, and are evidently quite as much interested, as those who cross the threshold. You cannot easily classify that multitude; not into blouses and coats, as a Paris crowd is always divided, for all are coats together; not by caps and hats, as in some other countries, for all have hats; not by town and peasant costume, for none have a peasant badge; not by fustian and broad-cloth, for scarce a fustian dress is to be seen. The classes tread so close upon each other, as to personal attire, that it is only the practised eye that can distinguish well-clad workmen from traders, or the latter from gentry. This single fact speaks volumes as to the social condition of the country to which they belong. The comforts of life must be widely spread in a land which can send out such a *mob*. Then, as to the females: no classes of caps and bonnets, of bedgowns and robes, as in the most polished of our neighbouring countries: all are bonnetted and robed, without exception; and most, clothed in muslin, woollen stuffs, or silk, not a few flowered, furbelowed, and flounced. One's impression that this crowd represents a condition of wide-spread plenty, is deepened, when we remember how much more it takes to make an English workman and his wife look well-dressed, than a French *ouvrier* and his wife. The latter pair are fully equipped with a blouse and cap for the man, and a cap and gown for the woman. But the Englishman must have both hat and coat, his wife both bonnet and shawl. Then how much more care it takes, to come clean-looking out of our murky towns, than out of the bright air of even their largest cities! As the proud vehicles roll in, and the pedestrians cluster, the signs of wealth on the one hand, and of comfort on the other,

are so expressive, that one may draw a long breath, and thank the Almighty Guardian of England for the abundance of good things He has bestowed on her people. But what an impersonation of sottish poverty every now and then disfigures the crowd, in a greasy coat, sooty shirt, battered hat, and bleared eye! An urchin, just sure to make such a man, is not wanting; and the two together tell us plainly, that we need not boast much of England yet; and that if we love the people, there is plenty of work for us to do.

But the sun is now on the west of the building, and the event of the day is nigh. Those thousands waiting without, and those thousands paying to go in, are under one ruling thought,—they are to see their Queen. We cease, then, our reveries from aloft, and are presently in our own place, to have that sight too. Tens of thousands of bright faces, under a crystal vault, is a sight which, for a time, drowns all reflection in the pleasure of seeing. From the snowy old man, to the rosy maid, intelligent delight seems to animate the multitude; not the excited pleasure of pleasure-taking, so much as a lively sort of family happiness. They look like a people in their own house,—the best in the world,—about to greet the head of their own family, the noblest family and the worthiest head on earth. No drowsy grandfather is taking his forty winks, before the ceremony begins; no Dominie Samson is over a book; no Miss Ophelia is sewing up the moments ere they fly. Surrounded by manhood and beauty, canopied by the wizard-work of genius, with an eye-path open to the face of the sun, and waiting for the Queen they love, no English heart there thinks of killing time in the two hours which must yet intervene.

In the centre of the grand transept hangs a ponderous crimson canopy fringed with gold, plumed with ostrich feathers, embroidered with the arms of Victoria and Albert, and inscribed with mottoes in Latin, Norman French, and German. Beneath it is a spacious octagonal dais, covered with crimson cloth. Four gentle steps ascend on all sides from the floor, then a landing, and five other steps lead up to the level of the throne. From this centre both nave and transept lie open, with their overwhelming array of humanity. As your eye darts far down the nave, then up the galleries, a transporting impression of multitude, beauty, and wealth rushes in upon you. Then, as from every face you catch that gleam of immortality which no glass can emit, no art can simulate, you feel that the real grandeur of the scene is in the host of human beings. After drinking in alternate emotions of awe and pleasure, you begin to feel that, as a spectacle, a great blunder has been committed. Of the five galleries in the transept, the upper two are bare of human beings; looking something like a ship of war ordered to man yards, but without men for the top-gallants and royals. A greater artistic fault we can

hardly imagine. While freely uttering our dissatisfaction on the spot, we little expected to hear a fact which should considerably deepen it.

The two upper galleries are so high, that persons there, though directly in front of Her Majesty, would see from a great distance. This disadvantage might, perhaps, justify the Directors in not sending thither people who had paid two guineas. But might they not have issued a cheaper ticket? Would not that, however, have spoiled the demand for the dear ones? and were they not, in a commercial undertaking, bound to let profit prevail over scenic effect? We had made this apology, in our own mind, when we were startled to learn that the workmen who had raised the Palace, were refused admittance, unless they would take season tickets. Had that hard measure been known at the time, it would have dulled the pleasure of many present. Surely the brave fellows might have lined those upper galleries, and seen eyes beaming with joy at the beauty of their handiwork, and thrown the workman's strength into the loyal hurrah, when all hearts and voices hailed the Queen, not of two-guinea people only, but of every Englishman. This fact is one of those seemingly little things, in which our commercial men are often miserably inapt at seeing the great moral and social interests involved. They too little know how their bargaining habits tend to limit the range of their views, and often make them commercially unwise, by being morally hard. Men who would sell good-feeling, sympathy, happiness, Sabbaths, and poor men's rest, for dividends, have yet to learn that, even for the wealth of a community, nothing is so productive as virtue and content.

After the eye has again and again filled itself with the general effect of the scene, you begin to look more quietly at groups and personages. In the open space before the dais is a floating crowd of gentlemen, officials, and workmen. On not a few of the forms the eye rests with interest; some exciting inquiry by their position or costume; others awakening, the moment they appear, trains of thought linked with the subject of the day.

Who is that gentleman with a Jewish face, and a Doctor's scarlet gown, who moves freely in front of the dais, knows every body in power, and makes himself at home? It is Mr. Samuel Phillips, author of the "Guide to the Palace and Park;" so you have only to pay one shilling and read the book, to know what he is worth. And that tall, lank, Scottish-looking man, in the hanging frock-coat, and loose shirt-collar, who looks as if he has had too much to do, and yet has much on his mind, whom officials often consult, and whose quiet words evidently settle doubtful points;—who is he? Mr. Laing, Chairman of the Crystal Palace Company, and, therefore, the official host of all these guests. His toilet hardly seems equal to the honours of the day; but the silver stripe on his trowsers is a plain threat that

he will presently transform himself into that parody of a soldier, which every gentleman has a right to exhibit, who is a Deputy Lieutenant.

And this tall, thin man, of about middle age, in court dress and specially florid vest; with thin brown hair, lofty forehead, lengthy visage, purplish, spotted complexion, and deep-set, but full, eye, his expression presenting very singular combinations,—the abstract air of one whose brain works deeply on its sole resources; the eye-seeking air which asks for some one to note the inward wonders; an underlying satisfaction, as if familiar with success and praise, overlaid with a craving for more of both; altogether a notable man whom you feel disposed to watch, and whom, as you watch him more, you would like to know; for you feel increasingly certain that whoever could see through that brow would find mines within. It is Owen the rock-reader! he who on the sandstone of Lancashire has traced the steps of animals now no more, distinguishing fore-foot and hind-foot, great toe and common toe, measuring size, distance, and depth, comparing them with odd teeth, bones, and a skull, till the entire induction stands yonder on his geological island, in the huge toad, with the huge name, *Labyrinthodon Salamandroides*; he who has read on solid rock the direction of winds, the print of rains, and a multitude of records as incredible without patient attention, as with it they are clear. As he stands there, he seems, to the imagination, built round with the scaffolding of creation; and on what a flight does he lead our thoughts back and back! Dynasties are no more to us, on our course, than the furrows of a corn-field to an electric message. At once we distance history, and distance man. We set foot on a dim world, where monsters dwell amid shades which even the eye of Owen can but little pierce.

Surrounded by prodigious natural phenomena, and terrific living forms, a cold fear falls upon us, and we cry for a "MAN." The call is sounded round the universe,—Man! Man! Man! but in no world is a living being found to answer to the name. Borne down by the awful loneliness, we rest for a moment stunned. When again we lift our eye, the mists are dispelled, the monsters gone, and lo, a man! Whence has he come? No being lived amid those wilds, which could form this child of light. The FIRST MAN! the greatest wonder in the history of our planet; an evidence not only of the existence of a Creator, but, to a great extent also, a light upon His character. To HIM, that manless earth must have been lonely. Among its giant tribes, feeding upon His gifts, no heart warmed to Him. The plant took its nourishment from the earth, unconscious who prepared it; the animal took its nourishment from the plant, and was happy; but never did those forests hear the words, "We thank thee, O God." To its Builder that world was a house filled with



machinery of his own perfect handiwork, but without a child partaking His nature, and returning love for love. From inanimate creatures he had mechanical obedience, from animated creatures instinctive obedience; and in a higher world pure spirits knew and blessed Him. But between their conscious services and the material universe lay, not the passable distance of space, but the impassable distance of nature. No stream, no bough, no limb rose or fell, no atom of matter moved under an impulse of voluntary co-operation with God. But in this new creature, man, two worlds meet,—matter and spirit. In him the mechanical obedience which satisfies an inventor, and the instinctive obedience which would satisfy a Fate, may unite with the voluntary and affectionate obedience which alone can satisfy a Parent. He is the connecting link of all worlds,—angel, animal, and matter. His spirit can consciously receive an impulse from the Father Spirit, and then consciously transmit it to instruments of earthly origin, and so display the moral attributes of God in material action. Thus, in his person, matter reaches the new dignity of adorning the universe with an embodiment of divine qualities; but soon it proves that it attains also the fearful power, unknown to wind or sea, volcano or thunderbolt, to lion now, or to extinct monsters before,—the power of polluting physical creation by a breach of the Creator's law.

Owen is gone, and others are before you. A Doctor's red gown again! A strongly-built person, above middle height; a quick, like-my-own-way footstep; a large head; plentiful light hair; a healthy, but not ruddy, complexion; an eager grey eye; a forehead with force, but no genius; a rather upward nose; a cutting mouth; one shoulder a little lowered forwards, not the stoop of feebleness, but the set of determination; the head leaning on one side, not as if listening for other men's thoughts, but as feeling the weight of its own:—who is he? Ask those groups of outlanders, at the south end of the nave, who are watering camels, blowing sumpitans, or practising witchcraft among the animals and shrubs of strange lands. He is foster-father to them all,—DR. R. G. LATHAM, who can tell you how Dyaks court and Todas bury, how Zulus witch and Papuans dine, how Hindus hunt and Ojibways paint, as readily as a housewife would tell the private history of her kittens, until people who know little of mankind at large wonder equally that so many strange things are in existence, and that one head could gather them all. As the Doctor pursues his discourse, you observe that, being a great writer and authority on the English language, he is upon terms of great familiarity with it, and can take liberties from which common people would shrink; and as his facts come down upon you, easily and thick as a shower of snow, you will not expect every flake to be a geometrical crystal. Should matted hair be called crisp, or straight eyes oblique, a shade or

two be out in the skin, why, no wonder,—men are fallible. As to creeds, superstitions, and morals, it will be no harm whatever to have a judgment of your own. For instance, the Doctor says in his "Guide Book," (p. 21,) "No trophy is more honourable among the Dyaks of Borneo than a human head,—the head of a conquered enemy. These" (that is, not the Dyaks, which are plural, but the *head*, which is singular) "are preserved in the houses for tokens; so that the number of skulls is a measure of the prowess of the possessor. In tribes, *where this feeling becomes morbid*, no young man can marry before he has presented his future bride with a human head, cut off by himself." This feeling *becomes morbid*! then up to the point of making it a love present, the desire to make a trophy of a man's head may be healthy!

Who is this pleasant-looking man with dark hair and lively features, the first to arrive in the Windsor uniform, who talks with Mr. Laing, and with that short, thick-set man in the white hat and frock-coat, says a few words in Persian to an eastern-looking stranger, and brings buns, from the refreshment-room, for a lovely young Peeress? He is plainly a man of mind and spirit, with a heart in him, and no nonsense; but neither his years nor his brow would lead you to expect that a host of sacred and ancient images, ghosts of empires, and voices of Prophets, would rush upon you at the mention of his name. It is Austen Henry Layard. Sydenham and Nineveh, Windsor uniform and winged bulls, Paxton and Nimrod, the House of Commons and devil-feasts among the Yezides, black tents and glass palaces, Lord Aberdeen and Sennacherib, Guide Books and cuneiform inscriptions, the Foreign Office and Arab mares, with Nestorian massacres, desert flowers, excavations, skin-rafts, and Amazons,—never came such a rout of associations, ancient and present, far and near, sacred and profane, scientific and political, at the heels of an agreeable English gentleman. What man of his years ever had a monument so stately as he has in that Assyrian temple, which stands in the north nave, connecting two countries and two ages so remote? Thanks, hardy digger, for those old stones, which add new strength to the outworks of Christian truth! May thine own pillar at last stand in the temple of God, "to go out no more for ever!"

And this thick-set, middle-aged man, whom we have already noticed, in the frock-coat and white hat,—though any thing but consequential, he is plainly of consequence. His figure compact, his movements self-forgetting, his face round, dark-complexioned, practical, earnest, and friendly. The officials appeal to him; Mr. Laing consults him; Mr. Layard makes interest with him as to the accommodation of his friends. Who can he be? Be patient, and look steadily at that head. Do you see nothing wonderful within it? "The head seems well enough, like a

thousand other heads; but one can see nothing for the white hat." Speak respectfully of the white hat; for it covers two Crystal Palaces, the old and the new. "What, Paxton?" Yes, Paxton; the first candidate for immortality who ever intrusted his fame to a glass house.

When first we saw a boy on an elephant's neck, looking no larger than a plume on a horse's crest, yet guiding the animated hillock at his will, we thought we should never see a more striking illustration of the superiority of mind over all other force. But this seems nothing, when you look at this Palace, covering temples in its aisles, hiding Colossi in its nooks, and then look at that head, which, under its soaring dome, seems of no more account than a lark under a rainbow, and remember that under that brow this huge structure was first vaguely conceived, then defined, proportioned, adorned, till it hung shining there bright and great, as it is here to-day, perhaps brighter and greater. Glancing from the creation to its author, one could not help imagining how and where the grand idea first came upon him.

It is a bright summer morn at Chatsworth. Mr. Paxton puts on his white hat, and strolls from his pleasant home towards the mansion, drinking the fresh air, and musing, as he goes, on the Great Exhibition to be held in London. Once more the flowers fling their perfume round him, the great conservatory regales his eye, the cascade rolls in his ear, the sun dances in the lake, the fountains play, the hills fling shadows, and the birds sing. All this is little heeded, but nevertheless gives wing to the mind. Before re-entering his own door, he turns aside to have a look at his newest gem,—the Victoria Regia, and its noble glass house. The morning light seems rejoicing in both gem and casket; when suddenly his brain heats and swells, his heart jumps, a form of light flashes across his head, vanishes, re-appears, unfolds itself, till the vision of a temple of crystal, thronged by nations, and famed through the world, stuns him with emotion. Can it be? proportions so vast, with qualities so airy? Yes, there is the foundation, there are the pillars, the girders, the aisles, iron bones, though a tender skin; height, width, strength, all that is needed, he gives, till his own eye pronounces it fit to meet the eye of the world. Then the mind commands a picture of its idea. It is done, and the same vision glows in other minds. Then it commands a body for its idea. Metals, woods, sands, fire, water, air, all obey the will of man, and lo, the temple which amazed us in 1851, and now this statelier successor! This is the account we have rendered to ourselves of the birth of the Crystal Palace; and it must serve us, till Paxton favours the world with a better.

We talk of mechanical *forces*. Where are they? Apart from will, what have we but weights? All motion and power in

mechanism result from the power of man. Lever, pulley, wedge, and wheel, are all helpless as dust, till the human spirit gives them power. The huge things that spin, and hammer, and run for us, are but artificial limbs,—outlying physical instruments,—whereby the spirit within us does heavy work, never meant for the gentle frame which every where attends it. Which of the two creative powers, possessed by man, is the more mysterious? the conceptive, by which his spirit gives an existence within itself to that which otherwise is not; or the formative, whereby it transfers the conception from the spiritual, and establishes it in the material, world? Between these two, affording the means of their connexion, and to man speaking a solemn, but glorious, message, lies the power of real creation,—the productive power, which makes, without any thing to make from. Above every effort of the human spirit this power lies infinitely distant. Even the highest conceptions barely see it afar off. Yet in conceptive and formative efforts, the human mind becomes a mirror,—narrow and dim, it is true, yet a mirror, wherein we see slight, but moving, glimpses of the parent mind. If, in contemplating a poem, or a palace, we instinctively bow down to the mind whose work it is,—when, in turn, contemplating that mind itself, how ought we to bow down to Him whose work it is!

Not many years ago, after spending a day at Chatsworth,—such a day as an August sun, a happy party, and Chatsworth combined can give,—when slowly retiring from the enchantment, a four-horse open carriage came dashing up. As it swept past, every one said, “It is the Duke!” A boy of six years old put the odd question, “Could n’t we do without Dukes?” This burst of juvenile democracy brought down a hearty laugh, which the little politician not comprehending, he repeated his question, “Could n’t we do without Dukes?” Forced to answer, we waxed learned, and spoke of *dux* and *duc*, and made words stand for reasons, and were on the whole at a loss for something short and sensible; though no way inclined, on the sward of Chatsworth, above all places, to surrender our respect for Dukes. When watching Paxton under his own palace roof, the boy’s question came back upon us with comical effect; but immediately suggested another question: Without a Duke should we have had a Paxton? A bird of such immense wing could never have taken flight from the dead level; but, set on a pedestal like Chatsworth, he could flap his pinions, and prepare to launch away. England owes much admiration to the man who fostered and gave scope to the genius which has shed a novel lustre on her arts, and opened new instructions for her people; and who, on the day of his *protégé’s* highest triumph, so munificently paid his homage.

Thoughts which, travelling by their own electricity, make a short passage through the mind, move slowly by way of pen and

ink. What we have written about Paxton may seem tedious; but when we were thinking it, to us it was short and pleasant. But now, how the space around the dais has become crowded! Many are brilliant in fame, and the rest in ribbons and lace. Lightly-made, bearded, and earnest-looking, there is, we will not say, the coloured gentleman, but the gentleman of colour, with the double Cambrian name, Owen Jones, whose "courts" are to be henceforth (without any disparagement to our old favourite in Normandy) the "St. Ouen's" of England. Smooth, clear-faced, and graceful, there is Digby Wyatt, and Forbes, and Fergusson, and Waterhouse Hawkins. Yonder, in a splendid crowd, just under the colossal statue of Peel, is Disraeli, looking as if he hardly knew whether you would trust him. From his personal to his national characteristics, you pass at the second glance. How completely Jew! What are all the other antiquities here, compared with that living antiquity? Of the ancients, Israel only has "a man" to represent him this day. The Pharaohs strove with him: they are represented by stones. Kings from Assyria and Babylon, Ptolemies, Cæsars, all in turn strove with him; they have nought to send here but stones. But Israel is amid us of to-day, as he was amid them, each in his age.

The notables now come thick. That young, slender, short man, with the flame-coloured hair, and a bright, quick, honest face, is the Duke of Argyle. The lathy, testy man, with a meddling gait, and self-approved cast of the head, is Sir Charles Wood, a man of astonishing talents, who, without ever carrying a Budget, held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer several years. Mr. Laing has fulfilled his threat, and draped his commercial figure in a bran new, burning scarlet coat. Sir Joseph has quitted the white hat, and is plump and comely in court dress. That very ancient man in the blue ribbon, complimenting him, who looks not only hoary, but freezy, and rather dim withal, is Lord Aberdeen. You need not follow the question that starts up in your mind, How much genius does it take for a Premier? It will lead to nothing. That very low, very lean, and very insignificant-looking man, with such a *wee* face, but rather a lively eye, and a good head, carried as if it were accustomed to choose its own course, and a manly expression, in spite of all his natural drawbacks,—he evidently attracts many eyes, and is met by the great ones with honest respect. Joined by Mr. Layard, he leaves his colleagues of the Ministry, and moves down the nave to see the building. Presently a very cordial cheer breaks forth upon his track, and all the world familiarly says, "Lord John," as if that was all that need be said.

This gentleman, above middle height, with dark hair, a mediæval light in his eye, an Oxford-grey complexion, and looking quite ready to take "the enigmatical part of the subject," and

prove that every thing is any thing, and any thing is nothing, and that therefore nothing is something, is Mr. Gladstone.

The sunbeams, falling now from the western side, light up a blaze of Eastern splendour on the jewelled breasts and turbans of a few swarthy strangers. On the front row before the throne, and just opposite the Ministers, sits the Rajah of Coorg, for many years the independent Sovereign of a country larger than Saxe Coburg Gotha, now a pensioner of the East India Company. His pearls, diamonds, and emeralds, sole remains of his former majesty, are here to add to the pomp of our Sovereign a tribute from the ancient Princes of the Hindus. Further off, behind the Peeresses, is a gigantic Indian bust, clothed in gold tissue, and surmounted by a turban, on which pearls are clustering like an ear of Indian corn, and egg-shaped emeralds are pendent, and a circlet of diamonds shines. It is the Nabob of Surat, whose predecessors, as feudatories of the Great Mogul, first gave us a settlement on the shores of India; where a historian wrote of us, that "the English have a King of their own, independent of the King of Portugal." Behind him is another Eastern figure, the son of the dreaded Tipu Sahib, and grandson of the more dreadful Hydur Ali. Once his grandfather had all but swept us off the soil of India, and did dictate peace at the gates of Madras. Over the fall of his father, Arthur Wellesley first gained a name. When himself and his brother were prisoners at Vellore, the Sepoys rose on the English troops, and murdered two Colonels, thirteen officers, and a number of men. The Rajah represents the ancient Hindu Kings; the Nabob, the Mogul *régime*; and Tipu's son, those upstart powers which Mohammedan nations constantly produce, and of which India, till our day, was such a fruitful field. Had it been designed to add to the pomp of the day a show of triumph, it could scarcely have been more artistically done than by the voluntary grouping of those three Princes before the throne.

But, lo! a chair of state, with the crown wrought in its satin covering. They place it in the centre of the dais, and a velvet footstool before it. Over this vacant throne hangs the canopy, with its tri-lingual inscription. *Before* it, on the right, are England's Peers and Peeresses; on the left, England's Commons, with their wives; and in the centre, between the two, the scarlet, the ermine, the velvet, the sable, the chains of gold, and stars of office, which denote England's civil state. *Beside* it, on the right, sparkle the stars of all chivalries, from amid gay, flitting clouds of uniform, which brighten and darkle strangely, as, Ambassador greeting Ambassador, groups form and melt. On the left side, stars again, fewer, and less showily accompanied, but all on English breasts. It is the Cabinet of the Queen. The two venerable forms seated nearest the throne, one in velvet, the other in lawn, are the national representatives of



England's justice and religion. *Behind*, an amphitheatre rises almost to the spring of the transept-arch, spreading like a fan as it ascends. On its lowest tiers the eye meets heads mixed with musical instruments; up its centre a solid mass of male busts; on either side, a flowery border of women; all along the top a military fringe, in blue, and scarlet, and gold; and, over all, a line of silken bannerets. Sixteen hundred instruments, human and mechanical, are there waiting to salute England's Queen with England's royal song.

All eyes turn to the vacant throne. Heavily swings the canopy,—no Paxton airiness, but old English weight and bulk. It is learned, but does not speak English. "*Domine, salvam fac Reginam!*" meets the eye of hundreds who never knew Latin, or have forgotten it. Surely, by weight, measure, sound, or sight, "God save the Queen" is quite as good. As to the German, "*Treu und fest*," it is so like English, that they who cannot understand it, deserve to be ignorant; and the Norman, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," has history to back it. Dead languages for students, living languages for statesmen! But if dead languages are so superior, why not take Sanscrit? It is not nearly so much known as Latin, and, besides, is the classical tongue of the largest section of Her Majesty's subjects. With all respect for Norman, it would seem natural for the English throne to speak English in assenting to new laws. Nevertheless, the yet invisible Sovereign for whom that throne waits may, with more reason than the proudest ancient, claim dominion over "all languages and tongues." Besides the honest English which is murmuring around,—the noblest speech ever spoken yet,—she is called "Queen" in Norman, by Jersey; in French, by Lower Canada and Mauritius; in Spanish, by Gibraltar; in German, by Heligoland; in Italian, by Malta; in Greek, by the Ionian Isles; in Portuguese, by Ceylon; in Dutch, by the Cape; in Arabic, by Aden; in thirty or more Hindu and Mohammedan tongues, by India; in Chinese, by Hong Kong; in Malay, by Singapore; and in Maori, by New Zealand.

An empty throne! twenty thousand free-born eyes beaming loyalty upon it; science, genius, and art shedding their lights before it; Nobles, Princes, and fallen Kings surrounding its steps! What a vision of power it raises before the mind! Imagination reels under the weight of sovereignty borne by the crowned lady, as yet unseen. Hers is the grandest dominion ever committed to mortal keeping by the King of all. Nothing among the ancients is to be named in comparison of it. No European monarchy comes within the same sphere. Till recently, it was, in one aspect of greatness, and that the most affecting, but the second power in the world. In the far East shone a spectacle of sovereignty, compared with which the Monarchs of the classic day were but formidable Chieftains.

Reserved from the common eye, in lone and unchallenged majesty, heeding other potentates no more than the cedar heeds thistles, head of the oldest civilization, Lord of the flowery morning land, sued by embassies from the ends of the earth for permission to dearly buy, and perilously transport, the common products of his fields, himself needing the alliance of none;—looking down from his heights upon a subject multitude, outspread over glorious realms, numbering more than three hundred millions, to any one of whom he could say, “Be great!” or, “Be debased!” “Live!” or, “Die!” and holding on this reign through centuries wherein every throne in Europe has been sunk, or shaken, every territory in America has changed owners, and all India been subdued;—the Chinese Emperor stood above ordinary monarchies as a mountain above billows. For the multitude of men whose weal and life were held in his sole will, no power has ever equalled his. But a wind blows, of which no one can say “whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.” His realm is a stormy sea; his throne a labouring ship; and to-morrow must tell, whether it will founder or survive. Second to this Monarch in number of subjects, gentler in the grasp of power, but unspeakably mightier in both internal solidity and external movement, the British Queen stands alone among European Sovereigns. Her Asiatic subjects alone would count out the entire population of the four great powers; her European subjects would place her fourth on the list; her possessions in America and India would cover all the Russias; those in Africa, the Peninsula; and those in Australasia, the rest of Europe.

Hark! a hurrah. The loud English joy-cry—heard nowhere beyond our own free shores—is bursting from thousands of breasts, where for hours it has been gathering. Nearer and nearer it swells, and now, in the south nave, eyes sparkle and forms erect themselves. From amid a living avenue of uprisen men and women, you see first a princely head, then a princely bust in military scarlet. Then womanly, leaning on her husband’s arm, and queenly, smiling on the loyal throng, comes into view the Monarch of England, attired as a simple lady, with her children behind her,—

“And hearts and hands of free-born men  
Were all the ramparts round her.”

How awful is the power of right! What if any other being living had attempted to take that seat? But this lady quietly moves to it as her own. On one hand stands her Consort, in personal appearance eclipsing every gentleman in view. Beside him are their sons. On the other hand are two ordinary-looking lads, in dull blue uniforms,—the King of Portugal and his brother, separated by the Duchess of Kent; and beyond them, the Princess Royal.

Scarcely has the cheer subsided, ere, from behind the throne, sets in a tide of music, rolling, receding, again swelling, till the senses are drowned in a sea of harmony,—a “loud resounding sea.” At the same moment the cannon open a salute, heightening the solemnity, without impairing the music. What feeling pervades the sound! The heart of a nation is crying to the God of all, on behalf of a Monarch beloved. Throughout every change of the performance this feeling lives. Now it seems as if some bird from the stars was singing alone; now as if the Falls of Niagara had been enchanted into music. But the thrill of viols, the clash of drums, the nightingale solo, the boom of cannon; soprano, tenor, rolling bass, clanging horn; swell, pause, and the incredible chorus,—all live with English emotion.

Favoured lady! standing there to be once more anointed with the precious ointment of a people’s love; while the eyes of mother, husband, sons, and daughters, look on, and brighten at thy joy! How unlike our three former Queens,—Anne, without a child; Elizabeth, without a consort; Mary, loneliest of all, with subjects, but without a people! And what a moment for Prince Albert,—the father of the Exhibition, to whom it owes its being, as to Paxton it owes its edifice!

You have a confused idea that the music has ceased, and that the red coat of Mr. Laing is on the steps of the throne, bending over a paper; but you are following the departed mystery of sound, floating through the air on its invisible waves, wondering at their spread and subsidence; fancying the effect on the larks, whose ear they reach high up in the sky, or of their last echo as it falls upon some distant wood, to the amazement of its regular performers. From this aerial flight you are recalled by the tones of a firm, clear female voice. It is the Queen replying to the inaudible address, and making herself heard, at a distance to which not even a sound of Mr. Laing’s voice travelled. Released from the pleasing effort to catch each silvery syllable, you again go off into reveries on the mysteries of sound. These are broken by a gentle, but general, cheer, and you find Paxton modestly retiring from the throne, under the smile of his Sovereign, and the applause of his country. Then follows a scene which perfectly dispels any ethereal tendencies the music might have impressed upon you. Now you have Mr. Laing’s long red coat curved over a paper, doubtless reading something for his own edification and the Queen’s. Then a gentleman goes up the steps, makes a bow, remembers he ought to bend the knee, tries, but does not know how; gives the Queen a book, receives a smile, and begins to retreat. You may have been tried, like thousands of others, on that pretty strip of sward at Versailles, called the “*Tapis Vert*,” which runs down the hill in front of the Château. The puzzle is to walk blindfold from top to bottom without getting off the grass; and, after a weary day in

the galleries, the pastime is pleasant enough. We were strongly reminded of the game of the *Tapis Vert*, by the antics performed so solemnly by our crystal *savans* on the steps of the throne. One kept his face toward her Majesty, like a gentleman, and, by using his eyes, descended like a man; but alas for his brethren! One cocks up his shoulder, and sidles down; one nervously trots up, and trots down again; another really does not show his back to Majesty till he has descended a step or two, when his sword clinks between his legs, and he makes the best of his way in confusion to the floor; another soberly turns his back on the first lady in the world, by the excess of ill-manners almost justifying, certainly provoking, the retributive breach of manners in a derisive laugh, which bursts out all around. Finally, a scarlet gown, admonished, but not disciplined, by what has happened, makes the queerest compromise between back, face, and side, and shuffles its way down one of the angles of the dais, to the unspeakable amusement of all close at hand.

Why should gentlemen put on swords to approach so gentle a Sovereign? The answer is plainly this: We are living in the Dark Ages; no gentleman can go out safely without his sword, nor any lady, unless guarded by an armed gentleman. Deadly broils often occur among the Nobles: it was only yesterday that a turbulent Baron,—

“ In the *Monarch's* Court and sight,  
With ruffian dagger stabb'd a Knight.”

In such a state of manners, common sense dictates that gentlemen should go to Court sworded and shielded too. Should an age ever come, when gentlemen and ladies may walk the street night or day in safety, when blows among gentlemen are unknown, and the royal palace is as tranquil as a village church, of course the Queen of such a palace would feel insulted by men parading arms in her presence, in memory of dead barbarisms.

In the awkwardness of our learned wights on the steps of the throne, some writers have seen a proof of the independence of our national character. It was a proof of nothing but bad manners. Ease of movement and independence of character agree very well. Those who have felt the restraints of civilized life, without that culture which gets us back to what is natural, become awkward. Savages and gentlemen carry themselves easily. But independence of character may equally exist in the free savage, the stiff and bluff citizen, and the finished gentleman. Our easy nobleman is quite as independent as our anxious and awkward respectable. True, that, for the heart, and real services of politeness, we would often rather look to the blunt John Bull, than to the polished Parisian bowing-machine. Nevertheless, English oak with French polish is pleasant to see, —so smooth, yet so staunch. Good manners are the natural

show of good feelings. Let the bad behave rudely, if they choose; but the carriage of the good should ever be worthy of goodness. It is a sore mischief when graceful manners are taken as a set-off against bad habits, or vicious actions are called by harmless and winning names; but it is no reason why the good should change appearances with the bad, and become rude and selfish in their bearing. The apple-tree would not yield more wholesome fruit without its lovely bloom, nor the engine be any sturdier, if its irons refused a polish. What would our peasantry lose by exchanging their incomparable boorishness for the pleasant manners of their equals in other countries?

After the presentations came a procession, which in no wise heightened our own or any other one's opinion of English ceremonial. The solemn show of a Romish cathedral, or the rigid form of a military pomp, one would neither expect nor desire. But, in point of order, Lodges of peasant Freemasons, or brigades of Louis Blanc's national workshops, led by their patriotic hurdy-gurdy, groaning to die for its country,\* would far excel this august procession, of which England's Queen was the centre, and a mob of illustrious foreigners the close. The head seemed chiefly in fault: it kept running away from the middle, the rear coming up in a ruck.

So soon as the Queen resumes the throne, the swell of music rises again, slower and loftier than before. Now it is not a people calling for blessings on its Sovereign; but a Sovereign calling upon "all lands" to know and to adore a Mightier than Kings. How its invisible majesty of music marches in upon the soul, shedding around it awful joy! Down it comes to earth, the challenge-call of heaven; up it mounts to heaven, the adoring response of earth. How that sacred song arches over the whole span of history! It was first sounded upon the ear of the nations from the throne of the Shepherd King in Jerusalem; to-day it is sounded on their ear anew from the highest throne on earth. In its "joyful noise" a hundred ages meet. The voices are of this generation, the music of Luther, the words of David. Mortality and immortality of man! Psalmist and Reformer, dead so long, yet here in the Crystal Palace, and, by the voice of this multitude, "making melody to the Lord!" Can any man believe that actions which affect others for ages after the author is dead, do not continue to affect him also? Are millions to reap a curse or a blessing from the conduct of a single man, and he not to taste, whether it be bitter or sweet, "the fruit of his own doings?" Tush! amid the dying echoes of the Psalm are whispers of a spirit-world, of retributions, of eternity!

Reverend in unspotted years, the Primate of England,

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\* "*Mourir pour la Patrie.*"

standing—why not kneeling?—on the steps of the throne, now offers up a prayer to God. The voice trembles with age; yet, kindling with the fire of prayer, it reaches further than even the clearer and much better modulated tones of the Queen. Many a heart followed those words upward to the Fount of all lights and powers. Well may a living nation, here amid the tombs of empires, bow, and ask the Eternal for preservation! From the images which recall Egypt, down to the royal youth who represents Portugal, all around seems to tell how easily national grandeur is lost. Hitherto no ascendant people has been found to employ power and riches for the protection of the feeble, and the enlightenment of the dark. They were not worthy of permanent dominion. They have passed away. Goodness only is imperishable. Let England, in her own conduct, but adorn that Gospel which she here professes, and spread its blessings to less happy lands; then her day of power will be bright and long. Many stains are on her robes; yet are they not wholly foul. Will this new temple of beauty be a school of goodness, or will it become a temptation and a shame?

Another rapture of sacred music,—gales, waves, thunders of "Hallelujah!" Another outburst of national song; the Queen departs; for a moment the scene seems melting away, but soon settles in your eye, to be forgotten no more.

When, some time after, on a sunny afternoon, you re-enter the Palace from the railway, your mind full of the pageant witnessed when last there, it is with a sense of contrast—half-laughable, half-disgusting—that you find yourself in an establishment which seems a cross between a French *café* and a German *Bier-brauerei*. Instead of Queen, Lords, and Commons, here are Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Brown, and Robinson, with Miss and Master, "the little boy and all," eating seriously, and drinking beer,—pale and high-complexioned. Were we not told that the Crystal Palace was to wean the people from the beer-shops? Is it for this that it has become the biggest and finest beer-shop itself? A civil and intelligent superior in this department weightily observes to us, that he "does not know what the Community would have done, if it had not been introduced." Luckless Community! in danger if, for one day in the week, it cannot have beer at call! It did without it in 1851; and we never heard that, in that year, Community lost flesh, complexion, or spirits; while foreign visitors began to doubt whether the conventional, swilling, swearing, boxing *Anglais* of their plays and novels was really the type of John Bull. They will now, however, have their sense of national superiority reinforced. Imagine an *estaminet* in Versailles!

Monsieur Sucré de l'Eau, a philosophic *littérateur*, on his English travels, enters the renowned Palace of purity and light, wherein the English people are at once to display the ascendancy



of their genius, and to refine themselves from all the grosser qualities which hitherto have been, by other nations, ascribed to them. The pellucid domes, the pure colouring, the majestic proportions, touch him deeply; and he begins, with regret, to see the throne of æsthetic empire almost totter under his fair France. The *Jardin d'Hiver* is but a hothouse. Versailles is vulgarized. Art has revealed a new sphere, and given the sceptre of it to England. Across this current of thought strikes, "Pint bottle of stout!" "Some pork pie!" "Bass's pale ale!" "Keep any rum?" "Got any pea-soup, hot?" "Why can't you let us have a drop of brandy?" Thrusting both hands deeply into his side-pockets, M. de l'Eau regards the scene. For a while the contrast between the temple and the ritual amuses him. "*Bizarre!*" escapes his lips; but, presently inspired by one of those happy generalizations which visit only French sages, he rubs his moustache, and thus takes cerebral notes for his next *feuilleton*:—

"The true theory of the physical and social phenomena which we recognise under the curious variety of humanity, known as the English people,—a people not so well understood as might be expected, from the proximity of their islands to the Great Nation,—has never yet, as it seems to us, been clearly enunciated, though many writers have held up to view such distinctive traits as ought to have led them to a clear discovery of the basis whence they are developed. Look, however, at those bottles; thence carry your thought to the barrel whence their fluid contents were drawn; and, finally, regard that elderly gentleman who is emptying the bottle. At once you discern the relation of form, indicating an inward relation of nature, between the man and the barrel. The trunk of his body is a cask *pur et simple*; each leg is two elongated and conjoined casks; each arm the same on a smaller scale; the fingers are each a miniature cask, or, rather, series of conjoined casks. In brief, the Englishman is the cask incarnate. Should any doubt arise as to the justness of this generalization, it is met by the fact that this barrel-man is plainly the type toward which all around are aspiring; for how otherwise explain the industry and outlay with which they are making barrels of themselves?"

Clear of the eaters and drinkers, you come upon widely different groups. The idea of giving a sight of man in his different varieties, surrounded by the vegetable and animal accompaniments amid which each variety flourishes, is one that cannot be too highly praised. It forms a feature in the Crystal Palace, as new as it is interesting and useful. Dr. Latham and Professor Forbes deserve great credit for both the conception and the execution, so far as they have been able to realize their idea. We confess that, at first, we felt disappointed with the incompleteness of the specimens; but, on more careful survey, and

consideration of the difficulties, we were brought altogether into a mind to admire and thank. From the Old World and the New,—from Africa, Asia, Australia, and America,—we have here such representations of men as will enable tens of thousands to read travels, and hear missionary speeches, with a much clearer notion of the people spoken of, than they ever could form before. The true appearance of a Dyak, an Australian, or a Papuan will now become the common knowledge of home-stayer and traveller. The Red Man will be figured in the mind, not as the sublime of wildness, but savage as he is. The lip of the Botocudo, with its wooden plug, will dispel many illusions as to the simplicity and happiness of nature's children.

It will at once be remarked that America has by far the best representation: from an advanced southern point, up to an advanced northern one, groups of Indians are given. It is to be regretted that no example from the extreme points is present,—no Patagonian or Eskimo, as Dr. Latham economically spells. As to the former, we are not ourselves aware of any individual having visited this country. As to the latter, the omission astonishes us; for last winter a most interesting group—man, woman, and boy—was presented at the Ethnological Society; and, had they been modelled in their costume, would have furnished a very pleasing family party in the polar region, of which the scenery, even down to the Eskimo tent, is so well given, but left uninhabited. In looking at the painted, dancing, fighting savages of North America, we could not repress a wish that the Christian portion of their community was represented. Kahkewaquonaby, or Pahtahsagay, known to thousands in this country, would present a contrast to their brethren in the state of nature, which would not be the least instructive or philosophically curious phenomenon of the Palace. A rumour floated among scientific men, that the little idiots, made a show of under the name of "Aztecs," were to have a place, and that thus the public would a second time be duped into believing that these poor things represented a race of men. The result proves—what Dr. Latham's character might have prevented every doubt upon—that he was not capable of such a scientific crime.

In Africa we have Caldecott's Zulus tolerably well reproduced. Many who saw them at St. George's Gallery will think them wofully fallen off in animation and intelligence; but, had they seen them close at hand, without the advantages of scenery and action under which they appeared to general spectators, they would have found them much nearer to the models, than the impression given at a distance would suggest. Nevertheless, we think they have not full justice done to them. This is certainly the case with the little Bushmen, as Dr. Latham takes them to be, or Hottentots, as other authorities think, called "Earthmen" by the show-people. The models convey no adequate notion of

the ease and intelligence of those curious little creatures. We should have wished a more consecutive arrangement of Africans, from the Cape to Barbary on the west, and Egypt on the east, showing every variety: yet *much* has been done; and in the difference of colour, contour, and hair, many will learn to see how gradually type melts into type, till the extremes of humanity meet in one common nature. The differences, like beauty, are skin-deep.

The Australians are admirably given; the two men from Cape North, to the life. But we think Dr. Latham does not give these men credit for as much intelligence as they possessed. One of them immediately recognised Mr. Brierley, a well-known artist-traveller, and showed great interest and animation in recalling their acquaintance on his own shores. We were struck with their slowness to reproduce English sounds; but in catching signs, and furnishing words for them in their own language, they were apt enough. As to the spindle legs which tax the faith of some observers, let any one visit a market in Low Brittany, and he will find, among our kinsfolk there, almost as great a lack of calf as in these poor blacks; while, in the fair city of Cork, he may find a number of the shoeless class—not all, but a considerable section of them—with enormously thick legs and ankles. On New Guinea and Borneo Dr. Latham has bestowed special care; and the result is most satisfactory, as an illustration of the people of those great islands. We incline to think that many who joined in crying out against Rajah Brooke, will have serious doubts, after ten minutes' inspection of the Dyaks, whether they really are the innocent creatures, incapable of piracy, which his enemies delighted to paint them.

Considering the proximity of New Zealand to the regions illustrated, the great interest attached to its people, and the facilities for obtaining specimens, we wonder to find no Maori. It will soon be difficult to find the Maori, as he was in Shungi's day, before Marsden and Leigh broke in upon the aboriginal barbarism; and hereafter great historical interest would attach to one group in the real native condition, and another in the present transition state, under Christian influences. The Feejeeans, though forming a race which seems to unite the two great Polynesian families, are not represented; nor, indeed, any of the Polynesians proper. There is at present a Rarotongan in England. We do not say that more could have been done in the time: we only hint at some of the striking deficiencies, which we hope to see supplied.

Asia fares unaccountably ill. The whole force of representation is expended on a tiger-hunt, (very well done,) on a group of ill-conditioned, low-caste-looking Hindus, and on two miserable figures (we do not mean artistically) from Chinese Tartary: no Chinaman, Japanese, Malay, Belooch, Affghan, Persian, Arab,

Kurd, or Calmuck. It is not to be pretended that any one can form a just notion of the populations of Asia, without these. The fact most apparent in the collection is, that savages are Dr. Latham's pets; and his point has been, to exhibit as complete a view as possible of tribes little known, except to men of science. The great historic nations are overlooked. Romantically, this is natural; scientifically, it is narrow. The Palace shows the historic succession of *art*. It ought, as far as possible, to do the same for man. Let the sculptures be sufficient for the ancients; but all the existing races, great and obscure, except those of Europe, ought to be represented in their habitual costume. When a change has taken place, within a time which admits of a correct transcript of the former state of things, the types of both the old and the new should be forthcoming; and thus, in process of years, the remarkable work which Dr. Latham has founded, would become a register of the progress of social change. The costumes are not good; some are very bad; several are not of fabrics native to the countries represented. Not a caross in South Africa; not a camlet, shawl, or muslin in India; not a scalp-girdle in North America;—are omissions almost beyond belief. The dancing group of North-American Indians is well painted; but not a mark on one forehead in the Hindu group!

The impression made upon the mind by these pictures of mankind,—pictures life-like and instructive, beyond what any nation has ever had the opportunity of contemplating before,—is, on the whole, any thing but pleasing. How little comfort, how much misery; how little virtue, how much vice; how little truth, how much darkness, do unmistakeable symptoms exhibit! One really feels indignant at men who romance about the bliss and beauty of the children of nature. There they are; and who feels disposed to envy them? They are in sore and bitter degradation of both lot and conduct; crying piteously from the fairest fields of nature, for men who have had teaching she alone cannot give, to come to their aid, and lead them into better paths. Were the principle we have alluded to—of aiming at an illustration of the historic movement of each people—adopted, it would prove that in America, Africa, and the South Seas, beside the savages would stand some of their brothers, “clothed, and in their right mind;” who, having embraced Christianity, show, in raiment, dwelling, and pursuits, the beginning of civilization. Many talk of first civilizing, and then Christianizing; and in theory it sounds well. But philosophy is experimental. The Missionaries will set down beside Red Men wild, Red Men tame; and so with Kafir, Maori, and Feejeean. That is *their* demonstration, that first Christianity, then civilization, is the true process. As to those who hold the other theory, the field is equally open to them. Let them go round those groups, and

tell us beside which of them they can set down a contrasting group of their kindred, regenerated by philosophy without the Gospel.

From the Ethnological Groups, exhibiting man in his lowest conditions, to the Industrial Courts, exhibiting the domestic arts in the highest state of culture, the transition is great. Can it be, that this race to whom all nature is one fountain of comforts, to whose wealth or ease every thing, from the soaring tree to the deep-laid metal, obediently ministers, are but the brethren of those poor creatures, to whom all nature is a desert, yielding little to eat, less to wear, and scarcely a roof to shelter them? And are those capable of becoming all that these now are? How the comforts of our homes multiply till they embrace the products of every region of land and sea, air and underground! As yet the display of commercial articles is not such as to satisfy the mere man of business. Indeed, we were surprised to hear in the Palace, and that not on shilling days, more than once, observations to the effect, that it was not as interesting as the one in Hyde Park; and that few were educated up to it. For our part, it is ten times more interesting than the other, highly as we valued that. And we are inclined to think that it will be itself a lesson-book to bring many up to the standard it is supposed to require. Nevertheless, were the industrial department permitted to fail, it would be an egregious error; but we have no doubt that it will be rendered instructive in the highest possible degree. Art and science both exist for the practical benefit of mankind. In commerce and manufactures their true results are seen; and all things which illustrate the connexion between abstract study and applied science, tend to beget respect, mutually, in the philosopher for the practical man, in whose success he sees the fruit of his research, and in the practical man for the philosopher, in whose science he discovers the source of his gain.

COMPETITION and CO-OPERATION, two words which the Socialists delight to put in contrast, are brought to one's mind by the show of the Industrial Courts. As to the motives of traders, a strong contrast doubtless lies between competition and co-operation; but no view of human affairs can be otherwise than narrow, which looks mainly at the motives of men. Above the selfish strife of dealers, may we not see a benevolent design of Providence prevailing? Are not these cotton-spinners, in sharply competing with one another, all co-operating with the public, to procure calico for every family on the best terms? And these locksmiths, who are picking out each other's eyes, are they not co-operating with us all in keeping our goods safe? "Yes; but see how they injure one another." Well, there is much in that; but would cotton-spinning have been so good a trade as it is, had no man ever sought means to distance his contemporaries?

Those trades flourish least, in which every body co-operates with every body in taxing the public; those most, in which every body competes with every body in serving the public. Co-operation, in the Socialist sense, is always limited to a village, state, nation: it involves exclusion and bar against universal effort,—it is, in fact, co-operation with some, and competition against all. Free competition, on the contrary, is co-operation with all, and competition only with a few. Honourably followed, it is the way to unite all mankind in mutual services; dishonourably plied, it injures “the trade,” and seldom fails to undo the transgressor.

Mechi and Phidias side by side! The array of sculpture is perfectly marvellous. The finest examples, of which, separately, great cities are boastful, here meet in one constellation of statuary, to which Rome, Florence, Munich, Paris, all contribute their brightest stars. Hands that were cold before ever the word “England” was heard, hands that were warm when Paxton first conceived his palace, and hands still moving, here place before you their proudest imitations of the outward shapes of the beautiful works of God. What ardours of desire, what flashes of conception, what marvels of handling, and what patience of labour, are recorded in those still, yet lively, groups! What souls have spent themselves on the cold surface of these stones! Poor Schwanthaler laboured ten years over what Mrs. Jameson\* oddly calls his “not only colossal, but gigantic, figure” of Bavaria, and died before it was set up to public view.

Whence this passion for making stone breathe? Does it not lie in man’s desire to do something, however distantly, after the manner of a Creator,—to please himself with the illusion that he can turn lifelessness to life, and give mind to matter,—to show that he can *make*,—to have a creature of his own? Yet, when a man has mused, sung, raged, jumped, and panted over his block for years, it is a stone still, an unfeeling, lifeless, sightless, carved stone. O, had he the hope that, at some point of his labour, a spark struck from his chisel would kindle life, how would the passion, which now sustains such patience and such toil, redouble its forces! But no; his labour is limited: a few lines, a few unchanging features, a posture, a shape, and no more. His work will never thank him. Should the head, for which he has almost crazed his own, stand while the Alps stand, a glad thought will never pass through it. Sculptor! thy perseverance of passion is a mystery, and nigh to a sublimity. And if thus the greatest spirits may consume themselves in creeping toward the lowest level of creative power, re-forming existing

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\* “Guide Book to the Modern Sculpture.”



masses after forms also existing, what must be that Power which with a volition gives life and breath!

Men there are, whose work it is to re-mould an imperishable material, now unshapely, after a divine model. Their chisel is truth; their hammer, love; their material, soul; their model, Jesus. Hard and intractable they find the mass at first; but, unlike the sculptor, they know that, if they labour on believingly and lovingly, at some point an unseen fire will pass through their chisel, the mass will stir, will live; and, when mountains melt, will survive to bless them for their toil. Why do we often see these soul-sculptors slow and prim at their work, as if it presented no object worthy of passion?

By the necessities of art, sculpture paces a round more circumscribed than other imitative arts. But the passion for Greek and Latin subjects has so needlessly narrowed the field, that one who has been in some half-dozen of the leading galleries, and knows the works of some half-score masters, can pretty nearly tell beforehand, what you will find in any collection: so many Venuses, so many Cupids, Niobes, Psyches, Ledas, Milos, and Herculesees, with Bacchanals and Satyrs to match. It was undoubtedly wise and right for modern artists, to obtain from the classics every principle that the most careful study of their works could discover; but to fish eternally in the same little pools, old and stagnant, while rivers and oceans unknown to the ancients lie open, is a pitiful poverty of ambition. What if our poets were ever dishing up new versions of the "Iliad," and our historians were always at Thermopylæ? We have met, and met again, with these new versions of stories, which even in boyhood we did not always think clean, till we hail something that looks like human life with positive pleasure. Why be eternally turning over the tales of old literature, when nature and history invite to fairer and more exciting topics? The present collection contains ample proof that, however slowly, the sculptors are getting beyond writing in Greek and Latin, and are beginning to use their mother tongue. As all other teachers did, so must they come to the language of their age and nation, if they would say any thing that is to live for ever. The Greeks wrought Greek subjects, instead of reproducing "the classics" of Egypt or Assyria. True imitation of them would lead our sculptors to embody the ideas of their own time and country. To live upon the *subjects* of the ancients, is not the generous discipleship of genius, but the servile dependency of plagiarism. All critics resent, as an innovation, the retrograde movement traceable in the Macedonian era of art, when an affectation of antiquity was adopted in the drapery and other details. And if the later Greeks were out of taste, in going back to antiquated Greeks, what are Englishmen, in going back to Greece?

Is Andromeda never to be let alone? Has beauty never since been in distress which would touch us more, and look less barbarous, than a woman chained naked to a rock? Niobe's children have been killed so often, that *modest* indeed is his hope, who aims at touching the world by killing them again! What state of mind leads a man to reproduce Leda,—a work so intensely unnatural, and recalling a "classic" tale so ugly? What a low employment for a rational man, to spend time in carving in pure marble what Mrs. Jameson very properly calls "the tipsy jollity, and thoroughly animal expression," of Lequesne's Dancing Faun! Yet this beast-man is "very much in the antique spirit." Yes, very much indeed. What a pity that a spirit so pure should not be continually provided with new bodies! All the nice nothings, usually said about classical associations, are said by Mrs. Jameson rather more prettily than usual; but, to be honest, those whose heads have been best crammed with mythology, are precisely those to whom some classic groups call up, most distinctly, images that had better never come up again.

In a point of view simply æsthetic, we ask, Is it according to human nature, to seek "opportunities of displaying" either male or female completely nude? In a state of purity, wherein beauty could never excite turpid thoughts, doubtless it would be natural for the eye freely to gaze upon it. But such a state man has long lost. It is no more human. All nature proclaims its absence. Now, an overpowering instinct possesses man, that to make his person public is odious. This is never overcome in an individual, but by the grossest depravity; or in a tribe, but by the lowest barbarism. When in nature "the female figure undraped" is to be seen, degradation has reached its last depth. The lowest Kafir tribes, found guilty of this shame, confessed that the usage had been adopted, not only within tradition, but within memory. At the basis of all the social virtues lies a sense of the sacredness of the human person. It is felt, by all who are not barbarized, to be too sacred for exposure, and, if so, for violence. A progress downward gradually destroys this feeling, proportionately exposing the form, and diminishing the sacredness of life and limb.

Art ran this very course. Commencing under a full sense of the sacredness of the person, its aim was to portray it, as seen in acts and attitudes fit to be beheld without irreverence. Where, in the Egyptian or Assyrian Courts of the Crystal Palace, do you see an "undraped" figure? You are among civilized beings, to whom the person of man is not a show, but a dignity. So far as we have Persian vestiges, they indicate the same spirit. Passing to the Greeks, you find reverence and decency among all their ancients. Their early Venus, such as appears on the Xanthian monument, is not a naked

beauty. She is a Queen. The Graces are not three nude *figures*, but three *persons* fit to be seen. Down to this side of the romantic creations of Scopas, even the Bacchantes danced in copious robes. Bacchus himself was grave, and no way sensual. Andromeda was in tunic and *peplos*. When superstition led them to debase man by combining him with a beast, the Centaur, at first, as we see in the early extant conceptions of Chiron, left the human form with a rational expression and modest garb: it was not till the low sensualism of what is called "the refined age," (form being all, conception nothing,) that any sot in art dared to lay the human part of his monster-beast bare, and imbue it with animal expression, as in the Borghese Centaur. In the list of Greek sculptors, we come to one name at which Fame bids us bow,—Socrates. From his hand, *for the last time*, came the three Graces with that attire which the human mind demands as the inseparable veil of goodness!

But as barbarous familiarity with the human form gradually destroys the sacredness of the human person, so did artistic familiarity. If one instinct of human nature demanded a veil, another and a strong one craved for a view of concealed beauties. The fame of Phidias had lived for a hundred years: his matchless works, on thrones of ivory, in robes of gold, in colossal proportions, seen from the sea, or in minute graces gemming a frieze, had reared for him a majestic reputation, ere yet mankind sank low enough to make woman a public gazing-stock. But the way to that last step was already prepared by the exposure of man. To Praxiteles belongs the shame of having levelled the lingering defences of good taste. But with what goddess did he dare to make so free? Minerva? Wisdom and virginity! that would be too monstrous. Juno? The idea of Queen and wife was too strong. Not the most sensual of his brood ever dared to "undrape" her. To whom should public decency be less dear than sensuous display? Venus, of course.

Yet even here he feared the better part of human nature. He therefore prepared for his patrons two Venuses, one draped as of wont, one undraped. The latter was wrought with the most exquisite fascination of form. He carried his point. The naked goddess was chosen by the Coans, was purchased by the people of Cnidus, became the idol of the age, and inflamed many with the passion which old writers and their modern disciples call "love." Art had outstepped the limits of civilization, but hid the affront to earth under pretext of drawing from an unscrupulous heaven. Down it went to lower depths, and soon became not only the mirror of man's foulest passions, but a powerful minister to public corruption. Mrs. Jameson would divest these unrobed divinities of all personality, in direct contradiction to the whole spirit of antiquity. "It is not Venus, but Love and Beauty." To the ancients it *was* Venus. We object not to the ideal; we

invoke it; but in ideal your Love and Beauty are false: for never do we form an ideal of Love and Beauty as exposing themselves, unless they be of a character on which we would put some such name as Venus.

All the representative arts—histrionism, painting, and sculpture—are limited by certain laws of human nature, which cannot be broken without wounding taste, though passion may be conciliated. WHAT IS FIT TO BE SEEN, IS FIT TO BE REPRESENTED: WHAT IS NOT FIT TO BE SEEN, IS NOT FIT TO BE REPRESENTED. This axiom lies in the breast of every unsophisticated man. You are told ten thousand times, that nude art cannot be immodest; you are furnished with a troop of artificial ideas, to call to your aid against the plain suggestions of nature; you are drugged with such potent words as "classic," "ideal," "divine," "the glory of art," and so on. But what offends nature is not art. Representation is the province of the latter; *and what is not fit to be seen, is not fit to be represented.* This is the moral law of the arts.

It is their *line of beauty*, too; for, in humanity, moral charms always outweigh physical. The finest lines that ever formed a visage, if pervaded by a low moral expression, are less lovely than far inferior lines, filled up by a higher feeling. In art it is heresy, arch-heresy, to treat the human person as if its representation might be one of form only. It is always a double representation,—of *form*, and of *manners*. From humanity you can no more separate the idea of manners, than that of movement from waves. The attempt to educate man into separating the two, and seeing only "the human figure," is an attempt to educate into barbarism. So far as it succeeds, nature, taste, and feeling are set aside; but its success is only partial at the best. The human heart *will* invest every human form with moral associations. The nude permits to the imagination only three alternatives, as to the manners represented. It is savage life, or the self-exposure of the vile, or the surprise of the modest. Few statues permit you the first alternative. The polished contour and well-dressed hair belong to polite life. Between the other two alternatives you hang.

Nudes have no history. They belong to no age. They are no representation of human *life*. Had the artist denuded the female mounting the chariot, (No. 59, Greek Court,) who at once leads us to Greece of the ante-Athenian age, what tale could she have told us? Among the modern sculptures, two groups stand not far apart,—one, an "undraped" woman playing with a naked boy; the other, a woman dressed as a Lombard peasant, teaching her child to walk. The latter is humanity; it gives you a history, a home. The other is not human, unless, indeed, the woman be a savage, or worse. A savage! Fie! she is a goddess! Take Lough's

Mourners: the moment you look at it, your imagination is filled with the scene; you know with what weapons the warrior fought, and to what kind of home the bereaved one will retire, when she can weep no more. Strazza's tales, which could never be told in nude, are "too real" for Mrs. Jameson. But *we* wish the Milanese artists good speed in their endeavour to follow nature, and escape the trammels of a criticism which prefers passion to taste, and pays the penalty by constantly walking through slime.

As to the ideal of gods and goddesses, nudity is the height of the absurd. Mystery and majesty are inseparable from the true ideal of the divine. You may ennoble your sculptured or painted head to the highest sublimity, but the nude form below drags it down to earth. In that Book which is the only perfect mirror of human nature, reflecting its faintest, fairest, foulest lines with equal truth, whenever the veil of the invisible is disturbed, and a form thence appears on the scene, no round outline, or measured proportion, lowers it to familiar life. So, in the vision of Eliphaz, though an image is before our eyes, we "cannot discern the form thereof." It is shaded by excess of light. This is what human nature feels to be true, in reference to the invisible. Except to Heathens far advanced into the immorality of progressive superstition, or to the poverty-stricken imagination of sculptors, a nude figure never made a god since the world began. That the mysterious forms, which alone the imagination can reconcile with the invisible, should be attempted in sculpture, we are very far from suggesting. We only note our admiration of the *elevated* ideas which some men have, of what is "divine."

On the practical influence of nude works of Art, we should not spend a word, were it not that some of their advocates speak as if they really had something like a belief in their harmlessness. Persons familiar with slavery wonder at those who think it a drawback upon human happiness; and sailors draw sad pictures of the dangers encountered ashore during a hurricane. So, men who inherit the traditions of Art, and practise purity in "the life Academy," and who never follow, with a strict eye, the works that issue thence into the walks of life, may—indeed, they sometimes do—imagine that no harm is done. Such questions are best determined by experiment. What has Art done for the morals of her favourite cities? Take Rome, Paris, Munich. In London we have one illegitimate birth in twenty-five; in Paris they have about one in three; in Munich one to one; in Rome no returns are kept, but, of the children born, about three to one become the charge of the Foundling Hospitals. In other offences against the sacredness of the person, up to murder, the comparison is equally startling. Into this, however, we will not

enter.\* We by no means charge upon Art all the offences in this category, for which its chief seats are so conspicuous; but the state of those cities proves that when a fallen religion and a fallen Art, "seducing each the other," conspire to re-instate heathenism under Christian pretences, the result is disastrous to mankind.

Whether the actual condition of those communities on whose character sensual Art has had the greatest opportunity of acting, is such as a just view of human nature would foretell, we will not debate with any man. We say it is. Chateaubriand naïvely tells us, how one of his youthful dangers arose from an ill-draped female saint in the church he attended. That was far down in Brittany, where nature had fair play. The lives of the Spanish saints afford curious cases of the same kind; and to their experience of the bad influence of false Art on themselves, is much owing the purity of the Spanish school.

Let the philosopher who doubts our theory, find us a case wherein the experiment of sensual art has been tried for a century on a people, and left them uncorrupted. Failing such a demonstration of *his* theory, let him, as we have done, study the point for years; observe *with this view* in the celebrated museums of Europe; mark the men and women who tarry before certain subjects; trace the movement and influence of illegitimate art in the *atelier*, the vendor's shop, the theatre, the caricature, and private life; and then let him come back, (provided always that he has been in earnest in his search,) and tell us whether he has not reached a conviction,—which, whatever his previous belief in the opinions of professed men of taste, can now no more be moved by the million soft things they say, than a rock can be broken by snow-flakes,—a conviction, that such a style of art as is practised on the Continent and recommended here, while it may leave the strong and the pure unharmed, as do other temptations, yet destroys among the multitude the sense of the sacredness of the human person, reduces it to a show, and tutors their imagination to all criminal familiarities.

As wealth, power, music, and poetry, so Art is too often made the servant of low feeling. Nevertheless it has its calling, its worth, and its glory. All its ends,—and they are wise and good,—all its beauty,—and it is pleasant to the eyes,—may be obtained, without ever tempting the sensual or offending the pure. O for a few men of philosophic genius to tear to shreds the flimsy theories that debase the Schools, and lead out Art from the dim groves of mythology, and the voluptuous bowers

\* The portion, per million, of the population, annually charged with murder is, in England, 4; France, 31; Bavaria, 68; Roman States, 113.



of passion, into the sunny, healthy harvest-field of nature, whence she would return laden with sheaves, wholesome as beautiful, unblamable as numberless!

To the Directors of the Crystal Palace the only blame we would attach, in this matter, is that of surrendering English sense to the conventional small-talk of schoolmen. Let our progress in Art be English, not continental. England, so far above the Continent in virtue, is not to be lightly called upon to imitate it in usages affecting morals. Let the Continent first take the lead of us in goodness; show a cleaner calendar; invite us to purer homes, happier families, and more stable institutions than our own; then may Englishmen, without being ashamed of themselves, recommend their country to follow her example. In all things elegant, tasteful, refined, and beautiful, so long as they are pure, let us with open hand receive from all, and with grateful voice confess the debt. But when refinement and sensuality are offered us together, let us, for our children's sake, turn disgusted away.

As to the Fine Art Courts, apart from this subject, we know not which to admire first and most,—the idea, or the execution,—the instruction, or the pleasure, they impart. After one has travelled much, galleries and museums begin to be “so like as my fingers is to my fingers.” But this new museum is so new, its forms are so various, its ideas so endless, that the mind rejoices as if it had found treasure. From schoolboy classics, (which are always powerful; the more so, because they are the last things most ever *learn*,) up to the youth of Egypt, down again to the Byzantine decay, through the dim ages, across the jarring days of renovation, hither to Holland House, your eye pilots your imagination. What shades cross your path! What scenes come and go! Republics, kingdoms, empires; battles, senates, shrines; religions, philosophies, manners, flit as in a dissolving view. What Joseph looked on, you look on: what Xenophon trod upon, but saw not, you see: what Vesuvius swallowed, is anew displayed. Around the Alhambra alone, what groups form:—Mohammed first drawing the scimitar; Caliphs and Crusaders; Okbah dashing into the waves; Moor and Spaniard; Ferdinand and Isabella; Columbus! That one strange Court, so curious, so unbelievably curious and ornate, gathers around it ideas from Arabia, Morocco, America; from national struggles and religious war. You often fancied, now you see and feel, how—

“The Moorish King rode up and down  
Through Granada's royal town.”

You actually hear the wail, “*Ay de mi, Alhama!*”

To those who have never visited Egypt, few scenes are more

difficult to conceive than the Temple of Karnak. Our imagination has wandered in that forest of columns, and looked out through that giant door; but shapes were dim and relations changeful. Even in the Egyptian Court, the eye is not furnished with the materials for a perfect image. The proportions were too vast, the surface too great, to be embraced in any plan. But you have a sufficient model. The mind does the rest: you are in Karnak! On your way up to those picture-words, you have passed histories one by one. The oldest of books is now behind you. Patriarchs are moving among the pillars. You have travelled from your midland situation in time, nearly up to its solemn shore. At your feet are the sands. Archives, or chronicles, have found no foundation here. Between you and the eternal ocean is but the lone track of the Hebrew. As a child in the ruins of Dunluce Castle, with the Causeway of the Giants near, might look out timidly for a trace of man, and see only the ocean rolling: so you, turning from this wilderness of columns, look through the huge door, and see but the lonely footmark, which soon disappears under the waves of eternity.

They say the world is growing old, very old, and near its death. Is it not, also, young, very young? Moses is not far off. Adam is within view. Sixty or seventy hands, each a hundred years old,—and men of that age have always been alive,—would join your hand and his! MAN, whether near his end or not, is yet young. Had he been here long, he would have had something to say, in clear and traceable records, of times anterior to the little space which separates us from these Egyptian primers of history, and from the Book which a son of Israel and a Prince of Egypt wrote,—that strange old Book, penned amid the false lights and deep mists of that early time, yet standing now, and certain to stand till the last day; while, as with other ancients, so with their beliefs, time has swallowed them. Not only should we have had clear traces of older times, had man not come recently upon our planet; but our eye would not now have so many unpeopled fields to roam over. More than half the surface of the globe is yet waiting for occupants. Clear and certain things are foretold of us: all men are to know the Lord, from the least to the greatest, and that in such a sense that no man shall need to say to his neighbour, "Know thou the Lord." With such a hope for the future, may we not believe that, after a wayward infancy and turbulent youth, this race is destined to a long life of wisdom, beginning in repentance, and leading to all goodness and joy? Who would not work to make it wiser, and bring it to know Him who is its Light?

From the recency of Mr. Layard's works, the public mind is peculiarly alive to the interest of the Assyrian Court. It seems to embrace under one roof three empires,—Assyria, Babylon, Persia; while a strong relish of Israel pervades your reflections

on each of these. As to the trustworthiness of the restorations, one feels disposed to tread very slowly in the steps of Mr. Fergusson, the moment he leaves the works actually raised at Nimroud. However, on carefully examining each step, you feel that he proceeded, in the first instance, quite as slowly; and has authority, which ought to be held satisfactory, for all his important details. Both in this and the Egyptian Court one is disposed to doubt whether the *combination* of colours is not too perfect. As to the fact that both nations painted their buildings freely, and used some such tints as are here employed, there can be little question; but we do question whether such delicacy and optical effect were ever dreamed of. We have a strong impression that more staring colours, more clumsily combined, though less true to art, would be more true to both Thebes and Nineveh.

Perhaps, for *interesting* beauty, no Court will surpass, with ordinary persons of taste, our own English Mediæval Court. It presents such an array of architectural gems, and calls up such a world of musings and discussions, that, were we to open out, you would hardly get free for a week.

The Byzantine Court does not seem to attract as much attention as one would expect. It is deeply beautiful, and full of an interest, perhaps, more purely pensive than any other Court. Greece and Rome are both dying in their degenerate son. Christianity, far relapsed into Paganism, is shrivelling up under the glance of the idol-blasting Prophet. The civilization of China and India is covering, with effeminate elegance, the decay of glory, and transmitting further west their appeal to what little civilization exists; an appeal which is answered by a movement that intervening tracks of barbarism baffle, till over the wild seas the two extremes of the race from west and east meet, drawn together by the passion of civilization for luxuries. It is a fact well worthy of note, that every figure in the Byzantine Court has light hair and blue eyes.

But it is useless only to jot a sentence or two on each Court; and did we give play to our reflections and pleasures, you would be wearied. Go for yourself. Carry all your knowledge with you. Much of it that has grown old will grow young again. Ideas that were always dim will clear up. Conceptions of things ancient and distant, which were but profiles in black,—colourless outlines,—will assume the full visage and complexion of life. Your knowledge, too, will be continually failing, and something worth knowing presenting itself: thus pleasant work will be prepared for your next leisure hours.

We cannot sufficiently express our admiration of the wide conception, the minute care, the rapid execution, and the exquisite art displayed in these Courts. How so much could be done in a time so short will, even in ages far advanced upon our own,

remain a wonder. Yet we feel that what seems a universal idea is not so. The field of art-history, here surveyed, lies within conventional classic boundaries. True, the sacred mingles with the classic; but that is by necessity. From the day that Israel was chosen to be the depositary of revelation, empire continually revolved about the site of the holy oracles. Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, passed the sceptre round the circumference of the circle. By simple historic necessity, therefore, men who would trace art must also go round and round the records of the faith. But humanity is a wider field than has yet found a place in the educated mind of Europe. Our ordinary horizon falls somewhere about the frontier of Persia, mid-way down the Nile, comes round by the Canaries, and, on the north, goes a little above the Danube. That might do for the Middle Ages; but it is time that a wider range were adopted by all thinkers. The sphere of classic ideas is only a hemisphere.

The most numerous nations that ever existed,—those whose arts are at once the oldest and the most fixed,—with very curious fragments of empire, lie beyond the opposite limits of this hemisphere. Why have we no sample of Mexican art? Why none of Chinese, Hindu, or Japanese? Why no Russian modifications of Byzantine? Why no mosque or mausoleum, in addition to the Alhambra Court? More than half of mankind are unrepresented.

We have the greatest possible respect for "the world as known to the ancients;" but it is not the world. Many a notable swarm had settled beyond that hive; and we are not to be covered with it, looking through a little aperture which minifies all outside. The omitted portion of mankind is one whose thinking and civilization have swayed human nature hitherto more extensively than any other portion, although the day of their impressive action is nearly past, and that of their receptive fairly set in. The civilization of India and China lies at the bottom of the discovery of America, and one-half of the modern innovations in the manners of Europe. The religions of India alone—Buddhism and Brahmanism—have, even yet, more disciples than Christianity and Mohammedism together. Their Pantheism has lately been bewildering half the students of Germany. The antiquities of Ellora might, as to curiosity, match with those of Thebes. The colossal statue of Ballagola is fourteen feet higher than those of Abou Simbel. A pagoda is as essential a part of the history of art as a Greek temple,—art, not in the narrow sense of the Schools, but in the broad view of philosophy. Now that the work of Ram Raz has been out some years, the actual relation of this variety of art to the others might be better understood. Then, that China and Japan, whose art is at once so unique, and so incomparable in its range of years and adherents, should have no place, is absurd.

If the nave can afford no room for these additions, they might be so introduced as greatly to increase the interest of the grounds.

Few readers of history or travels take the pains, as they go on, to form clear pictures in their minds of persons, buildings, sites, and costumes. Few writers afford material for such pictures. It is curious to test descriptions by putting the traits together in your mind, and looking at the result. Odd monsters you do generally make; some redundant, but nearly all maimed. Now and then you find a writer who really enables you, if you will take the trouble, to *see* what he saw. Dullards, who have been over the same ground, are sure to tell you he sets down more than they saw. That is quite true. Eye is like ear. One ear is such, that we say, "He has no ear;" another such, that we wonder at "his ear." So it is with eye. But ear may be cultivated; and so may eye. Never did a finer school for its cultivation offer than in the Palace. You may take your Bible stories, your histories of the ancients, your Crusades, Moorish and Monkish recitals; and, by the aids you find there, may change the images which will and ever do form in the mind, though very indistinctly, into conceptions so true, that men and scenes will come nearer to your feelings than you ever expected.

For young persons, in process of education, this use of the Crystal Palace may be of immense value, and thus its ultimate effect upon our literature and descriptive writing be great. Indeed, schools of all classes might, if the masters have taste and knowledge, frequently adjourn, with great advantage, to one or other of the Courts. The nude statuary and the drinking are the only objections: but they are serious. We heard a gentleman in the nave say to a friend, who loudly congratulated him on his proximity to the Palace, "Yes; but we cannot safely send in our children at any time," pointing to the bibbers who were at hand. Not only should we like to see schools for the "better class," but also those *better schools* which now train the children of the poor, freely introduced to the lessons of the Palace. The amount of general knowledge conveyed in schools under Government inspection is such as would fit the children of artisans for deriving ten times as much benefit from an intelligent master's descriptions, as many boys who are filled with words and no knowledge, except a little ancient history and a little mythology. What a musical and moral treat it would be, to see all the Sunday-school children in London, joined by as many as could reach from the provinces, meeting to enjoy the Palace and grounds, and sing a few previously chosen and simple pieces!

By the royal presence at its inauguration; by the dedicatory prayer of the Primate; by Parliamentary sanction; and by universal consent; the Crystal Palace now takes its place as one of

the national institutions of England. It enters into the stream of our history, pouring in a new current, which will sensibly affect its future course. Amid the charms of Versailles, the *Parc aux Cerfs* testified that artistic beauty, though it may soften manners, has no power to refine moral taste. This fact contains a warning. We are not to be asleep, as to elegant iniquity. Far more surely than coarse vice, it undoes a people; mines where the other could not breach; glides where it could not rush; confounds the sense of hateful and pleasing, bad and good; till men smile at crime, and the social structure comes down. The characteristic of English vice is its coarseness. Horribly does it deface our streets, and shame our nation. But woe to England, when our people shall learn the art in which some of our neighbours are adepts,—the art of sinning sweetly, gracefully; of doing the worst social deeds, without losing self-respect!

Versailles became the irritating cause of a revolution. It is not easy to exaggerate the possible influence of the Crystal Palace on the character of the nation. It will polish; but will it also corrupt? or will it really elevate? That it is capable of the latter in a very high degree, our opinion is already manifest. Well used, it may become a glory to England, and a college for her whole people. "Then why should it not be opened to the people on the people's day, the only day they count their own? Why should they not come here, to spend their hours of rest, imbibing taste and wisdom, instead of imbibing depravity in a public-house? What harm could it do? and it would do so much good!"

We are strongly inclined to experiments. It is hard to judge of human affairs by *à priori* reasoning. Besides, where you have the opportunity of judging by experiment, it is idle to theorize. Is it possible, then, to carry this question of Sunday exhibitions out of the region of conjecture into that of observation? Quite possible. Europe is before you, which has long been trying one theory by experiment. England and America are before you, which have long been trying another. The theory which the Continent has reduced to experiment, is this: "Sunday is a day for rest, religion, and amusement." The theory which England and America have been experimenting upon, is this: "Sunday is a day for rest and religion." The theories agree on two points, but differ on a third. If, therefore, upon experiment, it proves that either frustrates one of the ends confessed to be essential to the institution, that theory is false.

Can Sunday be made a day of pleasure, and maintained as a day of rest? Do not answer the question hurriedly. Go to a Scotch city, to a New-England farm, to a north and then a south Irish borough, to an English watering-place, then to French, German, Italian, and Swedish scenes of the same cha-



acter. Take your time, look below the surface, carry figures in your head, calculate well; for it is a question for mankind. Put all your facts together, and this is your conclusion: WHEN SUNDAY BECOMES A DAY OF PLEASURE, IT CEASES TO BE A DAY OF REST. You may as soon analyse water without finding hydrogen, as analyse Sunday facts, taken from all the world, without finding this conclusion.

Not reasoning from theoretic premises to conjectural conclusions, but from ascertained facts to their natural causes, we ask, What leads to this? Necessity first, cupidity afterwards. One man's pleasure involves another's labour. If Romeo rides, John must drive. If Augustus steams, Tom must stoke. If Lucinda sees, Dick must show. If Julius feasts, Mary must cook, and Jones must serve. If Philokapnos buys cigars, Sundayless must sell them. If Lilyhand must have new gloves for Versailles, Sundayless must be behind the counter. If Traveller pleasures it in change of scene, and Director pleasures it in swell of dividend, Sundayless gives tickets, Sundayless keeps books, Sundayless cries, "This way, Gentlemen," Sundayless hurries, bustles, slams doors, blows whistles, hears jokes in the morning, which he has no time to enjoy, and curses at night, which he silently hands over to Director. The fact is, every Sabbathless makes a Sundayless. Open the Palace, and, between it and the railway, how many Englishmen would be *directly* robbed of that undoubted birthright of every Briton,—a regular day of rest!—no less a birthright, because many will sell it for bread.

But the labour, which necessity drags at the wheels of pleasure, is not a tithe of what, in fact, invariably follows pleasuring on Sunday. Human nature *will* say, that work is as good as play. If the day is not too sacred for throwing away money, it is not too sacred for gathering it. If some must work or be cast out of bread, others will work for love of gain. Hence, *when exhibitions are open on Sunday, so are shops*. To the masters it may be choice; but what is it to the servants? Even many masters feel it drudgery; but others will do it, and they think they must too.

We have no doubt that many who advocate Sunday opening do it in the belief, founded on theory, without careful collation of facts, that it would benefit the working classes. Others must have seen Europe, must know that, where Sunday is turned to pleasure, labour comes heavily, not only on workmen, but shopkeepers; that the retirement of country parishes is no protection to the farm-servant, nor the heavy toils of a city mason an excuse from Sunday drudgery. When men who have seen this with their own eyes come and talk of breaking down our Sabbath, for the benefit of the working classes, we declare it a bare-faced imposture. From the untravelled, the uninformed, and the thoughtless, we will listen to a great deal about "recreation;"

but when men of travel and observation take that side, we accuse them, before the people of England, of *wilfully* invading the most ancient and the most sacred civil right of our serving classes.

We say, the most ancient civil *right*; for there is not a servant in England, farm-servant, shop-servant, house-servant, office-servant, railway-servant, or Crystal-Palace servant, who does not hold in his hand a charter of one day's rest in seven, which his master violates at his peril. "Thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant." Here is the first record, regarding the rights of the working man, ever written,—written, if you will, upon the sands of time, but written in a mysterious character, which all the tides of three thousand years have left unhurt. The servant, of our day, sees it as plainly, as if an hour had not passed since it was written. Yet how many charters have disappeared since first the eye of a toiler hailed it! On that word the servant fixes his eye. He says, "I am not forgotten of God. I am not a machine, to be worn out by my master. God interposes between me and excess of work. He gives me a right to claim 'SEVEN DAYS' BREAD FOR SIX DAYS' LABOUR.' I claim it on his awful authority; and who dares tell me I must work seven days, or starve?"

"But working men themselves wish to have it so." That is, working men as employers will call for Sunday labour,—the looser classes of them: but do they like it as servants? Draymen like to have the gin-shop open: they are employers there. What would they say if they had to go to the brewery on Sunday, or be dismissed? Mechanics like to find the bake-house open: they are employers there. What would they say to attending seven days a week in the workshop? Drapers' assistants like to find the tobacconist's assistant behind the counter: they are employers there. But what a cry would they raise if drapers' assistants had not their Sunday to themselves! The working man, imitating superiors, and yielding to the selfishness of human nature, may like Sunday work when he is employer; but no man *in his capacity as a servant* can bear it. He feels civilly *wronged* and morally degraded.

Not long ago we heard an omnibus driver, in St. Paul's Churchyard, say to a gentleman, with the tone of one who keenly feels his wrong, "The only way we ever know Sunday is, they make us go slow by St. Paul's in Church time."

As those who are called "working men" claim Sunday for their own trade, and only violate it when the wrong falls on others, perhaps a similar spirit would be discoverable in higher regions. If it were ordered that the gentlemen Clerks in Government offices and banks should work seven days a week, should we not find the papers full of letters, as acrimonious against the tyrants who were oppressing them, as those now written against the "Pharisees" who are protecting their inferiors? The liberal

banker who sees no need to be so strict about Sunday, is liable to *serve* too—on juries. Would he like to be without any day in the year that he could call his own? Would our Judges feel happy if obliged to sit the seven days through? Would our Legislators be content to serve on Railway Committees, Sundays and Mondays alike? From the highest to the lowest, every man would resent the attempt to take his Sunday from him. But the classes above think they can rob the classes below, without touching their own rest. They are mistaken. As far up as shopmen and clerks, the oppression is absolutely certain to proceed; experience being our guide. That it would reach the men employed on the press is nearly as certain: and of all literary hypocrisies we know none less worthy of British pens, than for literary men to advise forcing the labour of helpless classes, for their pleasure and that of their customers, while they claim a Sunday for themselves. That the oppression would reach up to the Bench and the Legislature, is not so probable, but it is by no means impossible; experience again being our guide.

Let no man deceive himself, or dupe the working classes. Before the Crystal Palace had been open seven years on Sunday, the weekly rest of a London editor, reporter, clerk, shopman, postman, or artizan, would not be worth more than that of his brethren in Paris. If one Exhibition is good, so is another. All sorts would rush in at the gap made by the Crystal Palace. The theatres would follow. Sight-seeing always begets thirst: the public-houses would have great glory. Sight-seeing always leads to calls for impromptu dressing: shops would be gay. The sense of "sacred day" gone, nothing would hold rapacious masters; one must drive the mill, the bank, the shop, the harvest: work is as good as play! Let us by all means have a half-holiday on Saturday. Working men proper do often take Monday as a holiday; but shopmen, and immense classes, have nothing now but God's sacred gift to them. Instead of adopting a course which would, in the end, assuredly rob them of that, let us adopt one which will render it secure to the lowest of the low. Even cabmen, and stokers, and railway porters can enjoy a Sunday, and sometimes feel that they have souls.

"But would not the Crystal Palace draw people away from the public-houses?" Not, if experience be any guide in judging of mankind. What has the Derby Arboretum, of which Sir Joseph Paxton knows something, done for the town on Sundays? Created a set of public-houses in its vicinity. Sight-seeing *does* beget thirst, and pleasuring on Sunday always lets a man morally down in his own feeling, and prepares him for drinking. After half London had spent a Sunday at Sydenham, how the publicans would rejoice! But it is now high

comedy, to talk of the Palace as the rival of the public-house. It is the prince of public-houses. Let all advocates of Sunday shows be henceforth silent on that head; and, as to the Directors, now that they have become publicans themselves, it would be modest to speak softly of emptying public-houses. If they want to rescue the people from the curse of the Sunday public-house,—the heaviest curse of our nation,—they must not claim to buy and sell on Sunday: to buy from reluctant men and women rest, religion, and conscience; and sell antiquities and pastry, civilization and drink. If they deprecate the public-houses, let them honestly join in shutting up the nuisances on Sunday for ever.

Men decidedly attached to either Church or public-house, would be unaffected by Sydenham. The influence would be exerted on the large class who are without a decided bent, and who, though not sacredly preferring the house of God, think it better than gin-palaces. Of these, multitudes would be led to spend the afternoon at Sydenham; would return after a day of pleasure, just a little heated with a glass; and would naturally like to "finish the day." Thousands of drunkards would trace their first fall to Sundays at Sydenham. Young men, too respectable for tea-gardens, would lose in Sydenham the sense of a Sabbath, and prepare themselves for the theatres, and all lower steps.

"But Lord Derby saw no harm in opening the Palace *after* Church hours; and surely when people had been to Church, they might well enough spend the afternoon at Sydenham." That was a poor specimen of Lord Derby's statesmanship. Of all the unstatesmanlike institutions ever conceived, the worst would be a contrivance for huddling together on hallowed ground the ideas which belong to the solemnities of religion, and those which belong to the frivolities of amusement. Any student of human nature would pronounce such an institution certain to confound all sacred and trivial feelings, till depth and force of national morality would become impossible. The result of long and ample experiment in neighbouring countries, is only what good sense might foretell. Destroy, as a statesman, a Sabbath totally. Say that the waves of time shall roll and change on without any where breaking at the base of a rock, the same year after year, which proclaims eternity. Say that toil shall go on toiling, and drudgery shall ever drudge, without once hearing that God sends them rest. Say that public morality shall flow or ebb, shall be fortified or relaxed; without any periodical girding up, any stated restorative of good impressions, any recurring testimony against all evils. Do this, as a statesman, and you have done a blind thing; but blinder far would it be, to take the DAY which is consecrated to the most hallowed thoughts, which ever represents eternity, foreshadows a life whither, neither sin nor painful labour shal.

come, acts as a periodical appeal to every virtue in the community, protests to the heeding and the unheeding against their vices,—to take this day, and on its holy hours pour in the revels of pleasure, to commingle with the rites of worship. No nation can preserve gravity, honesty, moral order of thought, under such an education. A Sunday like that, wherever it exists,—and it does exist,—is a periodical lesson in the art of linking religion and folly together; an art from proficiency in which may God preserve England!

Guided still by experience, we calmly say, that he who would import a French Sunday, instead of the Christian Sabbath, is, however unintentionally, a foe to the nation. This would be confirmed by those sober thinkers, whom the sorrow brought upon France by frivolity is training. Some of them already cry for one serious element of national education. Where religion is harnessed with frivolity, how can steadiness and sobriety grow? No clock goes on, if not periodically wound up. National morality is no exception to the rule. He that made and redeemed man, who loves and fosters him, who bears with his sins, and shines upon him even when offending, made "*for man*" a day wherein he might periodically have his holier feelings refreshed, and his downward tendency confronted. Is this day to be turned into an instrument for jumbling up in our ideas Bibles and Bacchanals, prayers and shows, sacraments and theatres? If so, farewell to the sober force of English character, and the tranquil perseverance which conquers all things! Protestant Stockholm, as well as Romish Vienna, or civilization Paris, may tell us our fortune as to morals and domestic character.

In 1851, foreigners saw the tide of English curiosity rolling as it never rolled before. All barriers broke down before it: the ancient Duke and the pauper child, the English Queen and the rudest "*navvie*," all were borne along in one current. The counter, the mill, the charms of the country, and the claims of Lombard-Street, equally gave way. But that tide, which levelled all human things, stood still before the ark of God. In peace and seriousness His worship-day passed over; and on swept the tide again, rejoicing in its strength. It was a token that many marked. They saw there was one land that had holy ground, which even pleasure revered. Is it an error in the great Lawgiver to have ordained for nations this grand appeal to self-control, seriousness, and hope of immortality?

"But our English Sunday is peculiar: even other Protestant countries do not keep it so strictly. They make the afternoon a time of pleasure." Not all: America, for instance. Many, however, do; and here we would appeal to our old test,—results. We believe a most worthy and admirable Prussian statesman gave strong opinions in favour of the Sunday Exhibition. Has Berlin reason to copy from London, or London from Berlin?



In which city do people feel the foundations firmest under them? Would our Queen count it a blessing to change the state of her subjects for that prevalent there? Should we, as a community, like to change our four *per cent.* of illegitimate births for sixteen? So we will accompany you wherever you please. Compare Sabbathless cities, provinces, kingdoms, or republics with Sabbath-keeping ones; and, without exception, you will find the balance of strong character, stable institutions, industry, virtue, wealth, and power, ever proportioned to the national respect for this all-influencing institution. What nation, so poor by nature, and so few in numbers, can compare with Scotland, even in spite of her whisky-drinking? What Republic is like America? what Colonies like those of England? Protestantism is far below its natural level, as to effects upon national strength, wherever it has retained or relapsed into the Romish Sunday.

As to commerce, we should all say, on abstract principles, that any nation which, in the race of competition, threw away one-seventh of its time, would be distanced by its rivals. Three nations do this,—one, an ancient monarchy, with a limited territory, and a crowded population; another, a young Republic, with unlimited territory, and a thin population; the third, a nation without territory or rest, scattered among all mankind. The English, the Americans, the Jews, out of regard for the Fourth Commandment, throw away a seventh of their time from gain. What three nations lead the commerce of the world?\*

Having begun at the Ethnological Groups, passed through the Industrial Courts, and completed the survey of the Art Courts, you feel as if you had been looking at an abridgement of the story of man: while the lovely trees and flowers, the generous soil, the air, the light, the circulating water of the Palace, all of which are instinct with a purpose to suit, to serve, to wait upon man, seem as a miniature of his dwelling. How every thing is prepared for him! Stones themselves are full of contrivances for his service. The lode in the rock is a dumb waiter on his pleasure. Why should he not be rich? Why should he not be happy? Not only is every thing pervaded with wealth for him, that he might never want; but flowers bloom, and birds sing, and skies make glory-pictures, and earth has moulds and hues indescribably charming, all to say, that not only his interests, but his feelings, are thought of; not only his sustenance, but his pleasure, provided for. His home has not been furnished with the bare necessities which lords provide for servants, but with the care for his tastes, and the plentiful decoration, which fathers expend upon their cherished heirs.

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\* We would record our sense of obligation to Mr. Edward Baines, for his timely and forcible Letters to Mr. Oliveira.



Has he always been rich, as the owner of such an estate should be? We hear him often complaining of want; yet not half his resources have ever been employed. And, strangest of all, multitudes, who say they cannot otherwise live, do live by doing wrong.

Is there no Gospel for man, no cure for his ills? For could the ills he brings on himself be ended, even though sickness and death remained to chasten us, what a world of comforts would this world be! What is the Gospel to save us from sin, and from all its brood of troubles? "Nature," says one sentimentalist. "We are corrupted by society, enervated by civilization. Nature is the Gospel for man." It seems probable; but the Dyaks? the Red Indians? the Australian Aborigines? "No," says another sentimentalist; "not Nature. Man, under the tuition of Nature, is a child in mind, but a man in misery. Only Art can elevate: the Gospel is Art." It is very probable; but Athens of old? Italy this very day? "No," says a politician; "Art alone has failed: she dwells among the tombs of nations and of virtues. The Gospel is Civilization,—that combination of social and national progress which we call 'Civilization.'" It seems most probable; but France to-day? Greece in other days? "It is not mere Civilization," says Manchester; "military Civilization left Greece to perish, and France to prey on her own vitals. Commerce,—peaceful, useful, remunerative, humanizing Commerce,—that is the thing for mankind." It seems quite certain; but Tyre? Alexandria? Venice? Spain? Portugal?

This historic gallery seems to say, Nature does not save man from sin and misery; nor Art; nor Civilization; nor Commerce. They are all shown here laden with ruins and woes. As servants to a community, purified by a spiritual power, they are of priceless value, and indescribable ornament; but as lords of man's heart, or the stay of his hope, they are usurpers, and their reign ends, as do usurpations. In two opposite directions human nature has ever shown its tendency to go downward: under nature, in the direction of barbarism; under civilization, in that of voluptuousness. In this Palace you stand amid tribes blasted under the canopy of nature, and empires which first mortified, and then expired on the couch of pleasure. Nothing is gospel for man that does not go into his nature, down to the root of his leaning to sin; and create within him a clean heart and a right spirit. Lover of Nature! lover of Art! lover of Civilization! lover of Commerce! we join you all. But if you would see the beauties you admire in the fairest posture, and wielding the utmost influence, join us in pointing all men, in great earnest, to Him who is "exalted as a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins,"—to make the individual "a new creature," and the whole earth a land of rest.

gradation and the magical atmosphere of Claude, nor his realistic works the juicy transparency and freshness of a Ruysdael; while many of his best pictures have lost their keeping by subsequent darkening, and, with it, a great portion of their value. In his later time, however, he may be said to have aimed gradually rather at a mere indication than a representation of his thoughts, which, in the last twenty years of his life, became so superficial and arbitrary, that it is sometimes difficult to say what he really did intend. Not that I overlook, even in these pictures, the frequent extraordinary beauty of composition and lighting, which render them what I should rather call beautiful souls of pictures."

In this brief criticism there is much to approve, and something to admire. But surely Byron is not well chosen as the counterpart of Turner in the sister-art of Poetry. We admit it is not easy to find a comparison at all suitable; but a name picked at random could hardly prove less fortunate than this selected by our author. There are bits of Turner in Thomson and in Gray; there are still more in Wordsworth; one brush of the pencil of Tennyson will sometimes leave a gorgeous sun-piece after it, that brings his pictures into memory: but all these put together, however valuable for other qualities, give no adequate idea of the range, fertility, and power of Turner's genius. The fact is, that, while *sketches* from nature are abundant in our British poetry, *compositions* in this branch of art are to be found only on the canvas of the painter. The great landscape-poet of England, if he is not yet unborn, is, at least, yet unbaptized.

This work will hold much the same place with respect to works of art, which Dr. Dibdin's "Bibliographical Tour" occupies in the region of rare books. Both are full of valuable materials, and evince extensive knowledge, as well as elevated taste; and in each the enthusiasm of the author bears him with ease and comfort through a task of no ordinary difficulty.

**The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.S. Edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1854.**

WE are glad to see this initial volume of a collected edition of the Works of Dugald Stewart. Our pleasure does not proceed, we think, from any undue esteem for the peculiar branch of philosophy to which the author was devoted, nor yet from an over-estimate of his individual proficiency and merit. If our opinion of the science were more exalted, our demands on its professor would be proportionally higher, and perhaps our satisfaction considerably less. Yet, while many branches of literature might be mentioned as more profitable than that of Metaphysics, to a certain class of minds there is none so fascinating. The very difficulties attendant upon this study—arising partly from the mysterious and subtle nature of the subject, and partly from the deficiencies and ambiguities of human language—are themselves the occasion of a peculiar interest. To explore a region of mingled beauty and obscurity; to walk in the twilight of human consciousness, and move towards some glimmering and uncertain light, and fancy, as it eludes your pursuit, that one yet more distant will prove less shifting and illusory; to refine upon subtle distinctions,

and divide to each its appropriate character and place; to seize upon some hidden principle of action, or gain knowledge of some broad and comprehensive truth, and make it the immediate basis of a bold hypothesis, and perhaps the chief element of a whole philosophy,—these are attractive points in the perplexed philosophy of mind. If ever any literary study involved its own reward, neither asking nor attaining a more profitable end, it is surely this. Hardly any two masters of the science think alike even in fundamental matters; and often the most able and acute philosophers—such, for example, as M. Comte, in our own day—are least sound and convincing in the systems they elaborately produce. The fact seems to be, that the pleasure both of master and pupil is in the ceaseless, difficult, and ever-baffled search after the mysterious constitution of our being. The philosopher takes for his favourite motto, “My mind to me a kingdom is;” and into that region of shadows and cross lights he seeks to penetrate, observing the operation of its sovereign laws, but confounded by the magnitude of their complications, and the number of their apparent exceptions, and failing, withal, to attain to one great reconciling principle, whereby the anomalies of this system might be either harmonized or accounted for. Might not a clue to these anomalies be found in the idea of a kingdom at war with its true Monarch, degraded from its privileges, crippled in its power, and divided in its own insurgent councils? Mental science will never greatly prosper, till it is planted on the basis of revealed religion, or, by the force of some superlative inductive genius, is brought into necessary harmony therewith. Perhaps its perfect development, under either of these conditions, is more than we can confidently look for. Perhaps the intimate knowledge of this mysterious entity, this marvellous and complex unit, the human mind, is denied to eager science, and its secret laws foreclosed to earthly curiosity,—reserved, it may be, as the starting-point of celestial studies, and the basis of a truly divine philosophy.

Into the character and position of Dugald Stewart, as a metaphysical writer, we shall not at present enter. The volume before us contains his well-known *Dissertation* on the History and Progress of Mental Philosophy, a work of considerable merit, as well as great interest. We may point to the author's sketch of the character and influence of Leibnitz, as particularly good,—a tribute worthy of that athletic genius which “drove all the sciences abreast.”

It may be right to state, that Sir William Hamilton has accepted the office of editor on this occasion, on the understanding that no more than editorial duties be required of him. Of learned commentaries, therefore, we have none. Yet it is no small advantage, that the careful revision of the author's text, and the occasional correction of his errors or misstatements, are committed into such hands.

**Fifty Years in both Hemispheres: or, Reminiscences of a Merchant's Life.** By Vincent Nolte. London: Trübner and Co. 1854.

THIS work is the record of a long mercantile career, which has had an unusual share of its proverbial vicissitudes. Mr. Nolte has mixed largely with men of more than European repute as financiers, and has

recorded the results of close observation, in a variety of interesting personal sketches. The anecdotes of Ouvrard, the Napoleon of Finance, and, in some degree, the rival of the powerful Emperor; of the Hopes of Amsterdam; the Barings, the Rothschilds, the Labouchères of England; and of Girard and Jacob Astor of America,—are both amusing and instructive, and appear to have many intrinsic marks of accuracy. Our commercial friends will feel interested by the glimpses of the mode in which the greater operations of commerce were carried on by their predecessors and more eminent contemporaries.

The following instance of independence, on the part of one of the firms above mentioned, is interesting:—

“In regard to the moneys, bills, and other values in the hands of Messrs. Hope and Co., Napoleon had reckoned without his host. This powerful house—which then stood at the head of the mercantile order throughout the world, and, in Holland, not only felt itself perfectly independent, but considered itself equal in financial matters to any potentate on earth, and entitled to occupy a similar footing with them—could not recognise that it was in any manner bound by the imperial decree. Yet Napoleon was weak enough to think differently. He had dictated a letter addressed to Messrs. Hope and Co. in the handwriting of Mollien, the successor of Barbi Marbois, who had been removed. This missive, couched in the language of a master to his servant, contained the following words:—‘You have made enough money in the Louisiana business, to leave me no room to doubt, that you will, *without reservation*, comply with any order I may see fit to make.’ He then sent this letter, without Ouvrard’s consent, by an Inspector of Finance, to Amsterdam. However, the Finance Inspector was very coolly received, and had to come back without accomplishing any thing. Soon afterwards, Napoleon thought it advisable to send the Baron Louis,—afterwards Louis Philippe’s first Minister of Finance,—to explore the ground, and discover what resources Ouvrard might have there. Baron Louis presented himself to the Messrs. Hope, and disclosed the object of his visit. Mr. Labouchère, who received him, at once replied,—‘Whether we have money in our hands for M. Ouvrard, or not, Baron, is not a matter for which we are obliged to render any account to you; and the inappropriateness of your present visit must have been apparent to yourself!’”  
—Pp. 104, 105.

One drawback to the satisfaction of reading the book, is the extreme inaccuracy with which it is got up. It is printed in America, and imported by Messrs. Trübner, and is disfigured by the usual errors of Transatlantic typography, and contempt for English grammar.

**Le Mémorial de Famille.** Par Emile Souvestre. Paris et Genève: Cherbuliez.

CHARLES LAMB wrote a series of amusing papers on “The Fallacy of Proverbs.” Who will denounce “the fallacy of advertisements?” It is quite certain that the votaries of the goddess *Puff* seem determined to give the lie to all the fine-sounding eulogies which are so freely bestowed upon them in the daily papers. We have noticed, for instance, the following bits of criticism more than once published

*con molto brio*: "Alexandre Dumas, sen., is the King of romance-writers." "*La Dame aux Camélias* should have secured to Dumas, jun., one of the Monthyon Prizes." "M. de Balzac is a profound moralist," &c., &c. No offence to Mr. Barnum, but even of puff it may be said, "*Est modus in rebus*."

Some of the writers thus hoisted up to a premature fame may expect shortly to find out at their own cost the difference between real and false praise; whilst time will only establish more firmly the merits of half-a-dozen *littérateurs* equally distinguished by their modesty and their talents. M. Emile Souvestre, whose recent death we are sorry to see announced in the newspapers, belongs to that last-named category. He started in public life as a Saint-Simonian, and joined the crusade of generous, though mistaken, thinkers who candidly believed that the renovation of society was to spring from a reformed system of Political Economy. His contributions to the stock of French literature are, with one exception, all in the shape of novels, nay, of *social* novels; but, although he denounces, in the most uncompromising manner, the vices, the corruption, the hollowness of our modern laws, he has never, like George Sand, directed his attacks against those sacred institutions which are anterior to the formation of "bodies politic." "Rich and Poor," "Man and Money," "The Climbing Pole," "Women,"—such are the titles of his principal works,—works uniformly written with a direct moral tendency, and characterized by a cast of seriousness well befitting him who assumes the dangerous, but honourable, part of moral teacher to his fellow-men. The consequences of the Revolution of February, 1848, opened the eyes of many enthusiasts still entertaining Utopian ideas respecting republican institutions. George Sand gave up, in disgust, politics and Socialism for pastoral literature. Emile Souvestre confined his talent of observation to the quiet incidents of the fire-side. His *Philosophe sous les Toits*, lately translated into English, is a beautiful description of the pure joys which are often the lot of a *célibataire*. The *Mémorial de Famille* illustrates in the same manner the blessings of married life; and, under the title of *La Dernière Etape*, ("The Last Stage,") a third tale, now published in the *Magasin Pittoresque*, sheds a gentle light across the widower's lonely path to the grave.

M. Emile Souvestre's writings unfortunately are not sufficiently pervaded by the spirit of Gospel Christianity; and his religious views seem, we are sorry to say, pretty much the same as those of Miss Edgeworth. This is the only drawback (but a serious one) to the merits of the otherwise excellent author.

Les Contemporains, Hommes de Lettres, Publicistes, &c. Par Eugène de Mirecourt. Livraisons I.—X. Méry, Victor Hugo, Emile de Girardin, George Sand, Lamennais, Bé ranger, Déjazet, Alfred de Musset, Guizot, Gérard de Nerval. Paris: Roret. 1854.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to write the biography of living men. This is a truth which we had quite made up our mind about, after having read the *Biographie des Contemporains*, M. de Cormenin's *Orateurs Parlementaires*, and M. de Loménie's *Galerie des Contem-*

*porains Illustres*. The new serial begun by M. de Mirecourt confirms us in our opinion. This gentleman is not likely to derive much *glory* from his undertaking; but he may perhaps be satisfied with *notoriety*; and that he is sure to have. Lawsuits, complaints, recriminations, denials, threats, are pouring down around him in every direction. If he gets safely to the fiftieth and last part of his work, we shall be surprised indeed.

M. de Mirecourt is the sworn enemy of shams: he has vowed to pull down from their pedestals all the idols before which the nineteenth century so long lay prostrate; and he is about setting up fresh heroes in their stead. Listen, O ye readers! M. de Mirecourt's shams are Representative Government, the Freedom of the Press, M. Emile de Girardin, M. de Lamennais, M. Guizot: his heroes are M. de Musset and Mademoiselle Déjazet. Such is the moral perception of our new biographer.

A celebrated thinker has said, that "we should be considerate towards the living." The author of *Les Contemporains* does not even treat them politely. He composes his books with anecdotes collected at Tortoni's, or in the *Rue Vivienne*; and the spite he displays increases in the same proportion as the moral superiority of the persons whose character he endeavours to asperse. We should have taken no notice of M. de Mirecourt's pamphlets, but that they appear to be extensively circulated; and we think it right to caution our friends against the statements they contain.

*Les Larmes de Jacques Pineton de Chambrun, Pasteur de la Maison de Son Altesse Sérénissime d'Orange, et Professeur en Théologie, etc., etc.* Réimpression d'après l'Édition originale, annotée par Ad. Schœffer. Paris: Charpentier. 1854.

*Sermons Choisis de J. Saurin, Pasteur à La Haye.* Édition Publiée par M. Ch. Weiss, Auteur de l'Histoire des Réfugiés Protestants de France. Paris: Charpentier. 1854.

*Mémoires de Théodore Agrippa D'Aubigné.* Publiés pour la première fois, d'après le Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque du Louvre, par M. Ludovic Lalanne. Paris: Charpentier. 1854.

WE most heartily rejoice at the great improvement which has taken place in the public mind in France during the last thirty years. Amidst much that is sad and disheartening, there are, on the other hand, symptoms well calculated to encourage us; and if a degenerate thirst for material enjoyments has reduced many to a level with "the beasts that perish," we can clearly perceive the omens of a reaction towards better things. When a poet writes such lines as the following,—

*"D'un siècle sans espoir naît un siècle sans crainte,"*

matters must have come to a turning-point. He who speaks so confidently of his indifference for the concerns of eternity, is only endeavouring, and vainly endeavouring, to stifle the voice of conscience.



We repeat it, France has taken a step in the right direction; and the publication of the three volumes which form the subject of this notice, proves our statement. The Jesuits have now, it is true, recovered the power they enjoyed in 1816; but instead of trying to counteract their influence by reprints of Voltaire and Rousseau, instead of opposing to them Béranger's Songs, or Paul Louis Courier's pamphlets, we exhibit the power of true religion illustrated in the Sermons of Saurin, the Memoirs of D'Aubigné, and the interesting narrative of M. de Chambrun.

M. Weiss, whose name will now be for ever connected with the French Protestant Refugees, gives us an excellent selection from the writings of our great Preacher. Roman Catholic editors have reprinted over and over again *morceaux choisis* from Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue. It was quite time that we should answer them with a volume like the present one; and certainly, no impartial reader will deny that, if not quite equal to the Bishop of Meaux, Saurin, as far as eloquence goes, is more than a match for the author of the *Petit Catechisme* and the Jesuit divine. "Saurin," says an excellent critic, "has all Bossuet's power, although he does not possess his graceful ease and his calm majesty. With a piercing glance he searches into the results of human affairs, and his powerful imagination is at ease amidst wrecks and ruins." Saurin's defects are to be found in his language. The twelve volumes of his Sermons will betray now and then unnecessary digressions, repetitions, ideas obscurely expressed: he has what is called the *style réfugié*: but such blemishes disappear under the earnestness which characterizes the Minister of the Gospel; and if his writings have not that exquisite polish which could only be acquired through constant intercourse with Paris society, the fault lies at the door of those who drove him to the land of exile.

D'Aubigné's "Memoirs" bring before us the *man of action*, and take us back to the troublous times of the sixteenth century. We have elsewhere attempted to describe that extraordinary personage,—a species of "Admirable Crichton," combining the statesman's skill, the warrior's intrepidity, the scholar's learning, and the poet's genius, with all the sterling virtues of a Christian. Agrippa D'Aubigné was one of the most original, and, what is better still, one of the noblest, actors in the great drama of the Reformation. From a careful perusal of his Memoirs, we see the difficulties which beset Henri IV. on all sides, when the death of the last Valois brought the Crown of France within his reach,—difficulties arising chiefly from the baseness and duplicity of the courtiers by whom he was surrounded. Fouché and Talleyrand would have recognised their predecessors in the Duke D'Epemon and Harlay de Sancy; whilst Sully and D'Aubigné form a pleasing contrast with those worthless shams, whom Madame de Maintenon's grandfather sketched to the life, under the features of the Baron de Fœneeste.

The reprint of D'Aubigné's "Memoirs," now published by M. Charpentier, has been prepared from a manuscript belonging to the Louvre Library, and discovered in 1851. It may be called a new work, for the previous editors, from Le Duchat downwards, had taken such undue liberties with the author's style, that, in their anxiety to *improve* it, they had quite altered its character. M. Ludovic Lalanne, a pupil

of *l'Ecole des Chartes*, has, on the present occasion, assumed the editorial office, and discharged it in the most efficient manner. The beautiful volume now before us is accurately printed; it contains copious notes, an Appendix of large extracts from other documents, a good index, and a biographical notice of D'Aubigné. We are glad to hear that M. Lalanne intends giving us, in due time, the *Tragiques*, the *Confession de Sancy*, and the *Baron de Feneste*.

A few words in conclusion, about *Les Larmes de Jacques Pineton de Chambrun*. This book is a kind of autobiographical sketch, relating the persecutions which one of the Pastors of the Reformed Church at Orange had to undergo, at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. An English translation of *Les Larmes* was published in 1689, but it has now become as scarce as the original; it deserves to be reprinted.

**Siluria: the History of the Oldest Known Rocks containing Organic Remains. With a Brief Sketch of the Distribution of Gold over the Earth.** By Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, G.C.St.S., D.C.L., &c. London: John Murray. 1854.

It is but a few years since William Smith, the father of geological science, closed his earthly career. When he commenced his task of classifying the *strata*, all was chaos; the earth was a sealed book. At length, however, he opened the seal; and page after page was rapidly deciphered. But it is no matter for wonder, that the earlier geologists devoted their energies to those *strata* which were close at hand, and which promised the most speedy and definite results. Hence the Cretaceous, Oolitic, and Carboniferous *strata* chiefly attracted their attention. Below the last of these groups was a vast range of arenaceous deposits, with the existence and position of which they were familiar, by the name of "Old Red Sandstone." The vast semi-crystalline mountain masses of North Wales, Cumberland, Scotland, and Cornwall, were, to them, a *terra incognita*. They could find no guide to pioneer them through the intricate region; consequently, they rested satisfied with the conclusion, that all these masses, which they designated "Grau-wacke," constituted some of the oldest known *strata*, and occupied a position inferior to the Old Red Sandstone. But, when other and more easily accessible regions were successively won, the intrepid geologists, like Alexander of old, sought for new fields in which to accomplish new victories; and, amongst others, Sir R. Murchison and Professor Sedgwick directed their attention to the Grau-wacke, especially as it existed in Great Britain. The former chiefly selected the border-country of England and the Principality; the latter, the mountainous region of the English Lakes.

The first result of these inquiries was the establishment, by Sir R. Murchison, of the "Silurian System;" he so designating a vast group of fossiliferous *strata*, in which he discovered the same proofs of order and arrangement that had been previously seen in rocks of a more recent age, and in the fossils of which he found apparently the earliest traces of life and organization hitherto discovered. Nearly coeval with these

conclusions was the discovery of the true age and position of the Devonshire limestones, and their identification with the Old Red Sandstones of Scotland and elsewhere.

At the same time, Professor Sedgwick was investigating the mountain districts of North Wales and the Lakes, and arrived at the conclusion, that Skiddaw and Coniston, Saddleback and Snowdon, consisted of a vast series of *strata*, whose geological position was inferior to the lowest Silurians of Murchison, and for which he proposes the name of "Cambrian." Finding in some of these rocks fossil remains, it follows, if Sedgwick be correct, that the range of organic life has been greater, has extended farther back into the recesses of time, and that the fossiliferous base is lower, than is supposed by Sir R. Murchison.

This discussion has now been occupying geological circles for some years, and is probably the cause to which we owe the volume before us. Sir R. Murchison's first book on this subject was a bulky and unreadable quarto, as was also his allied work on Russia. Writers are beginning to learn that Methuselah has been long dead, and has left no successors; that man's years are now limited to something like threescore and ten; and that, if they hope to be read, they must learn to be brief.

"Siluria" is a *manageable*, though rather thick, octavo volume, and will be a valuable aid to all young geologists who are anxious to master the great outlines of the subject. At the same time, we fear general readers will not find it very readable. The author rarely forgets that he is in antagonism to Professor Sedgwick; that a mighty man of war, cased in coat of mail, is before him; and that no opportunity must be lost of establishing his own positions, however trivial and uninteresting the facts may be to the *dilettanti*, who merely wish to skip lightly over the surface. Hence we have page after page of detail, in which superficial readers will find little to their taste; and page after page will be turned quickly over. At the same time, the work is full of valuable and important matter. After discussing the purely Silurian element, we have sketchy reviews of the more recent Devonian, Peruvian, and carboniferous *strata* in various parts of the globe, with an independent chapter on the original formation of gold, and its subsequent distribution in *débris* over the face of the earth.

We shall not attempt to enter upon the question at issue between these two distinguished geologists. Murchison says, Snowdon belongs to his Silurian Series; Sedgwick says, it is much older. The able men who are conducting the Ordnance Survey appear to agree, in the main, with Murchison, though there are indications that organic remains extend lower down than the latter *savant* is disposed to admit. In all probability, more light will be thrown upon this mooted question, before long; and, meanwhile, disinterested parties will be content to wait the issue. Thus far, we must say, Sir Roderick has the best of the argument. The earliest trace of organic life hitherto discovered is a curious zoophyte from near Dublin, to which has been assigned the name of "*Oldhamia*." In North Wales, as well as in America, the advanced post is occupied by a genus of small bivalve shells, termed "*Lingula*." As we ascend from these base lines of primeval vitality, organisms steadily increase in number and diversity. But, alas for Tellamedism and the notorious "Vestiges!" they get no help here. Listen to Sir R. Murchison:—

"But here we must recollect that, when first created, the *Onchus*" (fish previously shown to be "the most ancient beings of their class") "of the uppermost Silurian rock was a fish of the highest and most composite order; and that it exhibits no symptom whatever of transition from a lower to a higher grade of the family, any more than the crustaceans, cephalopods, and other shells of the lowest fossiliferous rocks; all of which offer the same proofs of elaborate organization. In short, the first created fish, like the first forms of those other orders, was just as marvellously constructed as the last which made its appearance, or is now living, in our seas."—P. 239.

Throughout the entire work we find the author discountenancing the idea of universal abrupt transitions and sudden changes, either in physical conditions, or in the development of organic life. The steady growth and demonstration of this doctrine is one of the most prominent features of modern geological philosophy. Our author quotes the following from Professor Phillips, in order to give to the statement the additional weight of his name:—

"As a general result, it is quite evident that the successive changes of organic forms, as they are exhibited to us in the successive groups of *strata*, are not simply dependent on the lapse of time, nor explicable as a series developed in proportion to the time, unless we survey the phenomena over very wide areas, and include in the comparative terms geological periods long enough to neutralize the influence of peculiar physical conditions. These, on account of their local origin, limited area of effect, and recurrence at indifferent periods, have, at almost every geographical point, at some epoch or other, broken or mingled the series of organic life."—P. 110.

We remember the time when the periods marking the transition from one great geological group of *strata* to another, were supposed to have been characterized by almost universal and fearful convulsions of nature, when the Deity swept away all existing creations in order to replace them by new forms of animal and vegetable life. Sir Charles Lyell was one of the first to show that nature had not acted in this spasmodic fashion, but had, in primæval ages, proceeded more in accordance with her present mode of action. The following is to the point:—

"Patient researches having thus demonstrated that, in the primæval eras, all living things differed completely from those of our own times, so we now see how the animals subsequently created were adapted to new and altered physical conditions. Proceeding onwards from the early period in which we can trace no sign of land-plants or *vertebrata*, and in which the solid materials, enclosing every where a similar Fauna, were spread out with great uniformity, we soon begin to perceive the proofs of powerful revolutions, chiefly commencing after the coal formation, by which the earth's surface was so corrugated, that, after many perturbations, the groups of animals and plants were infinitely more restricted than before to given regions and climates. And, as the highly-diversified conditions of the latest geological era, and of the present day, were wholly unknown in the primæval epochs, so it follows that we should greatly err, if we endeavoured to force all ancient nature into a close comparison with existing operations."—P. 481.

We must not be tempted to carry our quotations further. Those

which we have given show the vigour of thought and power of description which Sir R. Murchison is well known to possess; and we would urge the reader to plunge boldly through the dry details of the "Silurian" chapters, with the full conviction that he will be amply repaid by the clear and vigorous writing of the later pages. The illustrations, both of physical conditions and fossil organisms, are numerous, and many of them good, though some want clearness and boldness. The Trilobites, for example, look flat, when contrasted with the magnificent plates in Burmeister's "Monograph." By the way, we wish Sir R. Murchison had not made such a "grand dismal swamp" of his "Vegetation of the Carboniferous Era:" "*Ponto nos incubat atra.*" That it flourished in a swamp, we verily believe, but equally so, that it glowered in a glowing sunlight, and not in the lugubrious darkness of an atmosphere smothered with fogs and carbonic acid, as was long taught, and as Sir R. Murchison's gloomy design will tend to confirm. We would have more compassion on the Archeosaurs of that luxuriant epoch, and not condemn them to circumstances which our Sanitary Commissioners would, to a man, repudiate.

**The Southern World: the Journal of the Deputation from the Wesleyan Conference to Australasia and Polynesia, including a Visit to the Gold Fields. By the Rev. Robert Young. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.**

THE practice of sending deputations from Missionary Societies, to visit and inspect the stations occupied by them, has long been approved by the great body of their supporters; and many have wished that it could be carried further than it has been. Perhaps, in these days of running to and fro, that wish may be gratified; and if the results in each case should answer to those obtained in the present instance, the Societies will have no cause to regret it. Mr. Young has visited the most distant stations of the Wesleyan Missionary Society; and his Report is such as must afford high gratification to all parties interested, confirming, as it does, the accounts previously received, and indicating a state of progress which is all that could be expected under the circumstances. Those who know the respected author of this volume, will not expect a very brilliant or ornate production; but they will look for clear and accurate statements of fact, for the results of careful observation, and a just judgment upon the facts presented to his notice; and they will not be disappointed. In a succession of extracts from his Journal, he conducts the reader to the antipodes and home again, and on every page presents him with something calculated for profit or delight.

In the extent of his missionary travels, Mr. Young ranks only second to Dr. Coke; while, in the diversity of the scenes and the peoples visited, he has greatly the advantage. Here we are introduced to Feejeeans, New Zealanders, Singhalese, gold-diggers, colonial notabilities, and (though last, not least) to the King of the Friendly Isles. In addition to the results of personal observation, Mr. Young has obtained, from the Missionaries at the various stations, a large amount of information on topics connected with their high pursuits, which adds much to the value of the book. Altogether the volume forms a most respectable and interesting addition to a class of



literature, which we are glad to observe is yearly increasing, both in its extent and solid value. The days in which it would be safe to sneer at Missions and their supporters as illiterate, are gone, to return no more: a juster estimate is now almost universally formed, and the men and their great work will soon be had in honour wherever they are known.

**Commentaries on the Laws of England. In Four Books. By Sir William Blackstone, Knt., One of the Justices of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas. The Twenty-third Edition, incorporating the Alterations down to the Present Time. By James Stewart, of Lincoln's-Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Four Vols. 8vo. London: Stevens and Norton. 1854.**

THIS new edition of Mr. Stewart's Blackstone will be received as a boon by all those who take any interest in the study of the law. It would be quite superfluous on our part, to give any lengthened recommendation of a work already well known, and adopted as a text-book in our Universities; but we cannot refrain from saying, that the system adopted by the learned editor in his elucidations and notes, is the only one which is really either convenient or satisfactory. For, instead of having his attention continually diverted by references to marginal comments, the student finds himself kept to the perusal of the text, whilst, at the same time, he can clearly distinguish between the *veritable* Blackstone, and the additions which experience has suggested to Mr. Stewart. A series of questions, appended to each Chapter, furnish ample hints for examination; and the numerous and important changes which have taken place in the law during the last few years, are all carefully noticed.

**A New Greek Harmony of the Four Gospels, comprising a Synopsis and Diatessaron; together with an Introductory Treatise, and numerous Tables, Indexes, and Diagrams, supplying the necessary Proofs and Illustrations. By William Stroud, M.D. London: Bagster. 1853.**

THIS work is the product of many years of study spent upon a subject which, from the hundreds of writers who have at various times, from Tatian until now, devoted their attention to it, might be supposed to have been long since exhausted, or abandoned, as involving difficulties which, like certain problems in another department of inquiry, admit only of an *indeterminate* or *approximate* solution. Dr. Stroud, however, has succeeded, if not in putting an entirely new face on an old subject, yet in giving a new and somewhat more harmonious expression to various parts of it, and especially to some of those parts which his predecessors have experienced the greatest difficulty in handling; such as the apparently conflicting accounts of Peter's denials of his Master, and of the circumstances connected with His resurrection; and the history of His farewell progress through the provinces of Palestine. The "Introductory Treatise," which occupies about a third part of the volume, embraces four principal subjects; namely, I. The Nature and Design of an Evangelical Harmony. II. The Character of the Four Gospels, as furnishing the Materials of



such an Undertaking. III. The Rules and Principles adopted in the present Harmony; and, IV. The general Result of their Application, including a short Description of the Work itself, and a careful Examination of those Parts of it which may be regarded as more especially difficult or doubtful. Of these four sections, the *second* and *fourth* are particularly interesting and important. The *second*, for instance, embraces, with other topics, a collation of the external and internal evidence of the Gospel, with the view of ascertaining the *order* of their succession, (which the author believes to have been, Luke, Matthew, Mark, John,) and a computation, founded on evidence furnished by the other books of the New Testament, as well as by the Gospels themselves, of the *absolute dates* of their first publication. The *fourth* section contains a description of the general character of the "Harmony," its internal arrangement and distribution, the Greek text adopted by the author, and a full explanation of each of the *twelve* parts into which the "Harmony" is, for the sake of obvious convenience, divided.

The "Harmony" represents on each page, in separate columns, a "Consolidation of the Evangelical Narrative," including a "Combined Text" in the *original* words, and "References" thereto; and a collation of the texts of the several Evangelists; or, where a passage is "peculiar" to *one* of the Evangelists, such passage is inserted separately, across the page. There are also, at the foot of the page, where required, "References" (to other books of Scripture), giving to the work, in some degree, the character of a Commentary, as well as of a "Diatessaron" and "Harmony;" an account of "words altered," and "words-excluded," to preserve the grammatical correctness of the combined text; and "various readings," with remarks upon them.

We regret our inability, at present, to go farther into detail, or, rather, our want of space for the fuller consideration to which this work is entitled. But, without committing ourselves wholly to his views, we must express our great satisfaction with the tone of sobriety and candour in which it is written, and our admiration of the tact and judgment, as well as the patience and exactness, with which the author has accomplished his task.

Friends in Council. A Series of Readings, and Discourse thereon. Sixth Edition. Two Vols. John W. Parker. 1854.

Companions of my Solitude. Fourth Edition. J. W. Parker. 1854.

NOT new, but welcome. At once elegant and cheap, these reprints of the thoughtful Essays of Mr. Arthur Helps will commend themselves to a large circle of readers. They have been fairly appreciated from the first. Though issued anonymously, and with an almost classical quietness, by the late Mr. Pickering, the most classical of modern publishers, they soon found admirers. Men of taste almost instinctively picked them out, glancing a hasty look, and conning a single line. It is probable, however, that some of these men have been disappointed in the author's intellectual calibre. His style is chaste and calm, and, in so far, furnishes a refreshing change from the severity of more important studies, or the excitement of more popular litera-

ture. Yet it must be admitted that there is a lack of originality and force in the most readable of these Essays, and that little remains with the reader after the volume is closed. There is little that is sufficiently rememberable; in spite of the author's efforts to the contrary, there is little also that is practical. Even in the department of minor morals—where, perhaps, he is most at home—there is always a certain balancing of the question, which is prejudicial to a clear and profitable judgment. For all this, the volumes are very pleasant reading, and the author evidently a shrewd observer. If his satire does not bite, it is distinguished by a certain genial and quiet humour. If he repeats a common-place, it is with an elegance of phrase that half disguises its familiarity, and frequently suggests a new reflection. A sympathy with the beauties of nature is another pleasant feature in this author; and though not commonly sententious, his pages are frequently enlivened by some just, though rather obvious, remark, embodied in a choice and well-turned phrase. As our limited space precludes a lengthened extract, which might present these several characteristics in due proportion, we string together a few examples of the last. Not quite so proverbially unfair as bricks offered in illustration of a house, they are still little better than specimens of encaustic tiles, such as compose the ornate flooring to which our author's works may be compared.

"I distrust the wisdom of asceticism as much as I do that of sensuality; Simeon Stylites no less than Sardanapalus.....I believe that the favourites of Kings have been a superior race of men. Even a fool does not choose a fool for his favourite.....If a man were to read a hundred great authors, he would, I suspect, have heard what mankind has yet had to say upon most things.....Accuracy is the prose of truth."—*Friends in Council*, vol i., pp. 65, 105, 269, 273.

We recommend the reader to make the acquaintance of these volumes. They can hardly fail to cultivate his taste and add to his enjoyment; and if he do not go to them with unreasonable expectations, or direct from the perusal of Bacon's Essays, or Coleridge's Table Talk, he will probably be surprised and gratified by wit so wise and thoughtful, and by wisdom so genial and familiar.

#### Consecrated Heights: or, Scenes of Higher Manifestation.

By the Rev. Robert Ferguson, LL.D., F.S.A. London: Ward and Co. 1854.

AN able and very interesting volume. The author's object is, from a survey of facts connected with the principal mountains mentioned in the Sacred History, to raise topics for the exhibition and discussion of truths of deep moment to the Church. The idea is good; and the plan is carried out by a man of no ordinary mind. There is much truth, and great power and beauty, in the volume; and we admit, with the author, that "the Preacher of the age should be abreast with the writer of the age;" and that the truths of Revelation may "challenge the force of the most colossal intellect;" and further, that "discourses of the right kind for reading are quite as well appreciated as discourses of the right kind for hearing." But we should, we fear, differ from our respected and talented author in the application of these remarks. We think the pulpit and the press two distinct

agencies, with widely differing spheres of action and influence; and cannot approve of the principle which would make the pulpit a chair of Christian philosophy,—of religious metaphysics, poetry, and rhetoric. We delight in Christian philosophy, rightly understood, and in the proper place. But our notion of the Ministry is that of a divine commission to testify of Christ, by so preaching His Gospel, as to save men from sin to holiness. Preaching must be dogmatic. As a declaration of law, it is addressed to the conscience, to awaken and alarm sinners; as an exhibition of the Gospel, it is addressed to the heart, to win them to an acceptance of Christ as a personal Saviour.

We are compelled to say, that while there is much beautiful and powerful writing in Dr. Ferguson's volume, we think it is open to exception on the grounds we have here indicated. There is much originality of conception, graphic delineation, and brilliant colouring; but, in our judgment, there is too much of the artist. To us, the rose wants perfume; the vineyard has few grapes; and the corn-fields yield little of the staff of life. Divine things, in divine words, will work with the greatest energy. We are struck with the paucity of Scripture language, even where, not waiting to be chosen, it most naturally and unavoidably presents itself. Even "the principles of the interior life" are stated without one reference to the Epistles of the New Testament, or any recognition of the offices and work of the Holy Spirit; only we are told that the believer must "give up his whole nature to divine influence." The Atonement is exhibited as "the central fact of Christianity,"—a glorious and attractive truth; but it is not discussed in relation to law and its penalty; but, as the highest manifestation of love, it makes an appeal to our sentiments. Surely divines—however ingenious, poetical, eloquent, sentimental—should let God sometimes speak for Himself, about those things which we should never have known but for His own revelations. St. Paul is, after all, a safe model for teachers as well as preachers: "Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual."

Three Lectures on the Correlation of Psychology and Physiology. By Daniel Noble, M.D., Visiting Physician to the Clifton-Hall Retreat, near Manchester. Reprinted from the "Provincial Association Medical Journal." London: Richards. 1854.

If size and amount of pretension were the measure of claim to notice, this *brochure* would require no comment from us,—a small, unassuming pamphlet of less than fifty pages. But such is not our standard; and publications like this last of Dr. Noble's are our sufficient justification. Its subject is one of the most difficult of exposition that Physiology presents, owing to the uncertainty attending the interpretation even of the most simple facts that constitute the Psychologist's raw material; consequently the author guards himself by acknowledging the hypothetical character of many of his remarks, and thus steers wide of the error of dogmatism, which so often disfigures writings of this description.

The special cerebral spinal seats of the intellect, of the emotional

and common sensibilities, and of the merely reflex or automatic functions, have long been matters of inquiry. Respecting the first of these, there is now little difference of opinion. All writers recognise the cortical grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres, as the laboratory of the intellect. Little more difficulty exists in locating the purely reflex movements that are independent of sensation, chiefly in the grey matter of the spinal cord and the sympathetic ganglia. There is more room for dispute as to the seat of common sensation and of the emotions; on both which questions Dr. Noble has originated some new views. The former of these functions he locates in the vesicular *nuclei* of the lateral lobes of the *cerebellum*; and the latter have their seats, according to him, in the ganglionic masses forming the floor of the lateral ventricles, termed the *corpora striata* and *optic thalami*. In this he differs from Dr. Carpenter and others, who consider both the emotive sense and common sensation referable to the same ganglionic centres. These are knotty questions not easily disentangled; but Dr. Noble advances some very plausible reasons for his opinions. His Third Lecture contains some curious examples of the dynamic power of ideas, interesting to the general reader, and important to the medical practitioner. Whilst regarding the phrenological doctrines as subject to the Scotch verdict of "not proven," he shows, by an ingenious argument, that Organology, if finally established, is perfectly compatible with his own speculations. The Lectures display a clear style, and, what is unusual in such productions, are remarkably readable, which is saying much in their favour, considering the abstruseness of their subject.

John Penry, the Pilgrim Martyr, 1559-1593. By John Waddington, Author of "Emmaus," &c., &c. London, 1854.

JOHN PENRY was a Puritan of Welsh extraction, who suffered death in the reign of Elizabeth. He was charged and condemned for holding seditious opinions; but there is little doubt that his conscientious hostility to Prelacy and Church authority had made him obnoxious to the ruling party, and brought him to a premature and violent death. He seems to have had less of that spirit of rancour and insubordination than the majority of his co-thinkers. Especially in his last moments does the spirit of this man rise to the solemn circumstances of his fate, and he seems to have died, if not precisely for the cause, yet with much of the devoted spirit, of a martyr.

Mr. Waddington's narrative is extremely interesting. The author writes under the influence of an entire sympathy with his subject; but to this we do not object. Such earnest writers, when just to history, as well as faithful to the hero of their choice, are much to be preferred to cold, indifferent compilers. If it should seem that there is a relative exaggeration in such portraiture, there can be little doubt that there is a valuable amount of positive and edifying truth.

Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall: 1853-54. London: Nisbet and Co. 1854.

THE topics of the present volume—the ninth of a very useful and interesting series—are admirably selected; and although the merits

of the Lectures vary, yet all are handled in a telling manner, and in an earnest and catholic spirit. We can easily conceive that, in their delivery, some young men, and perhaps some older ones too, found that it was not all mere amusement to listen to them, for some require close thought; but they will be accounted a treasure by those who read them. Perhaps the Lectures which were least effective in the public sphere, take the lead on this new ground, and indemnify themselves by a longer and serener triumph. We are particularly struck by that "on Desultory and Systematic Reading," by Sir James Stephen; a very timely word "on Authorship," by the Rev. Thomas Binney, which we hope he will expand and re-publish; an interesting Lecture on "the Study of Modern History in London," by the Rev. Arthur Stanley; and Mr. Miller's "Two Records: Mosaic and Geological," in which he argues, that the Mosaic "days" must be lengthened periods. Dr. Candlish's Lecture "on Maurice's Theological Essays" is but the introduction to his acute and full "Examination," since published. The "Lecture" is valuable as an outline and syllabus of the "Examination," and as a beacon to young men, that they may not be carried into the eddy of this new tide of scepticism; for such it really is.

Art and Nature under an Italian Sky. By M. J. M. D.  
Second Edition. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1853.

THIS is a book in all points charming and desirable. Apart from its intrinsic merits, it may lie unchallenged on the daintiest boudoir-table, so elegant are its external features. But our readers are not disposed to run and order it on that account. To the genuine lover of books, a splendid volume is always the least promising of any, though absolutely loud with ornaments of gold. Here, however, is metal more attractive. All that the title suggests to the memory or imagination, is deepened, and defined, and almost realized in these delightful pages. The sunny clime and sacred art of Italy are treated with a warmth and beauty of style which are exceedingly appropriate, but not, therefore, less rarely met with in memorials of this kind. It is the production of a lady's pen, and, we may add, of a lady's mind and heart,—graceful in style, pure in sentiment, and devotional in feeling. Rumour attributes the work, on very certain grounds, to a daughter of the Duchess Dowager of Hamilton, and grand-daughter of the late Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill. It is doubly gratifying to find the Christian associations of the Scottish Peeress fringing the glowing pictures which hereditary taste and genius have produced.

A Memoir of Richard Williams, Surgeon; Catechist to the Patagonian Missionary Society in Tierra del Fuego. By James Hamilton, D.D. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1854.

ONE of the most pathetic incidents of the modern Missionary Church is here given by Dr. Hamilton, in his usual genial and tender spirit. The religious career of young Williams is traced from his conversion under Wesleyan ministrations, through the period of his connexion with the Patagonian Mission, till his melancholy, but not unhappy, death, amid the rocky shores of Tierra del Fuego. What

his life, if prolonged, might have accomplished in his Master's service, can never be known; but his death will teach the Church, for ages to come, how the Christian can triumph amid the most appalling difficulties, when supported by a conscious personal interest in the Atonement. Such a death is the most conclusive evidence of the truth of religion, since, without the recognition of a supernatural change, the fact is an inexplicable anomaly in the history of man.

**Excelsior: Helps to Progress in Religion, Science, and Literature.** Vol. I. London: Nisbet. 1854.

THIS is just to our mind; the book answers to its title and professions. The contents are very various, but well selected and carefully written. We are much pleased with the papers on Natural History, and these form the staple of the volume. The whole effort is worthy of the highest praise; for both editor, writers, and publishers, have well done their parts. Every Christian *family*, especially, should procure it for the instruction and amusement of young people. The publishers have wisely determined that, although a serial, its issue shall be limited to three years.

**A Popular Abridgment of Old-Testament History, for Schools, Families, and General Reading, &c.** By J. Talboys Wheeler, F.R.G.S., &c. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1854.

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THESE abridgments will be for popular and family use, what the original works are for the use of Colleges and the higher classes of our schools. We can strongly recommend them, in the belief that they are admirable for condensation, clearness, and judicious selection. Either the larger works, or those whose titles are given above, should be within the reach of all young persons.

**Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan.** By the late John Lloyd Stephens. Revised by Frederick Catherwood. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1854.

THIS handsome volume is a cheap reprint of Mr. Stephens's valuable work, slightly condensed, but very profusely illustrated. The editor, Mr. Catherwood, was a companion of the author in his travels, and has done a service to literature by presenting these curious details to the public in a more compact and available form. There is still retained much matter of a very temporary and secondary value; but nothing can be more interesting to the student of history, than the revelations here made of the singular people who occupied the cities of Central America. We commend it especially to the attention of those who are disposed to be led away by certain popular laudations of idolatry. Here they may see faithfully depicted those grotesque images which have received the homage of a degraded people, and



judge how far the virtue, dignity, or purity of any race could possibly consist with such a form of worship.

**Genuine Repentance, and its Effects. An Exposition of the Fourteenth Chapter of Hosea.** By the Rev. Moses Margoliouth, B.A., Curate of Wybunbury. London: Longman and Co. 1854.

THE author of this unpretending volume is already favourably known, from various other works which he has published, chiefly on subjects connected with Judaism, ancient and modern. And a peculiar interest attaches to his character, from the circumstance, that he was once "a follower of the traditions of the Jewish fathers," but has since "embraced the faith brought to light in the Gospels and Epistles." The Sermons—nine in number—which compose the present volume, were delivered during Lent of this year, and have been published with a view to the promotion of a charitable object "in a poor and very ignorant district." They are written in a simple, evangelical, and earnest strain, and are remarkably rich in scriptural phraseology. A scrupulous reader might, perhaps, take exceptions here and there, and wish that the theology had been more distinct and compact. But *rigorous* criticism is disarmed by the gentle spirit of the author, the extemporaneous character of the Sermons, and the benevolence of the object proposed to be accomplished by their publication. We hope the sale will justify this step, and promote the author's laudable design.

**Report of Twenty-One Years' Experience of the Dick Bequest for elevating the Character and Position of the Parochial Schools and Schoolmasters in the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray: embracing an Exposition of the Design and Operation of the Parish School. Presented to the Trustees by Allan Menzies, Writer to the Signet, &c., &c. Blackwood and Sons. 1854.**

THIS is an unusually interesting volume, though dealing, for the most part, in matters which are of local, rather than of general, importance, and do not often stir up general attention, this being only the *third* Report which the Trustees have published during a period of more than twenty years. The annual income from this Bequest fluctuates with the rise and fall of the rate of interest on landed securities in Scotland, and, on an average, has produced about £4,000 *per annum*.

In accordance with Mr. Dick's design, the first requirement of a *new* Schoolmaster, on the part of the Trustees, in order to his being eligible for the advantage of the Bequest, is, that he should give positive evidence of his attainments in literature and science,—a test not applied, as it would seem, to Parochial Schoolmasters, in the counties in question, who had been appointed before the Bequest came into operation. And the amount of requirement having been gradually raised to a somewhat high standard, the result of rigid tenacity on this point has been, that most of the newly-appointed Schoolmasters are Graduates in Arts, and, with rare exceptions, Students in Divinity. This improvement, however, appears to have had its drawback, in the fact,

that latterly the Church has made a large draft upon the best talent, and has proportionately diminished the amount of extraordinary merit exhibited in the school department; and, further, "again and again there has been occasion to observe a state of languor, if not inefficiency, superinduced upon a school, after the Schoolmaster had obtained licence, if he was frequently engaged in preaching." It is singular enough that, year after year, down to the present time, though the standard fixed for Arithmetic is far from high, the Examiners' Reports complain that "that branch continues to be neglected sadly," and "that few make a really good appearance in this department." It is equally singular that, at this time of day, Mr. Menzies should find it necessary to "submit respectfully to the general body of electors" (by whom the Schoolmasters are appointed) "the benefits which would result, if, in addition to other qualifications, *previous training and experience* were made an indispensable condition of appointment."

Of the latter half of the volume, we find it difficult to speak in terms adequate to the conviction which we have of its value and importance, to all who are concerned in the business of education, and especially to the Schoolmaster. Indeed, we scarcely know where we could find, within similar limits, an equal amount of sound practical suggestion, on the subject of either religious or secular instruction. It would greatly serve the cause of general, and especially of religious, education, if nearly the whole of this latter part of the volume could, by any means, be thrown into a wider circulation than it is likely to obtain in connexion with so large a volume.

Scenes in the Life of St. Peter; sometime a Fisherman of Galilee, afterwards an Apostle of Christ. A Course of Lectures. By the Rev. Daniel West. London: Alexander Heylin. 1854.

THESE Lectures appear to have been listened to, in the course of their delivery, with considerable interest and profit; and the author is justified in the hope which he expresses, that they will be equally interesting and profitable to his *readers*. The "Scenes" are well described,—the topics they suggest are skilfully handled,—and, from the easy simplicity and striking vivacity of the composition, and the evangelical spirit of the whole, there is a charm about the book, which, as it becomes known, is likely to secure for it an extensive circulation.

Original Titles of the Hymns sung in the Wesleyan-Methodist Congregations, and Names of their Authors. The whole arranged in the order of the Hymns, with Introduction and occasional Notes. By the Rev. John Kirk. London: John Mason. 1854.

WE are happy to introduce this little work to the attention of our readers, as an interesting Appendix to the Wesleyan Hymn-Book, and a record on which the student of Wesleyan Archæology, as we have reason to believe, may place dependence. It is neatly got up, and of a moderate price, and will make an appropriate addition to the other books upon the drawing-room table.